PLAYBOY

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ZHIRINOVSKY!
CRAZY FOR POWER, MAD FOR SEX AN AMAZING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

ROBERT WRIGHT
TELLS US WHY OUR LUST IS IN OUR GENES

THE GURU AND THE GADFLY
A STORY OF WICKEDNESS AND SERIOUS MONEY

SUPERMODEL AMBER SMITH
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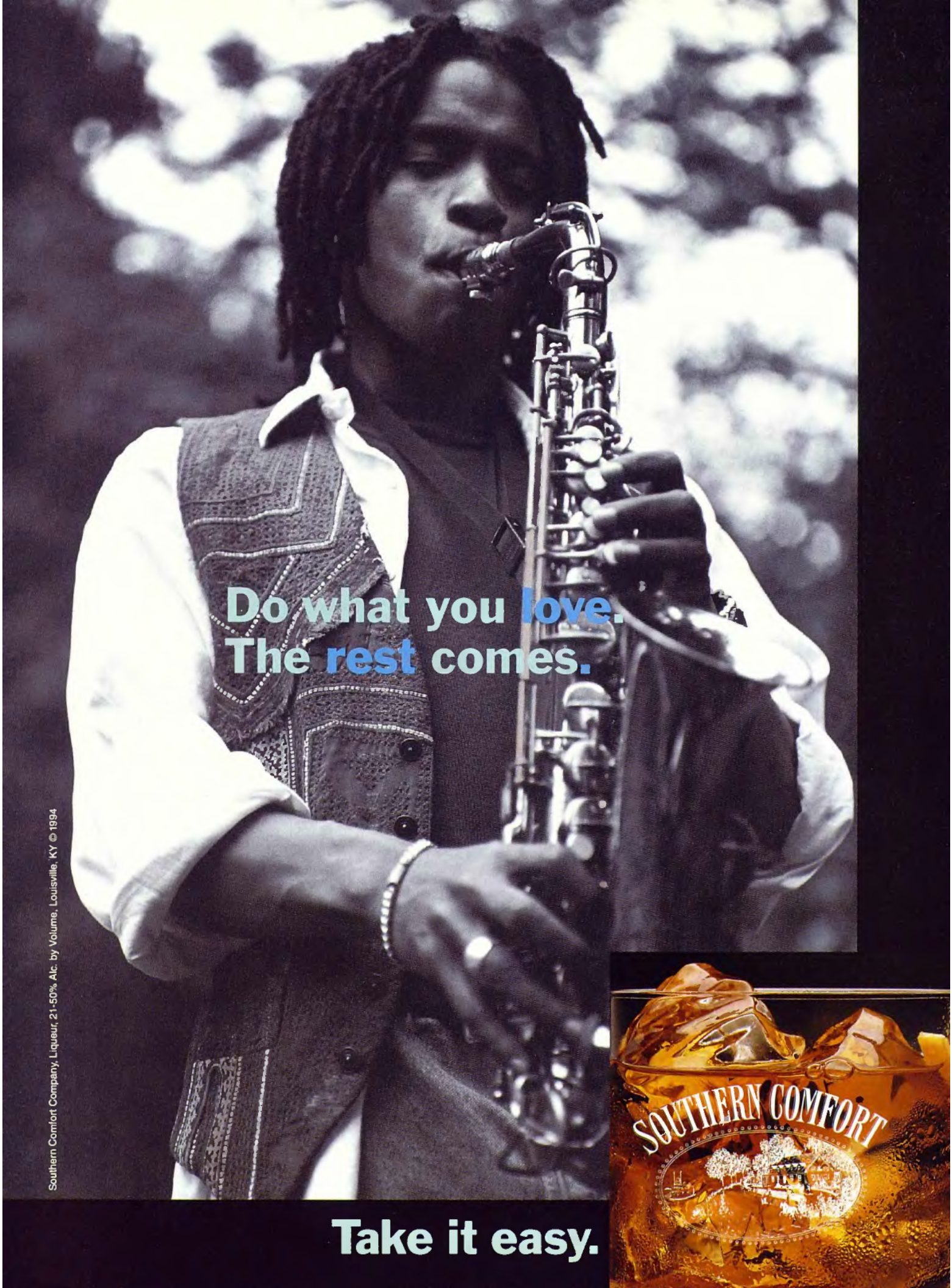
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PLAYBILL

IT'S NOT EVERY month that we publish as noteworthy a feature as this month's astonishing *Playboy Interview* with **Vladimir Zhirinovsky.** Our Q&A to Z is not only bad Vlad's first in-depth interview for the U.S. market—he has refused to cooperate with most other members of the press—it's also the first three-dimensional portrait of the man who could be the next leader of Russia. Although Boris Yeltsin heads the government, Zhirinovsky is arguably more powerful. Extracting Zhirinovsky's plans and listening to his philosophy—more often tirades—did not come easily for Canadian journalist **Jennifer Gould,** who conducted the interview. Gould tenaciously waited out Zhirinovsky and insinuated herself into his confidence—to the point where he bared a startling side of himself. Picture, if you can, a Warsaw Pact Packwood.

If **Robert Wright,** author of the best-selling *The Moral Animal,* were to analyze Zhirinovsky's mind, he would probably point to the Russian's jeans. Simply put, Wright says evolution has made older men desire young, fertile women, and that the wanderlust of primates can be ranked by the size of their testes. It's all in *Is It All in Our Genes?* by Contributing Editor **David Sheff** (illustrated by **Tim O'Brien**). Turning Wright's theory ass-end-up is *Hester's Dream,* this month's fiction, by Czech writer **Iva Hercíková.** In it, a housewife is seduced by the charms and active tongue of a man her daughter's age.

At one time, the silken touch of California shaman John-Roger persuaded author Peter McWilliams, a longtime PLAYBOY contributor who cashed in with *The Personal Computer Book,* to share his profits from self-help projects. Now, in *The Guru vs. the Gadfly* (artwork by **Istvan Orosz**), *Los Angeles Times* reporter **Bob Sipchen** reveals why McWilliams split from John-Roger's feel-good groupies and attacked rival cultist Arianna Huffington, wife of sore (but not poor) loser pol Michael Huffington. Meanwhile, across town, three wealthy men announced they'd earn money the old-fashioned Los Angeles way: making movies. According to *Attack of the Killer Mogul* by cinema scoper **Bernard Weinraub, Jeffrey Katzenberg,** who was long dwarfed at Disney by Michael Eisner, seeks revenge by heading a new studio with Steven Spielberg and David Geffen. Another mouse that hopes to roar is **Jon Stewart,** subject of *20 Questions* by Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker.** As he takes his late-night TV show up against Conan the Mediocre, Stewart talks about Cindy Crawford's crotch stuffers and avoiding a ferret's anal glands.

Joining the pantheon of PLAYBOY cover girls is supermodel **Amber Smith.** A scorching *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit filler, Amber is moving on to roles in such movies as Paul Mazursky's *Faithful*—with time to spare for a pictorial by photog **Bert Stern.** In *Stuntwomen,* we feature more babes who are fearless in front of the camera. Dangerous nudes, dudes.

In this issue we take a multipage approach to the advances in multimedia. Resident disc woman **J.C. Herz** takes inspiration from the grinch—and other Dr. Seuss characters—as she peers through Myst at the future in *CD-ROMS: Hip or Hype?* Also, we debut an extra *Wired* page that covers all aspects of multimedia. Our *Books* page this month looks at how publishers are dealing with the CD-ROM phenomenon. As a bonus track, **Mike Meyers'** rundown in our *Guide to Sports Video Games* includes codes to put Al Gore on the court in NBA Jam.

Magician **David Copperfield** teams up with **Gianni Versace**—who designed the wardrobe for his latest tour—in *Tricks With Style,* photographed by **Andrew Eccles.** There's no illusion to Playmate **Stacy Sanches,** a boot-scootin' gal who's into weight lifting. One look and you'll be doing reps.

GOULD

SHEFF

O'BRIEN

HERCÍKOVÁ

SIPCHEN

OROSZ

WEINRAUB

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STERN

HERZ

KALBACKER

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Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), March 1995, volume 42, number 3. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

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vol. 42, no. 3—march 1995

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COVER STORY

Supermodel Amber Smith vaulted from fashion runways to the pages of two *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues and now onto the big screen as Ryan O'Neal's mistress in *Faithful*. Our cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Lorson. Thanks to Roque/Oribe for Amber's hairstyling and to Mary Greenwell for makeup. Kudos to photographer Bert Stern, who also shot the last nudes of Marilyn Monroe, Amber's idol. Our Rabbit gets caught by a boa.

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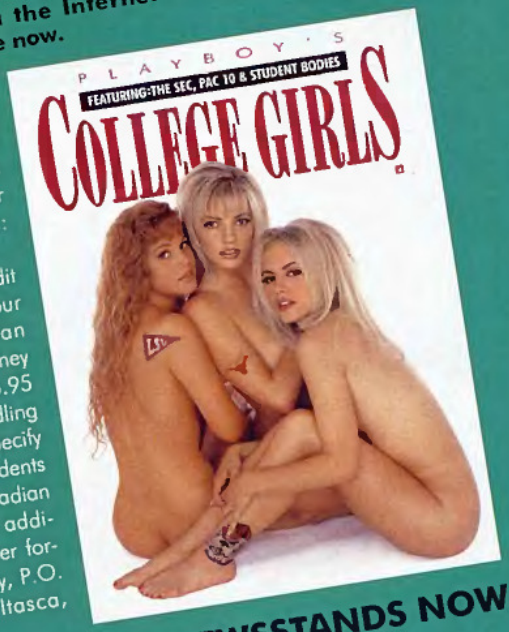

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BUGLIOSI

My wife and I are attorneys. We just finished reading the article on Vincent Bugliosi (*Bugliosi for the Prosecution*, December). Thanks to PLAYBOY for its provocative queries and to Bugliosi for a dose of reality. Many of our acquaintances want to know what we lawyers think about the O.J. Simpson case. Next time someone asks our opinion, we can simply hand them a copy of the Bugliosi interview.

Russell and Jane Roden
Rowlett, Texas

The Bugliosi article is courageous and forthright. We have never understood how attorneys can represent people who are obviously guilty, other than for publicity and money.

Susan and Raymond Allen
Redington Beach, Florida

A half-century-plus of newspapering afforded me many encounters with the towering egos of more than a few unrelenting juristic lions who saw no need for judges, juries, prosecutors or defense lawyers. But now comes Vincent Bugliosi, the self-anointed giant so bedazzled by his own legalistic magnificence that all other practitioners seem lost in insignificant nincompoopery by comparison.

Justus Thomas
Yakima, Washington

Vincent Bugliosi has resolved many of my misgivings about the high-profile Bobbitt, Damian Williams and Simpson cases. His concise explanations make clear what the media has badly obscured. I hope that we will see Bugliosi's remarks again in PLAYBOY whenever the situation warrants it.

Bob Nathan
Atlanta, Georgia

The December issue features the most insightful interview I have ever read. Vincent Bugliosi stands out as an attorney for the people, in contrast to the overpriced charlatans who make up a significant portion of the legal profession. Bravo!

Russell Spikula
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE SCARIEST CRIMINAL IN AMERICA

Does writer Michael Reynolds have a crystal ball? Your piece on the Unabomber (November) hit the newsstands just before he struck again. Amazing timing, I'd say.

David Norris
Washington, D.C.

NO BONES ABOUT BO

Time has stood still for Bo Derek. Her fifth PLAYBOY pictorial (*Forever Bo*, December) proves she's still a perfect ten after all these years.

Joseph Pastore
Hampton Bays, New York

The December issue has brought back memories of my teen years when my friends and I would go to great lengths to see Bo Derek in your magazine. We were under 18, so we got creative in the ways we obtained copies. Hey, it was worth it for Bo.

Jay Highfield
Johnson City, New York

Your Bo pictorial made my 21-year-old heart stop.

Garrett Kipp
kipp@uwplatt.edu
Platteville, Wisconsin

The pictorial of Bo Derek is more than spectacular. It is "tensational."

Eric Hansen
Crivitz, Wisconsin

I have always admired Bo Derek, and she only gets better with age. My thanks to her husband, John, who captured her beauty on film and then shared it with

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MARCH 1995, VOLUME 42, NUMBER 3, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 9242 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210; ONE SANSOME STREET, SUITE 1900, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104; DETROIT: 2000 TOWN CENTER, SUITE 1900, SOUTHFIELD, MI 48075; SOUTH: ZIMMERMAN & ASSOCIATES, 2221 PEACHTREE ROAD NE, SUITE 10, ATLANTA, GA 30309; BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109.

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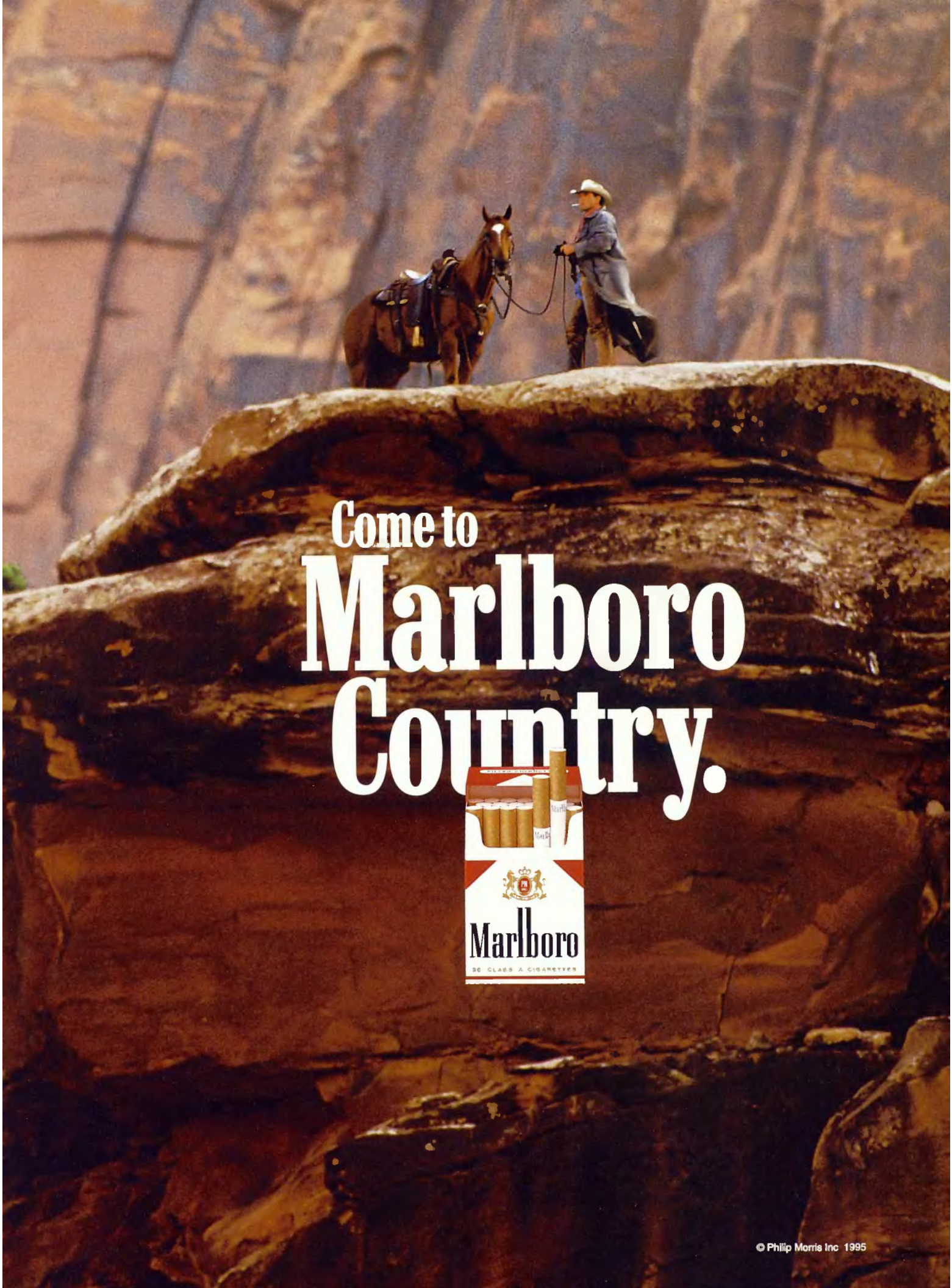
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PLAYBOY and the rest of the world. His skill with a camera and his love for Bo are apparent in the photos. Bo remains the epitome of femininity and grace.

Orville Jones
Boise, Idaho

I am struck by how much Bo Derek looks like Greta Garbo. They share the same ethereal smile, and amusingly, Bo shares part of Garbo's name.

Curvin Krout
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

LATE NIGHT REIGNS

The year 1994 started with a wonderfully candid interview with late-night king David Letterman (*Playboy Interview*, January) and has ended blissfully with an interview with late-night-parody king Garry Shandling, a.k.a. Larry Sanders (*Playboy Interview*, December). Many thanks from beginning to end.

Adam Kamal
Toronto, Ontario

BOBBITT'S LOSS, KRISTINA'S GAIN

Great story and pictorial on real-life fatal attraction Kristina Elliott (*John Bobbitt's Ex-Fiancée*, December). It seems that John Bobbitt's 15 minutes of fame are almost up and Kristina's are just starting. I'd say she has an unlimited amount of time and a lot more to offer.

Jay Minkin
Akron, Ohio

Please find Kristina Elliott and tell her I'm not missing anything.

Jesse Morrow
Meadville, Pennsylvania

Congratulations to Kristina for getting out while she could. That speaks volumes on her good sense—marriage to John Bobbitt would have been a fiasco. The talk shows, TV movies and books all may have meant big money, but Kristina will have no problem making it on her own. Let's all wish her good luck and give her points for bailing out.

Kevin Corwin
Baltimore, Maryland

Arny Freytag's photos of knockout Kristina Elliott irrefutably prove that Lorena cut something else out of John Bobbitt: his brain. Kristina's a babe.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

WE LOVE BUCK

Congratulations on your spectacular holiday issue. Buck Henry's article (*Life Without Playboy*, December) is the best gift that I will receive this season. I'm glad to see that Henry is as acerbically warped as ever. PLAYBOY is lucky to have Buck Henry.

Jim Lohmeyer
Bloomington, Illinois

SOLID BRIDGES

Elisa Bridges (*Ahoy, Playmate*, December) was the most gorgeous Playmate in 1994. I had to do several double takes just to convince myself that Elisa is not a young Cindy Crawford minus the mole.

Jeff Howard
Vandalia, Michigan

I'm glad they don't all have to be California girls.

Eric Greene
greenee@ziavms.enmu.edu
Clovis, New Mexico

As a man who prefers petite women, I must get on my knees and thank PLAYBOY for Elisa Bridges. She is a stunner and a breath of fresh air. I sincerely hope that this means you will feature more petite beauties in the future.

Will Berry
Catonsville, Maryland

Kudos for another fine year of beautiful Playmates, including Elisa Bridges. Also, I'm much obliged for Jay Wiseman's *Stocking Stuffers*.

Matt Nigrini
nm52%lafayacs.bitnet
@lafibm.lafayette.edu
Shillington, Pennsylvania

Dear Santa,

I just received my December issue of PLAYBOY. Inside I found the perfect Christmas gift. Her measurements are 34-22-34. So when you're making your Christmas rounds, please check your list and slide down my chimney with Elisa Bridges.

K. Whitney
Sandy, Utah

SEX STARS

In your *Sex Stars 1994* feature (December), author Judith Krantz is quoted as saying that just shaking hands with Bill Clinton is "a full-body sexual experience." I can believe that. I've heard of women who get turned on just looking at that Pillsbury Dough Boy. Go figure.

Shirley Ash
Oakland, California

I was a bit miffed that you didn't include 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed in your *Sex Stars* pictorial. I may be a little biased because I once went out on a dream date with Shannon, courtesy of a promotion for her new video, *Cold Sweat*. You hear a lot about pretentious, prima donna movie stars, but Shannon couldn't have been more down-to-earth. She made me feel as though I were an old friend. I know that I speak for her fans when I say we would love to see her in a new PLAYBOY pictorial.

Keith Smith
Miami, Florida

HOLIDAY SEX TRICKS REVISITED

In Jay Wiseman's article *Stocking Stuffers* (December), there is a description of a man blowing air at a woman's clitoris. Blowing air at or into the vagina can cause death.

P.N.
Boston, Massachusetts

The Playboy Advisor responds: We appreciate your concern, and we know the point you want to make, but things aren't as dire as you suggest. Blowing air into the cervix of a pregnant or menstruating woman is potentially fatal, but only if you seal the vagina with your lips and blow very forcefully. Blowing air through a straw across the clitoris—as suggested in Wiseman's article—is not.

TOO WILD A RIDE

The great comic actor Charlie Chaplin based his art on his profound love of fellow human beings, especially those who were less fortunate. Jim Carrey (*Jim Carrey's Wild Ride*, December) is not such a comedian. Thanks to Bernard Weinraub's article, I now understand how Carrey has become rich and famous. Not only is it in bad taste to make fun of other people's handicaps, it is also extremely cruel. I'm sure Carrey's success will help him forget his own pain in life. My only wish is that he won't do it by making other people suffer.

M.Z.
St. Cloud, Minnesota

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOUSE O' REST

How about a Pointless Legislation Day? The same 103rd Congress that couldn't act on campaign reform, toxic cleanup or health care nonetheless found time to vote to declare National Decorative Painting Month, National Quilting Day, National Tap Dance Day, Son-In-Law Day and Diplomatic Courier Day. Adding insult to irony, they also approved a Cost of Government Day.

AUTO MENU

Like cream does in French cuisine or tomato does in Italian sauces, Spam and Cheez Whiz run thick through the recipes and veins of computer geeks. Now the secrets to processed and microwaved favorites of programmers have been decoded in *Gigabites: The Hacker Cookbook*, by Jenz Johnson. Because eating chips and dip requires only one hand to leave the keyboard, the collection features an endless variety of goop such as Five Minute Quiche Dip, in which gelatin and Cheez Whiz are substituted for eggs, milk and cheese. To aid in choking it all down, Johnson suggests a drink called Hammerheads that will certainly leave you wired. Just combine two cups coffee, two demitasses espresso, two teaspoons powdered coffee, two teaspoons powdered chocolate (or chocolate syrup) and some cream and sugar. Johnson's high-joltage shake was conceived to "cram more living into each day."

•

A gym by any other name would smell as sweet: New Trier High School in Winnetka, Illinois has changed the name of its physical education department to the Department of Kinetic Wellness.

DIE VESTMENTS

A new device that takes the concept of interactive video about as far as it can go is the death vest. Made for kids, the Aura Interactor is a flat plastic backpack that translates the electronic sound of gunfire from ultraviolent video games into vibrations that simulate the physical sensation of getting shot. The Interactor also plugs into stereos and TVs to respond to sounds of other activities such as boxing. Presumably it would work with adult videos, which is why we're waiting for a set of matching pants.

NEW DIGS FOR VANILLA ICE

The story was about how 300,000 test tubes of frozen sperm were successfully transported from a sperm bank outside Paris to that city's Cochin Hospital. Sperm bank director Pierre Jouannet explained that there was no "premature thawing during the transfer." But the headline in the *Chicago Tribune* read HUGE SPERM TRANSFER GOES WITHOUT HITCH.

THE HEINIE MANEUVER

Dr. James Bennett apparently was feeling playful after he had closed a patient's wound with a surgical stapler. Following the procedure, a nurse bent down to pick up sponges, and Dr. Bennett shot her in the butt with the staple gun. Although he said he intended the gesture as a joke, a New Orleans jury wasn't left in stitches and ordered him to pay the nurse $5000.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

REMEDIAL WATERWORKS

The Washington Post blamed a dictation error for a mistake in an article about the reenactment of a slave auction in Colonial Williamsburg. The story characterized organizer Christy Coleman's demeanor as cheerful, when in fact it was tearful.

THEY EVEN HAVE A VILLAGE FOR IT

Looking a Trojan horse straight in the mouth: If you're a small French hamlet named Condom (Latin for the confluence of two rivers) and tourists constantly stop for photos beside signs bearing your name, you swallow your pride and capitalize on it. Recently, the Condom town council announced that it will open a contraceptive museum to generate revenue from its amusing predicament. It will be located next to a museum devoted to that excellent spirit Armagnac, which seems appropriate when you consider that the use of the latter often leads to the use of the former.

NO SPITTING OFF THE SKYSCRAPERS

The town of Unalaska in the Fox Islands has outlawed skateboarding and rollerskating on its sidewalks. Thing is, Unalaska doesn't have any sidewalks. The town says it is planning to install three or four blocks' worth. Curbing your dog goes without saying.

BLOOD BATH

Gee, John Travolta could have been a customer. Ray Barnes of Baltimore is part of America's growing service sector: He specializes in cleaning the homes of murder victims after police have finished their investigations. Along with his wife, Barnes scrubs away the carnage with diverse cleaning products, including an enzyme that digests blood. And sometimes, he confesses, carpeting has to be replaced. He defends his fees, which start at $200, by saying, "I don't

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Parker Brothers prints more than twice as much Monopoly money each year as the U.S. Mint prints real money.

QUOTE

"It was like a gnawing pain in your neck that you couldn't get rid of."—REPRESENTATIVE NEWT GINGRICH, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE AND PROPONENT OF FAMILY VALUES, REFERRING TO HIS FIRST WIFE

DIXIE UPS

Percentage increase in population of 11 Confederate states (and Kentucky) from 1970 to 1990: 40; percentage increase in U.S. population during same period: 20. In 1994, percentage of all black elected officials in the U.S. who held office in Alabama and Mississippi: 18. After Alabama and Mississippi, Confederate states with most black officials: Louisiana, Georgia, Texas and North Carolina.

PUNCH OUT THE CLOCK

Proportion of violent crimes—excluding homicides—committed at work in the U.S.: one in six; proportion of all homicides committed at work: one in 25. Number of violent crimes committed at work last year: 1 million.

FAIR TRADE

Number of workers employed by American companies abroad: 5.4 million. Number of American workers employed by foreign companies in the U.S.: 4.9 million.

BCCAaaagh!

Number of depositors in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International who have not been able to access their accounts since the bank was shut down three years ago: 250,000. According to BCCI's court-appointed liquidators, rate at which depositors will be reimbursed: 30 to 40 cents per dollar.

DISCONNECTED

Number of jobs cut at U.S. telephone companies from August 1993 to August 1994: 113,700.

FROM LBOS TO LBS

Percentage of white American men overweight in 1980: 24; in 1991: 32. Percentage of white American women overweight in 1980: 24; in 1991: 34. Estimated annual revenue of the diet industry: $40 billion to $50 billion.

OZZIE OR HARRIET

According to the Census Bureau, percentage of American children who do not live in homes with both parents: 49. Percentage of white children who do not live with both parents: 44.

COLD CARD FACTS

Number of Visa cards in circulation: 150 million; American Express cards: 25 million. Number of businesses that accept Visa and Master Card: 12 million. Number that accept American Express: 4 million.

COLOR TV

According to a survey by the Center for Media and Public Affairs, percentage of characters on TV who are Hispanic: one. Percentage of general population represented by Hispanics: nine. Percentage of TV characters who are black: 17. Percentage of population accounted for by blacks: 12. Proportion of Hispanic TV characters who commit crimes: one in six. Proportion of black or white characters who commit crimes: one in 25.

MAIL RUSH

Number of pieces of mail handled per employee in one year at Federal Express: 5102; at UPS: 13,043; at the Postal Service: 215,910.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

know too many people who would want to go in and clean up the traces of their loved ones." We know some people who wouldn't want to do it even when those loved ones are still alive.

A BEIRUT AWAKENING

Terry Anderson was captured by terrorists in Beirut in 1985 and held as a hostage for almost seven years. Now he has filed a lawsuit against 13 federal agencies in an effort to obtain government documents regarding his kidnapping. The Drug Enforcement Administration denied his previous requests for information and even insisted in a letter that Anderson first provide "original notarized authorization" from his captors waiving their privacy rights.

•

Necessity is the queen of invention. Sign on a San Francisco adult bookstore: NOSE CONDOMS. SAFE FOR BROWNNOSING.

SIGN OF THE TIMES DEPT.

It came in an embossed vellum envelope. The card was engraved and of the size and quality one would expect for a wedding announcement. However, the message that one of our girlfriends received from the all-female office of her obstetrician-gynecologist was: WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOUR PAP SMEAR WAS NORMAL.

FREE THROW LINE

Earlier this season, the Orlando Magic's Shaquille O'Neal says he was at the foul line when Phoenix Suns forward A.C. Green, an avowed celibate and cofounder of Athletes for Abstinence, tried to disrupt him. Green said, "You know, you'll be all right as soon as you get some experience." Replied Shaq, "And you'll be OK as soon as you get some sex."

OPRAH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

Seems Vlad the Impaler—the 15th century Romanian Count Dracula who skewered 23,000 citizens on pikes—may have had the sort of motivation Geraldo would understand: He was a victim, a psychologically abused child. According to *In Search of Dracula*, by Raymond McNally and Radu Florescu, when Vlad was 13 his warrior father was captured by the Turks and gained his freedom by vowing peace and handing over young Vlad as insurance. Dad promptly broke the deal and attacked the Turks again. Vlad survived, but with a chip the size of Bucharest on his shoulder. It's precious little excuse for mass executions, but we suspect that with lawyer Leslie Abramson and a Los Angeles jury, he could have gotten off with probation.

THE TWO-STEP

"In today's economy, one sure way to reinvent your wardrobe is with great-looking up-to-the-minute accessories," says designer Kenneth Cole. So it's no surprise the same two-tone footwear looks that showed up on the runways of men's spring fashion shows are back in style. Designed with contrasting fabrics and colors, these versatile shoes are smarter than sneakers and hipper than driving shoes. They can also lighten up your look, whether it's a suit, a sports coat and khakis or a pair of jeans. Look for Cole's leather-and-natural-linen demiboots (pictured left, at top, $160) and monk-strap oxfords. To Boot by Adam Derrick offers a lace-up Lawn Shoe in brown leather with a cream tongue and a sporty rubber sole (left, bottom, $265). Traditionalists may want to check out the brown-and-ivory medallion wing tips by Barneys New York ($365), or Mossimo Sole's black-leather-and-natural-cotton-burlap oxfords with a rugged lug sole ($115). And those yearning for a classic look can opt for Salvatore Ferragamo's Fresco—old-fashioned black-and-white wing tip shoes (above, center, $285).

Smarter than sneakers and hipper than driving shoes.

HOT SHOPPING—SANTA BARBARA

The Santa Barbara International Film Festival celebrates its tenth anniversary March 3 to 12. In this sparkling paradise on the Pacific, screenings are within walking distance of these great shops. Plastic Passion (430 State St.): Cool Eurostyle fashions in fabrics ranging from leather to latex. • Gary Paul (927 State St.): Unique, locally designed men's attire. • Channel Islands (29 State St.): A surfin' safari shop with great boards and wave-rider fashions. • A Skater's Paradise (537 State St.): Everything you need for in-line, including hockey pants and T-shirts. • Galeria del Mar (217 Stearns Wharf): Watercolors, sculptures and hand-blown goblets by local artisans.

CLOTHES LINE

After 17 years as Bruce Springsteen's drummer, **Max Weinberg** now fronts his own band on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*. His unique fashion sense began early. "In the mid-Sixties, when everyone in rock and roll was showing up in hippie attire, I was wearing sharkskin suits," he says. In fact, Weinberg still wears one he's had for 30 years. "I bought it for $180 back then. Now the same thing by Paul Smith would be $1100." In addition to wearing Smith's styles, Weinberg likes to perform in Armani and Calvin Klein single-breasted suits. His all-time favorite footwear? A pair of tan suede Frye cowboy boots given to him by the Boss.

MOOD INDIGO

If you're talking sportswear, just about every shade of blue is now in style—especially indigo, a dark shade of navy. Among our favorite indigo items is Victor Victoria's lightweight linen-and-wool unconstructed jacket ($350). Designer Alexander Julian offers an indigo linen-and-viscose short-sleeve buttondown shirt ($190), and Robert Comstock has included in his Endurance line an indigo linen-and-viscose parka with a fly front and drawstring waist ($200). Mary Vinson, the designer for Island Trading Co., is also a big fan of indigo, offering it in burlap-weave linen drawstring "peasant pants" with two side pockets ($171). To promote an awareness of the ecology, Assets London has used recycled yarns to create its indigo-and-natural cable-front V-neck sweater ($300).

TROOPING THE COLORS

Thanks largely to thirty-something guys who resist going gray, 20 percent of all do-it-yourself hair-color products are now being purchased by men. Thinking about adding to the statistic? Then remember—always choose the dye closest to (or one shade lighter than) your natural hair color. A few at-home lines to consider include Men's Choice and Just for Men, both of which come in seven shades. Dark & Natural is formulated for African American men ($4), while Tween Time touch-up crayons ($6) are perfect for spot coverage at the hairline. For change over time (several weeks) there's Option Gradual ($5.50) and the granddaddy of them all—Grecian Formula 16 (about $4). And if you sport a beard, darken it with Just for Men brush-in gel ($5.50).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SWEATERS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Loose, boxy shapes; roll- and V-necks; pullover vests	Fitted cuffs and waistlines; skintight turtlenecks; belted cardigans
COLORS	All shades of blue; earthy greens; natural colors from cream to dark tan	Stark white; glow-in-the-dark neons; bright color blocks and patchwork
PATTERNS AND KNITS	Golf argyles; tweedy bouclés; loose open-mesh weaves; ribbed knits	Blanket plaids; cartoon-character motifs; bulky cables

Where & How to Buy on page 153.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ANY LINGERING doubt about Brad Pitt's rise to stardom is banished by ***Legends of the Fall*** (TriStar), the kind of rich, old-fashioned family saga seldom seen nowadays. Producer-director Edward Zwick's film, based on a novella by Jim Harrison, spans several decades—from before World War One to well beyond Prohibition. Anthony Hopkins plays Ludlow, a Montana rancher whose three sons (Pitt, Aidan Quinn and Henry Thomas) happen to love the same woman. She's a beauty from back East, portrayed by Britain's willowy Julia Ormond. But it's Pitt as Tristan, the wild and willful bad boy, who lifts *Legends* from its soap-opera mode. He is a bear hunter steeped in Indian lore who blames himself for one brother's death, seduces the woman his other brother hopes to marry—and keeps coming back from faraway misadventures, like a prodigal son. With each return, the soundtrack soars into grandeur. Is it corny? At times, yes. Hopkins, his character's face contorted and his speech unintelligible after a stroke in later years, occasionally is more comic than tragic. Coincidence has to work overtime to embrace this dysfunctional family's struggles with love, loss, patriotism, sibling rivalry, suicide, gunrunning and murder. Even so, *Legends* has grand style and sex appeal. ¥¥¥

•

They're strangers on a train. A young American (Ethan Hawke) persuades a lovely French student (Julie Delpy) to spend a day with him in Vienna. Next morning, he's to catch a plane home and she has to get back to school in Paris. But in the meantime, they walk, they talk, they visit Viennese landmarks, drink coffee and taste the wine. After discussing life, love, sex, parents and a shared enthusiasm for the unexpected, they kiss. That's actually the whole story of ***Before Sunrise*** (Castle Rock), a deliciously young-at-heart comedy co-written (with Kim Krizan) by gifted director Richard Linklater, who's at his best, surpassing *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused*. Almost nothing happens in *Sunrise*, though what does happen has the magical, improvisational air of those chance meetings everyone hopes to experience once in a lifetime. Linklater makes that romantic dream come true, with a light touch sorely missing in the recently recycled *Love Affair*. ¥¥¥½

•

From Cuba comes ***Strawberry and Chocolate*** (Miramax), an emancipated lesson in tolerance by director Tomas Gutierrez Alea. The principals are a gay artist named Diego (Jorge Perugorría), enamored of straight, handsome young David (Vladimir Cruz), a political prig who diligently follows the party line. Resisting being picked up, David detects Diego's homosexuality because, with ice cream on the menu, he notes: "They had chocolate—and he ordered strawberry." Must be a Cuban thing. Anyway, David decides to play along only so he can inform the authorities of the gay man's flamboyant counterrevolutionary lifestyle. The two men become close despite their differences when David discovers that art, music, literature and his libido are more than a match for ideology. He also loses his virginity to Diego's friend Nancy (Mirta Ibarra), a suicidal trollop with black-market connections. Alea makes his message as delectably straightforward as the movie's title. ¥¥¥

Delpy and Hawke: In love in Vienna.

Brothers fall out,
straights and gays go for it
and royals make the usual waves.

•

If the royal family of England today looks racy, consider the long tradition of unstable monarchs. ***The Madness of King George*** (Samuel Goldwyn) tells it as it was circa 1788. Nigel Hawthorne portrays George III in a scathing tragicomedy based on the hit London play by Alan Bennett. Nicholas Hytner directs Hawthorne, whose powerful performance is a match for any seen on a movie screen recently. While losing the American colonies to revolution, King George has evidently lost his mind as well—leaping up to conduct concerts, running outdoors seminude, attacking women at court. His lady, Queen Charlotte (played by Helen Mirren with her usual skill), stands by him, while his foppish son (Rupert Everett as a scheming Prince of Wales) plots ways to have his father declared incompetent. The sets and the costumes are opulent, the ending predictable, but the tongue-in-cheek *Madness* is an engagingly literate, warm, high-spirited history. ¥¥¥

•

The growth of conservatism in the United States adds interest to ***Sex, Drugs & Democracy*** (Red Hat Productions), an American-made documentary by director Jonathan Blank and co-interviewer and co-producer Barclay Powers. Few young American travelers abroad miss a stop in wicked Amsterdam, and this compilation of erotic views and interviews includes testimony from users, dealers, prostitutes, police and scientists. Some of the explicit footage would make a fundamentalist faint, while others among us may feel they're looking at a tract retrieved from the Seventies. Though primitive, the film still emerges as a provocative argument for fighting certain social taboos by making them legal. ¥¥½

•

A bloody chapter in French history is re-created in ***Queen Margot*** (Miramax) with Isabelle Adjani as the titular Margaret of Valois, whom her brother, King Charles IX (Jean-Hugues Anglade), called Margot. Catholic, sexy and a bit of a strumpet, Margot endures a marriage to the Protestant Henry of Navarre (Daniel Auteuil), presumably to stop the religious wars. Instead, the wedding festivities set the stage for the bloody St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. Thousands of Protestants are slaughtered, but Margot learns tolerance by falling hopelessly in love with one survivor, the handsome La Môle (Vincent Perez). Filmmaker Patrice Chéreau's *Margot*, based on a novel by Alexandre Dumas, is graphic, grand and gory—a spectacle so dense that it might be helpful to watch it with a concordance in hand. Still, the characters are a ruthlessly wayward bunch, particularly Virna Lisi as Catherine de Médicis, the conniving queen mother who presides over the mayhem with grim royal resolve. ¥¥¥

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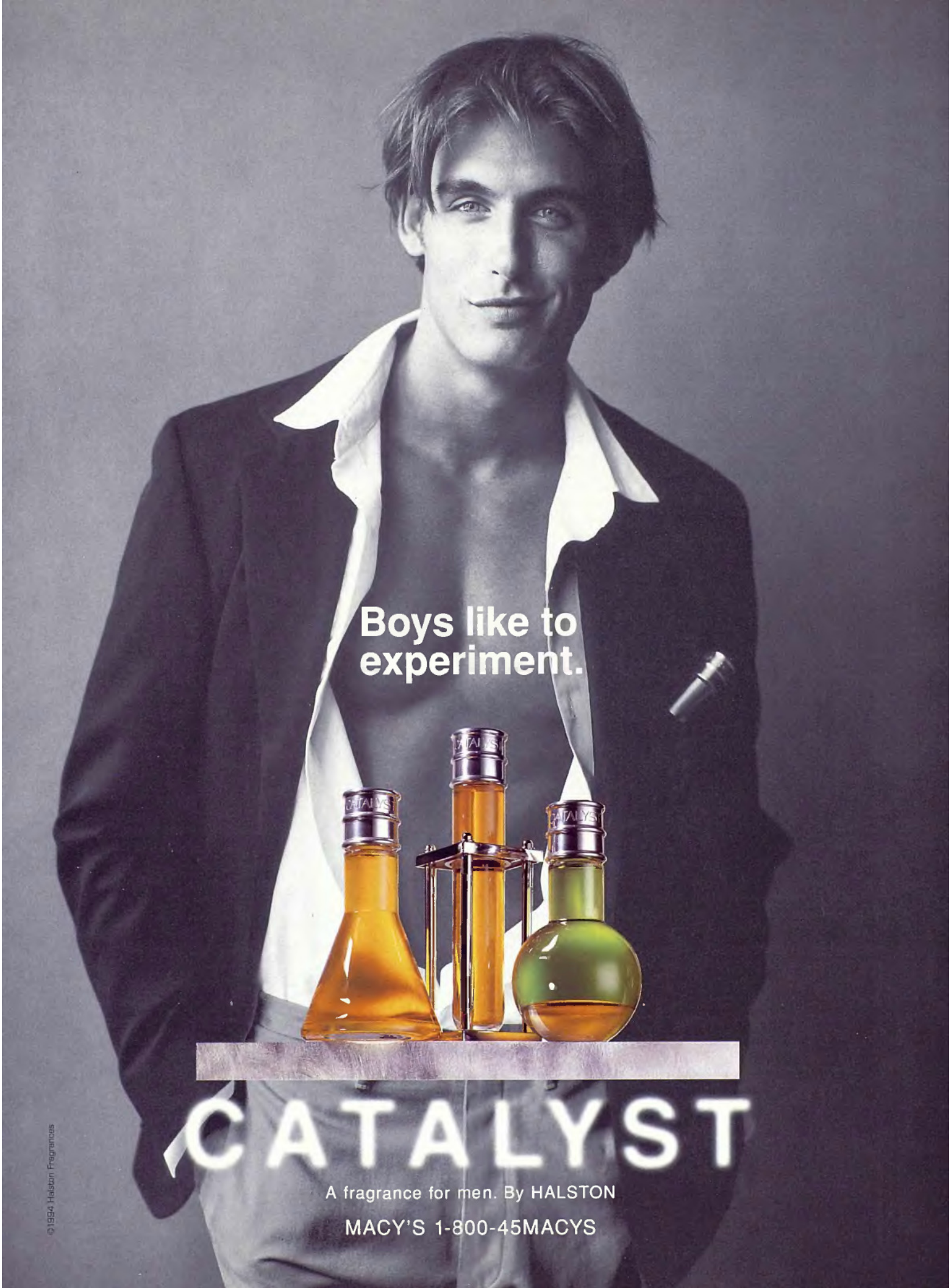
Wisely opened before the end of 1994 to qualify for the Oscar race, ***Nell*** (20th Century Fox) definitely puts Jodie Foster in the running for best actress. Her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Dorff: More big-time than British.

OFF CAMERA

By the time that audiences see **Stephen Dorff** as a rebellious American mall rat in *S.F.W.* (for So Fucking What, his character's motto), they should realize that his image-fixing roles playing young Brits are a fluke. Blessed with an ear for accents, he boosted his big-screen climb as a teenage South African boxer in *The Power of One*, followed by his stint as an ex-Beatle in *Backbeat*. In the latter, Dorff has an erotic body-painting scene with Sheryl Lee: "We kept it sort of innocent, natural, sex with a smile—none of that *Basic Instinct* shit." Dorff frets that some of his fans may know him mainly for his showy bit a year or so ago in an Aerosmith video called *Cryin'*. In the forthcoming *Halcyon Days*, he's English again, "with more of an Oxford accent, which I call my Jeremy Irons voice. It's set in France around 1940. Gabrielle Anwar plays my sister. It's not really about incest, though we do have sex—there's a close-up of my butt."

A Californian from the Valley, Dorff grew up loving show business and hating school. "I never wanted to play Little League. I'd always rather audition for a TV commercial." He made dozens before he landed in a hit low-budget horror film called *The Gate* in 1987. "I'm the lead—the little chubby kid with the bowl haircut. After that, I disappeared into TV sitcoms—doing *Roseanne* and every fucking episodic show you can think of." Now he lives in the Hollywood hills off Sunset Boulevard. "Say I'm a gigolo, a young bachelor desperately needing love." Dorff adds: "People think I'm egotistical because I talk a lot and sometimes act like a crazy motherfucker. That's my mask. I'm full of doubt and insecurity. And I sometimes say to myself, Hey, I'm only 21. What the hell am I doing?" Doing fine, Dorff.

finely etched performance as Nell, a fearful creature born in the wild who speaks a lingo all her own, saves this sketchy drama from mediocrity. Raised in a remote backwoods cabin, Nell is found after her mother's death by a country doctor (Liam Neeson) and a psychologist (Natasha Richardson). Their work with her seems ethically suspect at best—both decide the doctor will allay Nell's bone-deep fear of lascivious men by joining her in a nude swim. Spelling out this dubious support system slows down a good story. While Nell's simplicity brings the doctor and the psychologist together, they seem content to leave her in limbo, culturally deprived—a sort of down-home, semiliterate maiden aunt. That said, watching Foster glow as a timid, stammering child-woman is a show in itself. ¥¥½

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Alcatraz, the notorious island prison now recycled as a museum, lives again in filmmaker Marc Rocco's chilling ***Murder in the First*** (Warner). Written by Dan Gordon, the movie tells the true story of a crusading young attorney (Christian Slater) and his fight to free a troubled inmate named Henri Young in 1938. Brilliantly portrayed by Kevin Bacon, Henri is a rustic simpleton who has never had a woman or an even break. Slater registers strongly as the idealistic lawyer who tries to see that his client gets both. Making secondary roles look first-class are Embeth Davidtz (of *Schindler's List*) as Slater's sympathetic colleague, and Gary Oldman in another of his vivid character studies as the sadistic assistant warden. Whether filming behind bars or in a bleak courtroom, Rocco makes *Murder* a memorable plea for justice—hard to take but too good to miss. ¥¥¥½

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Somewhere in South America, where a fascist dictatorship has recently ended, three people pass a harrowing night of revelation and retribution at an isolated beach house. Sigourney Weaver plays Paulina Escobar, a woman seething with hatred for the interrogator who raped her during her early days as a jailed revolutionary. Now she is married to Gerardo (Stuart Wilson), a lawyer named to prosecute the recently deposed violators of human rights. ***Death and the Maiden*** (Fine Line), from a London and Broadway play written by Ariel Dorfman, starts to generate suspense when Gerardo brings home an amiable doctor (Ben Kingsley) who turns out to be the nemesis from his wife's dark past. Though the doctor insists he's not the sadist she remembers, Paulina demands a full confession. Weaver doesn't seem at home in this complex role, but the film resonates as a danse macabre, shrewdly directed by Roman Polanski. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Before Sunrise (See review) A postmodern tale set in Vienna, where young lovers meet. ¥¥¥½
Clerks (Reviewed 12/94) Cheap laughs in a Jersey convenience store. ¥¥¥½
Cobb (2/94) As badass baseball legend, Tommy Lee Jones belts one. ¥¥¥½
Death and the Maiden (See review) Sigourney gets revenge. ¥¥½
Disclosure (Listed only) Provocative drama from Crichton's book about a sexually harassed man—with Michael Douglas and Demi Moore. ¥¥¥
Exotica (Listed only) Oddballs bare their souls in a strip club. ¥¥
Federal Hill (12/94) Providence—from the wrong side of the tracks. ¥¥¥
Heavenly Creatures (1/95) Two giggly teenagers kill for thrills. ¥¥¥½
Interview With the Vampire (2/95) Cruise and Pitt on a Rice diet. ¥¥
Legends of the Fall (See review) Pitt again—in a far better frame. ¥¥¥
The Madness of King George (See review) Vintage royal runs amok. ¥¥¥
A Man of No Importance (2/95) Finney is A-1 as a closet Wilde man. ¥¥
Miami Rhapsody (2/95) Marital infidelity played as family fun. ¥¥¥
Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle (1/95) Wit and bitchery over lunch. ¥¥½
Murder in the First (See review) A fine, dim view inside Alcatraz. ¥¥¥½
Nell (See review) Jodie Foster comes out of the wilderness and wins. ¥¥½
Nobody's Fool (2/95) Folksy comedy with a deft stint by Paul Newman. ¥¥¥
Oleanna (1/95) David Mamet's talky sex duel from the barricades. ¥¥¥
Queen Margot (See review) Blood, guts and beaucoup French history. ¥¥¥
Ready to Wear (2/95, formerly *Prêt-à-Porter*) Altman gives Parisian haute couture a hot foot. ¥¥¥¥
The Road to Wellville (1/95) Erotica and enemas at a health spa. ¥¥¥½
Safe Passage (2/95) Sarandon and Shepard head a family in disarray. ¥½
The Secret of Roan Inish (2/95) A daft Irish fable by John Sayles. ¥¥
Sex, Drugs & Democracy (See review) Free spirits go Dutch, indeed. ¥¥½
S.F.W. (11/94) Surviving teen hostages become overnight TV celebrities. ¥¥¥
Strawberry and Chocolate (See review) To be gay and straight in Castro's Cuba. ¥¥¥
Tom and Viv (2/95) Marriage as a wasteland for poet T.S. Eliot. ¥¥¥
Vanya on 42nd Street (2/95) Skilled actors at work on a Chekhov play. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

No respect is what **Rodney Dangerfield** gets from badass screen daughter Juliette Lewis in *Natural Born Killers*. But for once, the king of self-deprecation isn't complaining. "Oliver Stone told me, 'I think you're an actor—do this film.' I play the worst guy in the world. And every line in the scene, but one, I wrote myself." At home, Dangerfield rarely rewinds other funnymen on tape ("Laurel and Hardy were perhaps the greatest," he notes, "but I've been writing jokes since I was 15, so it's hard for me to laugh"). That's why his video library is stocked with classic tearjerkers such as *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Little Foxes* and *Come Back, Little Sheba*. "They don't make 'em like that anymore," he moans. His weepstakes winner? *"It's a Wonderful Life*. Because it's so contrary to my own." —DAVID STINE

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: st. patty's day reruns

The Quiet Man (1952): Esteemed change-of-pace Duke Wayne vehicle about a peaceable American ex-prizefighter returning to his Irish homeland.

The Informer (1935): Dipsomaniacal Victor McLaglen, out for a reward, fingers a buddy for the British during the 1922 Irish Rebellion. John Ford directs Liam O'Flaherty's classic.

Young Cassidy (1965): Lusty biopic of Irish author Sean O'Casey (Rod Taylor), set in scenic 1910 Dublin. Co-stars equally gorgeous Julie Christie.

The Commitments (1991): Gaggle of mangy Dubliner kids slap together an American soul band. A joyous sleeper.

The Field (1990): Pithy drama of rural Irish clannishness, with Richard Harris scrambling to protect the land he's tilled all his life. Co-stars Tom Berenger.

Finian's Rainbow (1968): Fred Astaire and Petula Clark sparkle in musical about a leprechaun transported to the American South. Directed by—no joke—Francis Ford Coppola. —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDEO BRAIN FOOD

Cinema does not live by goofiness alone; some movies can enlighten—unsnarl enigmas, espouse doctrine, probe great minds. If *The Mask* is checked out, check out these think flicks:

House of Games (1987): Two scams—one psychological, the other criminal—vie as shrink Lindsay Crouse falls for hustler Joe Mantegna. Thriller con game from David Mamet.

The Last of Sheila (1973): A puzzle is at the heart of this whodunit, a scavenger hunt aboard a yacht, written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins. Dyan Cannon is the horny agent.

The Name of the Rose (1986): Franciscan monk–sleuth Sean Connery deciphers murder among shady Benedictines. Sex, violence and scholastic philosophy.

Persona (1966): Disturbed mute actress Liv Ullmann trades personalities with nurse Bibi Andersson in Bergman's austere study. Just think of humanity as essence, mask as accident, OK?

Rashomon (1950): Contradictory accounts of a rape-murder in medieval Japan, each one convincing. Kurosawa's Oscar winner explores truth, guilt and, perhaps, the self-justifying power of art.

My Dinner With Andre (1981): Proof that eavesdropping in a restaurant can be as stimulating as a double espresso. Louis Malle captures director Andre Gregory and writer Wallace Shawn cooking up a conversational feast. Quirky.

Prospero's Books (1991): Peter Greenaway's rhapsody on *The Tempest* is Shakespeare on LSD. Visual allusions to Michelangelo and Titian mean scads of dancing nudes. —JAMES HARRIS

VIDBITS

A triple whammy for music-cinema video archivists: Abkco Films has released ***Sympathy for the Devil*** (1970), Jean-Luc Godard's documentary about the making of the Rolling Stones' 1968 platter. The digitally restored flick, with remastered soundtrack, follows the Stones from rehearsals to recording sessions, weaving in images of the Sixties. Spookiest segment: Bobby Kennedy's murder, which occurred during filming. . . . Behind every bloodsucker, there's a good woman—at least according to ***Anne Rice: Birth of the Vampire*** (BBC Video and CBS/Fox), a 45-minute ode to the undead's best-selling chronicler. The program traces Rice's life back to her New Orleans childhood and features her family, friends and a few fanged figments of her imagination.

LASER FARE

MCA has just entered the fancy-disc race with a Signature Edition release of ***Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story.*** The four-sided, letterboxed CAV set ($70) features storyboards, trailers, audio play-by-play from director Rob Cohen and a special intro by the kung fu legend's widow, Linda Lee Cadwell. . . . Was Ed Wood really as rotten a director as Tim Burton's movie makes him out to be? You be the judge. Lumivision's ***Ed Wood Collection*** (CLV, $79.95) is a two-disc tribute that includes: *Plan 9 From Outer Space* (1959), Wood's worst and Bela Lugosi's last; *Jail Bait: The Director's Cut* (1954), featuring restored footage and *Hercules*' Steve Reeves in his screen debut; and *Plan 9*'s sequel, *Night of the Ghouls* (1960), which was never released because Wood couldn't pay the film lab. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Clear and Present Danger*** (Ford is fine—again—as Clancy's Jack Ryan, this time saving us from drug lords and Cabinet scum), ***Spanking the Monkey*** (Summer of '42 meets Oedipus Rex—deft take on college kid making out with Mom).
ACTION	***Natural Born Killers*** (trigger-happy outlaws Harrelson and Lewis lead Stone's crazed assault on reality TV; brutal and way over the top), ***Doomsday Gun*** (spies squash a deal to put said weapon in Saddam's mitts; slick thrills via HBO).
COMEDY	***Fear of a Black Hat*** (mockumentary tracks goofball rap group; hip-hop send-up à la *Spinal Tap*—and every bit as funny), ***Corrina, Corrina*** (widower Ray Liotta hires übernanny Whoopi Goldberg for kid; Poppins she ain't).
FOREIGN	***Belle Epoque*** (army deserter shacks up in friend's country home—then meets his four daughters; lusty Oscar winner), ***Voyage en Douce*** (two fed-up beauties hit the French countryside in sexy 1981 treat; new to tape).
X-RATED	***Sex*** (dirty vignettes done up in glossy MTV style; often flat, though stacked with nasty knockouts), ***The Voyeur #2*** (parking lot pick-ups and a lurid motel-room peek through John Leslie's roaming docu-style lens; trust us—it works).

WIRED

ENTERTAINMENT TO THE MAX

Sony may have come up with the perfect way to get home theater hermits off their couches and back to the movies—the Sony Imax 3-D Theater. Recently opened in the Sony Theaters Lincoln Square Complex at 68th and Broadway in Manhattan, the newest Sony Imax is actually the first of several monster 3-D moviehouses being planned for the U.S. (San Francisco and Chicago reportedly are high on the list of future locations.) More than just venues for showing gigantic movies, new Imax theaters have been designed to showcase advanced-

KEVIN DAPP

generation 3-D feature films. The first, a fly-boy adventure titled *Wings of Courage* that stars Val Kilmer, Tom Hulce and Elizabeth McGovern, debuts this spring. Watching it is like stepping into some science fiction fantasy. Those goofy cellophane 3-D specs that we're all familiar with have been replaced by futuristic headsets with liquid crystal lenses. The lenses allow you to see two separate films—one for your right eye, and another (with a slightly different perspective) for your left. This creates realistic stereoscopic vision without odd colors and unpleasant side effects. Movies are projected on an 8000-square-foot screen—eight stories high—with six channels of digital sound filtered throughout the theater and through personal speakers in each headset. The price of admission: $9.

DIGITAL DIALING

With "bigger, faster, better, more" as their credo, computerphiles are turning their attention to a telecommunications system called Integrated Services Digital Network. Introduced ten years ago, ISDN is a digital phone service ideal for home office professionals tired of the "modem or voice" choice, as well as for cybersurfers who want speedy access to the Net. In addition to providing a 64,000-bit-per-second data transmission rate (compared with 28,800 for the fastest modems), ISDN lets you simultaneously carry on phone conversations and transfer data—all from a single telephone line. ISDN's initial price is steep. Because the service is offered solely through local telephone companies, installation and monthly fees vary widely—from "free of charge" to $500 for the former, and $20 to $90 for the latter. There are also usage fees, which may run several cents per minute, as well as costs associated with upgrading your equipment to convert voice or computer data into ISDN's digital signal. Sound like a lot of dough to go digital? Maybe. But think about how fast computer prices have come down and how fast you will be able to surf on-line.

PC PERIPHERALS

Taking your computer too seriously these days? Then put the hardware in its place with these sensible yet silly peripherals. Ultra Stat, a two-inch-high box ($80) that sits atop your computer monitor, protects your PC by acting as a conduit for static electricity. You know the device is taking all the shocks each time a frazzled-looking character named Ernie pops up on the box's liquid crystal display. • American Power Conversions has given the boring surge protector a designer touch. Rather than hide

the colorful circuitry in a typical eggshell casing, APC shows it off in the new clear-cased Network Surge Arrest ($60). (Never mind that it will probably be stashed under your desk.) • Brainworks' Star Trek accessory kit (pictured here, $149) dresses up your computer with a themed keyboard, disk holder and mouse, a mouse pad that's shaped like the Enterprise's communicator badges and a monitor frame that makes your computer look like a piece of equipment on the bridge. Beam us up!

WILD THINGS

Want to jump in ond out of your favorite Sega Genesis games without leoving the couch? Then check out ASG Technologies' Video Jukebox (pictured below) and Infrarad remote control. Priced at $50, the former is a cartridge server that stores six games and has networking technology to link together six Video Jukeboxes. The $30 Infrarad, which features ports for two controllers, enables you and a buddy to toggle between great titles such as *Earthworm Jim*, *Mortal Kombat II* and *Streets of Rage 3* with the press of a button. Because the remote control is an infrared receiver, there are no cords connecting you to the TV. Couch spuds who are into Super Nintendo can pick up

SNES versions of both devices for the same prices. • Music Interface Technologies, a company known for its sonically superior audio cables, recently introduced its first video product, the Res-LinQ Enhancer. An $80 cable that serves as an interface between TV and VCR or laser disc player or A/V receiver, Res-LinQ boosts frequencies between the two video sources in an effort to improve picture quality. Test viewers said the product offered "line-doubler-like effects" and "filmlike quality with VCR setups." Videos appeared sharper, with more detail ond texture. And even laser discs looked better and brighter.

ON CD-ROM

The year is 2047. You're a hovercab driver in a quarantined city called Kemo—and, frankly, life sucks. A neurodrug introduced into the water supply to eliminate criminal thoughts has mixed with some bad bacteria, turning everyone into crazed killers. Fortunately, anything goes in this psycho city, so you've equipped your hovercab with headlight-mounted machine guns and are on a gonzo mission to blast your way out of town. Of course, that won't be easy because the guys in charge use their own ammo—rockets, bullets and land mines—to keep you from leaving. Plus there's the annoying fact that you have to pick up and deliver fares to earn money for more ammunition. Like our synopsis of Quarantine? Then you're going to love this CD-ROM arcade-style game. In addition to a lightning-fast 3-D engine and appropriately grim graphics, the game features a cool first—the hovercab's radio plays songs by alternative rock bands from Australia. If you get tired of the Aussie tunes, you can put your own CD into the disk drive and it will play through the cab's radio. We suggest Ministry's *New World Order* with this final warning: Look out for pedestrians. They can really mess up your windshield. (From Gametek for MS-DOS and 3DO, $60.)

CYBER SCOOP

Dennis Conner has jumped ship—at leost on the $200,000 custom computer system that helped him win America's Cup roces. Instead, he and his Stors ond Stripes team are sailing toward a 1995 victory using a $330 version of Microsoft Excel.

Beer companies are sponsoring World Wide Web sites. The Miller Genuine Draft Tap Room, http://www.mgdtaproom.com, offers fun features on trendy fashions, food and nightlife. And there's not on MGD od in sight.

Food & Wine's Wine Tasting won't give you a buzz—it's not that interactive. But oenophiles as well as newcomers to the grape can use it to take an entertaining multimedia tour through the world of wine. As jazz plays in the background, you explore the wine-growing regions from Piedmont to Napa, learn to judge wine quality and hear how to pronounce Pouilly-Fumé la Renardiere Domaine Bouchie-Chatellier. Once you have the basics, you can set up a wine-tasting session (you buy the bottles), or have your own taster's profile done by Steve Olson, the wine director at Gramercy Tavern in New York. Tell him your food preferences, and he will tell you what wines you'll like best and offer recommendations. You don't even have to tip. (From Times Mirror Multimedia, $50.)

Quorontine mayhem

Exploring *substance.digizine*, a CD-ROM magazine, is like riding a roller coaster. One minute you're in an industrial dungeon listening to Nine Inch Nails front man Trent Reznor rant about music industry conspiracies, and the next you're soaring in a rocket ship to soothing worlds of ambient music. The graphics are beyond wild, the editorials decidedly Gen X—and there's plenty of cool video. In the first issue (four are published per year), you can watch clips from NIN videos that were banned from MTV, as well as public-service ads directed by Michael Stipe, Natalie Merchant and KRS-One. The ads accompany an engrossing article, titled *Minding the Mainstream*, about filmmaker Jim McKay. Known as an "anti-adman" for his short documentaries challenging the legitimacy of network news, McKay teamed with Stipe to form Direct Effect, a nonprofit group that funds public-service announcements on social issues such as homelessness and women's reproductive rights. For now, *substance* is a trip only Windows users can take. But we're told a Macintosh edition is in the works, so sit tight. (By Substance Interactive Media, about $20 per issue or $75 for a one-year subscription.)

Ployboy's Home Page

ON-LINE

On the first day God created the Internet. On the second day he created the World Wide Web—and there was chaos. But on the third day he created Netscape, a one-stop-shop to cyberspace. Netscape is an Internet navigator that allows you to access a variety of sites—file transfer protocols, Gophers, Usenet newsgroups and the Web for you Netheads—that formerly required separate software. Developed by Marc Andreessen, the 23-year-old creator of Mosaic, and Silicon Graphics founder Jim Clark, Netscape is based on Mosaic but is even easier to use. The graphic user interface is simple to follow and fun to peruse thanks to a dragon named Mozilla that appears in various forms on Netscape's hyperlink pages. Unlike other navigators, Netscape allows you to view documents while images are loading. Plus, it's fast. If you're using a 14.4 kilobyte or 28.8 kilobyte modem, Netscape will get you where you're going sooner than any of its competitors. And with a high-speed data connection, such as a T1 or an ISDN (see "Digital Dialing" on page 22 for details), you'll fly. Netscape is available for Windows, Unix and Macintosh operating systems. Be sure to check out the navigator's What's New and What's Cool lists of Web sites, the Internet Directory link (for a look at the range of info now on the Net), and our Home Page at http://www.playboy.com. (By Netscape Communications Corporation, $99.)

DIGITAL DUDS

The Best North American Strippers: With no music or video footoge on this CD-ROM, you might as well spend the money ot a gentleman's club—for real entertainment.

Personality Expert: A fake doctor who looks like he was drawn by o two-year-old analyzes your behavior in this disc-based progrom for MS-DOS.

Carey DeVuono's Hollywood Mogul: "I'm not a Hollywood mogul, but I ploy one on CD" is the gist of this Windows game on disc. But in the time it takes to digest the 128-page manual, you could move to Los Angeles, get a job in the moilroom of a movie studio ond work your way up to mogul status.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 153.

MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

BIRD IS GONE. So are Magic and Michael Jordan. The generation that grew up on hip-hop is now the National Basketball Association's new generation of stars. Not only do they play the game to rap's rhythms, now some rock the mike themselves. Shaquille O'Neal, the NBA's leading new jack star, debuted with a strong rap album released before his rookie season. Now he's back with ***Shaq Fu: Da Return*** (Jive), an 11-cut collection that features an all-star team of guest rappers, including members of the Wu Tang Clan, Ill Al Skratch and Warren G.

Shaq has a deep, resonant voice that's surprisingly distinctive, and has clever things to say. The flip side is that Shaq's delivery can be monotonous, lacking nuance. When working with real rhyme stylists, like Wu Tang's Prince Rakeem, the RZA and Method Man on the song *No Hook*, Shaq is severely outclassed. But Shaq can sound strong and confident: *Da Return*'s most compelling track is *Biological Didn't Bother (G-Funk Version)*, which is both a dis of his wayward biological pops and a celebration of his adoptive father.

FAST CUT: Shaq also has a track on ***B-ball's Best Kept Secret*** (Immortal/Epic), though many of the other players have skills (at least in the studio) superior to those of the big man. Among the hoop stars moonlighting as rappers are the Lakers' Cedric Ceballos, the Clippers' Malik Sealy, the Magic's Brian Shaw and Dennis Scott, the Cavaliers' Chris Mills, the Timberwolves' J.R. Rider, the Mavericks' Jason Kidd and the Supersonics' Gary Payton. Dana Barros, a three-point specialist for Philadelphia, displays a tasty rhyme flow on *Check It*. He's backed by good production from Lucien, a musician who earned his rep in Paris. On the poignant *Anything Can Happen*, Brian Shaw tells the real-life story of a traffic accident that killed most of his family.

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CHARLES M. YOUNG

The current acoustic guitar boom can be traced back to one guy: John Fahey. In the late Fifties, he figured out that the steel-string acoustic could be a compelling solo instrument. Taking bits of blues, folk, rock, classical, gospel and various world influences, he fashioned some of the most compelling melodies ever picked with a thumb and two fingers. I own 18 of his albums on vinyl and another nine on CD, and I still check the bins for anything I might have missed. So I'm naturally thrilled with ***Return of the Repressed: The John Fahey Anthology*** (Rhino), a greatest-hits collection.

Shaq Fu: Da Return.

Another Shaq attack, the *Return of the Repressed* and Veruca Salt's new sisterhood.

Many guitarists have developed flashier techniques, but no one has passed Fahey as a writer for the guitar. Thus I'm disappointed at the length of this set. With just two CDs, it has to stick with the shorter, happier songs. His longer, darker works could easily have filled another disc. But it's still a fine introduction to one of America's great composers.

FAST CUTS: The Eagles, ***Hell Freezes Over*** (Geffen): Soaring harmonies and sore attitude. Mostly the greatest hits revisited, which they've done several times.

World Music: The Rough Guide (Rough): If you're bored with American pop and seek exotic new thrills, the editors of this terrific book will point you in all kinds of cool directions. Indispensable and damn near complete.

Butt Trumpet, ***Primitive Enema*** (EMI/Chrysalis): Giddily obscene punk rock and no depressing narcissism. Made me laugh several times.

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ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Walter Becker and Dan Hicks weren't household names two decades ago when they had reason to be, so never mind if their monikers barely ring a bell today. Now 44, Becker was half the brains of the long-lost Steely Dan, but ***11 Tracks of Whack*** (Giant) is his first solo album. The 53-year-old Hicks was a retro cult hero who sang with the Django-styled Hot Licks, but the live ***Shootin' Straight*** (On the Spot) is his first release in 16 years. And though neither record will make either artist a superstar, both show just how entertaining old dogs' old tricks can be.

Granted, *11 Tracks of Whack* isn't exactly fun. But diehard Steely Dan fans who still crave frequent fixes of sardonic, jazz-steeped sophistication should find *Whack* more perversely satisfying than 1993's long-awaited opus from Donald Fagen, *Kamakiriad*. The opening tracks of Becker's album, *Down in the Bottom* and *Junkie Girl*, swing with visionary despair. Although the lyrics fog up some, and Becker's stony voice starts to wear, what follows leaves no doubt whose bad attitude Steely Dan diehards found so bracing.

In contrast, Hicks is a cheerful cuss, whether the subject is little green men, lying Laurie, drowned sorrows or the deaths of his favorite relatives. The old-timey folk-jazz complements his nonsense as expertly as ever. And the layoff has given him an opportunity to freshen his songbook. By the time he's 70, I bet he'll be good for another one.

FAST CUT: Speaking of acoustic jazz—not to mention cheerful—***The Jazz Age: New York in the Twenties*** (Bluebird) is a time-tested collection of infectious tunes by four seminal white jazz groups. Among the layers are Red Nichols, Eddie Lang, Joe Venuti, Phil Napoleon, Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller. While I wouldn't swear that they always swing, they sure jump around a lot.

•

VIC GARBARINI

Until recently, women in rock were pressured to conform to one of two models, either the tough leatherette, imitating men, or the pop tart, catering to men's fantasies. Women rockers such as Courtney Love, Liz Phair and the Breeders are demanding to break through the stereotypes and take control of their own music. Chicago's Veruca Salt combines the best impulses of the new sisterhood. Power chords and airy harmonies fuel the songs on ***American Thighs*** (Minty Fresh/DGC). On *Seether*, the edgy sweetness explodes as Nina Gordon, Louise Post and their male rhythm section wrestle with anger in a catchy context. Sometimes they slow to a crunching crawl, other times they slam out a bittersweet, raucous rocker. But they always sound as if they're living up to their own expectations and standards.

FAST CUT: Joni Mitchell has always written and sung from her heart. But over the past decade she's seemed a bit adrift at times, and her albums have been

overproduced. ***Turbulent Indigo*** (Reprise) is a magnificent return to form, easily her best work since 1982's *Wild Things Run Fast*. Most of the digital sheen and electronic baubles have been peeled away, which serves to reveal her vibrant songcraft. On *Sunny Sunday*, the young girl who once rose to greet the sun on *Chelsea Morning* now waits for night so she can take shots at the streetlights. On *How Do You Stop*, she uses her newfound wisdom to avoid the lousy relationships and work through the ones with promise. Welcome to the Nineties, Joni.

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DAVE MARSH

The scariest thing on ***Nirvana Unplugged in New York*** (Geffen) is *Where Did You Sleep Last Night*, an ancient Appalachian ballad better known as *In the Pines*. It contains sinister overtones of murder, abandonment, abuse and prostitution. Kurt Cobain sings it like fate was hovering, ready to steal his breath away. He would have been an ideal collaborator on Mike Seeger's ***Third Annual Farewell Reunion*** (Rounder). Only a beloved folklorist like Mike Seeger, who's been doing this stuff since way back in the New Lost City Ramblers, could have pulled 23 performers together on this disc. The material includes Dylan's quaking reassessment of his own *Hollis Brown, East Virginia Blues* with Ralph Stanley and John Cooke, *Cripple Creek* with Etta Baker and *Deep Shady Grove* with Jean Ritchie. But no one here—not even Dylan singing about death on the prairie—sounds anywhere near as desolate as Cobain. That's not because the songs aren't suffused with mortality. It's because Seeger and the music he loves create community. That animating spirit probably couldn't have lifted Cobain's depression. But it reminds us that humans can still make art from their woes.

FAST CUTS: ***Time Zone Exchange Project: Over the Edge Vol. 7, Negativland*** (Seeland): This material from the group's weekly radio show constitutes a double-disc collage of music, found sounds and cryptic dialogue. Hilarious, scathing, potentially revolutionary, it's worth the investment of money, time and attention it demands (1920 Monument Blvd., MF-1, Concord, CA 94520, fax 510-420-0469).

Peter Laughner and Friends, ***Take the Guitar Player for a Ride*** (Tim Kerr Records): Laughner had the chops to match his perceptions, which might have ranked him as the perfect transition between post-Dylan and punk even if he hadn't died young and wasted. Sketchy, often too poetic, infatuated with death and self-destruction, this album also deserves to be called touching, even heartbreaking (P.O. Box 42423, Portland, Oregon 97242).

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Walter Becker *11 Tracks of Whack*	7	7	9	6	7
John Fohey *Return of the Repressed*	8	8	5	8	9
Shaquille O'Neal *Shaq Fu: Da Return*	7	7	7	6	5
Veruca Salt *American Thighs*	8	8	7	4	6
Mike Seeger *Third Annual Farewell Reunion*	7	8	6	8	7

COALS TO NEWCASTLE DEPARTMENT: This past fall, **Ted Nugent** offered a bow-hunting symposium and fund-raiser at the request of the Iowa tribe of Kansas and Nebraska. Does Dr. Quinn know about this?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Testament** makes its movie debut in **James Cameron's** film *Strange Days*, which stars **Ralph Fiennes, Juliette Lewis** and **Angela Bassett.** The band also will be featured on the soundtrack. . . . **Madonna,** who has signed to appear in **Quentin Tarantino's** next film project, is also interested in directing. . . . A TV bio of the **Judds** is in the works for a spring airdate. . . . Currently *Woodstock '94* is a double CD and a home video. Will there be a movie? Polygram is waiting to see how the CD and video are received before making a decision on Academy Award–winning director **Barbara Kopple's** documentary. . . . **Evan Dando** will be **Liv Tyler's** love interest in *Heavy*. . . . **Melissa Etheridge** is singing *I Take You With Me* in **Whoopi Goldberg's** movie *Boys on the Side*. . . . **Sam Phillips** makes her acting debut in *Die Hard: With a Vengeance* as **Jeremy Irons'** girlfriend. . . . Remember **Bobby Fuller's** song *I Fought the Law*? Thirty years after Fuller's mysterious death, interest in him remains strong. **Black 47** has a song about Fuller on *Home of the Brave*, and the veteran record producer who discovered him, **Bob Keane,** plans a film biography.

NEWSBREAKS: Producer **Rick Rubin** has eclectic taste: He's produced **Johnny Cash, Tom Petty** and now **AC/DC.** . . . **John Lennon, David Bowie, Jerry Garcia, John Mellencamp, Ron Wood** and **Carly Simon** are among 55 musicians who have contributed art to a new and expensive limited-edition book, *Musicians as Artists*. At $1000 per copy, the books are numbered (only 100 are being printed) and signed by most of the artists. The publisher has donated the books to Musicares, which provides emergency financial aid to musicians in need of shelter or health care. . . . It took **Jim Kerr** of **Simple Minds** more than three years to get past his writer's block. Says Kerr, "Initially, I wasn't too worried, but a few months started to pass and I thought, Maybe it's gone." The CD *Good News From the Next World* is just out. . . . **Vanessa Williams** (reigning star of *Kiss of the Spider Woman*) will originate a Broadway role and record an album of standards and one of children's songs. When you're hot, you're hot. . . . **Larry Kirwan** (of Black 47) has written a play, *Liverpool Fantasy*, opening in San Francisco this spring. It's about what might have happened to the **Beatles** if they hadn't made it. The play is one of five in his book *Mad Angel*. . . . The Red Hot organization just keeps releasing CDs. Since **Red Hot + Blue** was released in 1990, the organization has disbursed about $7 million to AIDS groups. Recent releases **Red Hot + Cool** (jazz) and **Red Hot + Country** will be joined by projects including an indie rock disc and one with Brazilian artists. . . . MTV's Unplugged format has caught (or will catch) the **Cranberries, Hole,** a reggae program and possibly a multi-artist Christmas show. . . . We guarantee you late-night laughs if you pick up the recent edition of **Dave Marsh** and **James Bernard's** *New Book of Rock Lists* (Fireside). It has predictable lists. It also has truly zany ones such as **Allen Ginsberg's** favorite blues records, **P-Funk's** classic party chants and ten artists who make **Chubby Checker** dance.

—BARBARA NELLIS

JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

STEADY BETTY

WITH Carmen McRae gone and Ella Fitzgerald ill, Betty Carter now stands alone as jazz's greatest female vocalist. And with the death of Art Blakey, she has also assumed the role of jazz talent scout. For years, musicians have joined Carter's trios as boys but left as men, after meeting her virtuosic musical demands. Her latest album, ***Feed the Fire*** (Verve), recorded on tour in 1993, stars Carter's first sidewoman: Geri Allen, who helped concoct the arrangements. But the all-star trio also "turns out some of the old folks." By old folks she is referring to bassist Dave Holland and drummer Jack DeJohnette. Both are only a generation younger than Carter herself—who, at 64, shows no signs of slowing down.

CARTER

This year also brings a reissue of her spectacular duet concert with Carmen McRae (also on Verve), recorded eight years ago.

But the big news is her association with the 24-hour cable jazz network proposed by BET. "I've told them they have to come up to date. If they use old concert footage, it has to be mixed well. They can't just do one concert after another. They need to produce conceptual videos. And they better do it soon, before all these young guys who could play the visuals get old."

NEW RELEASES

Three of the younger "veterans" of Betty Carter's recordings, including the aforementioned Geri Allen, have new releases of their own. The technically impeccable pianist Allen has at times drifted off the mark musically, but she brings an especially sharp focus to ***Twenty-One*** (Blue Note). Tenor man Don Braden leads a septet on his impressive ***After Dark*** (Criss Cross Jazz, Postbox 1214, 7500 BE Enschede, Holland). Braden plays with a little less flash but a lot more substance than many contemporaries, and this album offers a surprisingly mature take on neo-bop. And after more than 70 recording dates in his first three years on the scene, bass wunderkind Christian McBride makes his debut as a leader with ***Gettin' to It*** (Verve), featuring Roy Hargrove and Joshua Redman in an all-star combo. It's solid, if unremarkable.

In the mid-Eighties, composer and saxist Henry Threadgill led a septet that electrified the jazz world with its richly flavored (and surprisingly accessible) mélange of avant-garde ingredients. His subsequent outfit, called Very Very Circus, failed to capture the same level of interest. But ***Carry the Day*** (Columbia), his first major label recording in five years, may re-establish his prominence. The band—dominated by guitars, low brass (two tubas) and the leader's throaty alto—has never sounded clearer, and Threadgill makes splendid additional use of violin, accordion and vocals. The calypso-inspired title track sums it up: wild, woolly, a bit unsettling and wholly entertaining.

Pharoah Sanders, who first achieved fame as a member of John Coltrane's band in the Sixties, offers a loving tribute on the double-disc ***Crescent With Love*** (Evidence). Frankly imitative of Trane's early-Sixties ballad style, Sanders' playing nonetheless rings true on these late-night laments and homages. Meanwhile, John Coltrane's tenor-playing son, Ravi, stretches out to good advantage as a guest with the Contempo Trio, which is anchored by former Pat Metheny drummer Danny Gottlieb. The occasion is ***No JAMFs Allowed*** (Jazz Line, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010).

Speaking of Metheny, the hardest-working guitarist in jazz signals a change in his band's direction on ***We Live Here*** (Geffen). Working hand in glove with keyboardist Lyle Mays, Metheny's new music departs from its strong South American connection of the past ten years and embraces a variety of urban street beats. Yes, Pat Metheny plays hip-hop (or something like it). More important, the densely layered arrangements frame some of his best solos on disc. This craftsmanship will come as no surprise to Bob Curnow: He has arranged a dozen tunes for his L.A. Big Band on ***The Music of Pat Metheny & Lyle Mays*** (MAMA, 555 E. Easy St., Simi Valley, CA 93065). And the surprising success with which the songs translate to the big-band idiom demonstrates the often camouflaged complexity of Metheny and Mays' writing.

HEF'S PICKS: Two albums have caught Hugh Hefner's attention and should be of interest to fans of Sinatra and big bands. ***Dreamscape*** (Sony) introduces Kenny Colman, a "saloon singer" recommended by Blue Eyes himself. And on ***Dream Dancing II*** (Aero Space), Ray Anthony leads his plush jazz orchestra in a program of sentimental favorites.

LOUIS, ELLA AND FRANK

If you like vocalists, the best of the boxes feature three who laid the cornerstones for modern jazz singing: Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra.

History reveres Armstrong primarily for his peerless trumpet work and for establishing the primacy of the improvising soloist. But he also invented scat singing; and even when he stuck to lyrics, his exuberant style showed the connection between singing and playing o horn, thus establishing a model for the jazz singers to come.

DAVID COWLES

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, a handsomely annotated four-CD set, documents the development of Armstrong from talented sideman in the early Twenties to full-fledged genius in the mid-Thirties. While it avoids being encyclopedic, this compilotion contains all the essentials—and then some.

Armstrong invented scat, but Fitzgerald perfected the form. Her improvisotions have olways lit up her concerts. Several of her great live performances make up onother four-disc box, ***Ella: The Concert Years*** (Pablo). Recorded from 1953 to 1983, in Tokyo, New York, Stockholm and Santa Monica (and featuring the 8asie and Ellington bands as well as Ello's own trio), it brims with unfamiliar and unforgettable treasures.

No pop singer took more from jazz than Sinatra, and two sets prove the point by focusing on his early stardom. ***The Song Is You*** (RCA) contains 120 tracks (on five CDs) that Sinatra recorded os vocalist with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra between 1940 and 1942. The crooner's supple young baritone combines with Dorsey's buttery trombone to define the sound of an era. Of even greoter historical interest is ***The V-Discs*** (Columbia). This set gothers more than 50 Sinatra songs (with spoken introductions) recorded between 1943 and 1946 specifically for American forces stationed overseas.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

YOU NEEDN'T BE a prophet to wonder how CD-ROM technology will affect the future of publishing. Will the disc replace the book? Has the Library of Congress been rendered obsolete? Is the novel, once again, dead? Will an optical data retrieval system steal the soul of literature? The answer is a resounding no.

But CD-ROM presents challenges and opportunities for the book business, and major publishers are eagerly exploring this electronic frontier. Barnes & Noble, the bookselling chain, has introduced CD-ROM products into its superstores and has forged a space-sharing partnership with Software, Etc. to provide for CD-ROM sections in 30 other stores around the country. Tom Hawarth, director of multimedia for Barnes & Noble, sees this as a strong future trend: "We think that CD-ROM is going to be an important complement for our bookstores. It started off faster than audiotape; we'll see how far it will go. We are concentrating here on content-based CD-ROM—not games, not applications.

"The future of this technology will depend on how the hardware develops. Right now, it is expensive and cumbersome. But that can change rapidly, as it did in the video and music industries. We don't see discs replacing books. They've yet to make a disc you can take to the beach. But we want to position ourselves to make a transition if the market moves forward quickly."

More than 10 million CD-ROM players are already installed in American computers, according to *Publishers Weekly*, and some 4000 CD-ROM titles are available on a broad range of subjects.

The first leap from the library shelf to the computer screen was strictly a space-saving compression. Want the entire 20-volume ***Oxford English Dictionary*** (Oxford University Press) on a disc? No problem. The Bard's complete works (along with Barron's crib notes) all in a ***Shakespeare Study Guide*** (World Library) with hypertext? While you're at it, how would you like the 44 million words of the CD ***Encyclopaedia Britannica*** (Britannica)?

The latest compilations of data on CD-ROM, however, go beyond volume into the realms of multimedia and interaction. ***Infopedia*** (Future Vision) incorporates the complete works of *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Roget's 21st Century Thesaurus, Webster's New Biographical Dictionary, Webster's Dictionary of English Usage, The 1994 World Almanac and Book of Facts, Merriam-Webster Dictionary of Quotations, The Hammond Atlas of the World* and the entire 29 volumes of *Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia*.

CD-ROM: A new way of telling a story.

CD-ROMs claim a place in the post-Gutenberg galaxy.

With more than 200,000 entries illustrated by thousands of photos, drawings and maps, this new reference work dwarfs competition such as *Encarta, Compton's Interactive* and *Grolier Multimedia*. The publisher claims it sets a new multimedia standard with 60 videos, 90 animation segments and a new cross-referencing interface that will allow the user to find information in several sources on a single screen. *Infopedia* is a model of the colorful, one-stop reference packages that have already challenged conventional encyclopedias.

Voyager pioneered the concept of Expanded Books for students, using floppy disks to create hypertext versions of *The Annotated Alice* and Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*, including dinosaur noises. Now, using 600 megabytes on a CD-ROM, Voyager takes a classic, such as Shakespeare's ***Macbeth,*** and places every tool of exploration and explanation imaginable at the user's fingertips. More than 1500 annotations can be accessed by clicking on key words on the screen. A complete audio performance of the play by the Royal Shakespeare Company is coordinated with the text. Clips from *Macbeth* films by Orson Welles, Akira Kurosawa (*Throne of Blood*) and Roman Polanski provide different interpretations for comparison. You can add your own notes to the text. And there are 34 commentaries by scholars on specific scenes and ten essays exploring issues raised by the play. The avid interactive user can pick a role and emote karaoke-style with actors from the RSC.

CD-ROM producer Byron Preiss brings similar interactive touches to his versions of literary classics for Time Warner Interactive. His most recent creations are a time-travel edition of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five* and cleverly film-enhanced texts of the Philip Marlowe novels and stories in *Trouble Is My Business: The Raymond Chandler Library*. However, Preiss' masterpiece thus far is ***The Essential Frankenstein.***

Mary Shelley's 1818 novel is enhanced with period music, narrations and historical background notes. Horror-literature critic Leonard Wolf provides extensive textual annotation and a video interview. The 19th century images are juxtaposed with clips of Boris Karloff's 1931 portrayal of the monster.

We confess a weakness for the playful ***Cartoon History of the Universe*** (Putnam New Media). Containing 2000 animations in full color and five hours of audio, this CD-ROM book brings alive cartoonist Larry Gonick's irreverent 13-billion-year trip from the big bang to Alexander the Great. Narration by a nutty professor—and 17 related games—will keep even the academically challenged glued to this history lesson.

The electronic coffee-table book is still in its infancy, but some recent titles suggest how powerful this form of visual exploration can be. For example, in ***The Ultimate Frank Lloyd Wright*** (Byron Preiss/Microsoft), a click of the mouse takes you on three-dimensional walking tours of Wright buildings such as the Robie House and the Larkin Building. This disc also allows you to study the details of his architecture in hundreds of color photographs and provides extensive commentary on Wright's legacy. A clever interactive feature even encourages you to design and build your own building in Wright's style.

In ***The Wall: A Living Memorial*** (Magnet Interactive) you can now make a "virtual visit" to the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial. This CD-ROM allows viewers to experience an animated model of the wall, and it provides information about each of the 58,000 men and women who lost their lives.

So what about the great American electronic novel? We haven't seen anyone attempt it yet. But when someone does, we bet that the first fiction on disc will look a lot like experiential games such as *Myst* and *Under a Killing Moon*. Interactive multimedia holds huge potential for storytelling.

Until then, there is still plenty to explore and to enjoy in this new post-Gutenberg galaxy.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

Like a lot of drugs, it is known on the street by many names: moke, crank, forty-weight, mud, java, joe. More than half of all Americans use it every day. In Seattle, where I live, it is common to see queues of twitchy addicts waiting desperately for their morning fix. "Double tall latté, two percent, no foam," they plead as they hand over crumpled bills, speaking in the impenetrable patois of the junkie.

I admit it: I'm an addict, too. I tried to quit once, but for three hellish days I endured depression, night sweats, muscle pain, irritability, nausea and a headache that felt like someone had driven a four-inch nail behind each eyeball. Unable to bear it, I hastened to my neighborhood Starbucks and mainlined a demitasse of Italian-roast espresso.

Whatever you call it, coffee qualifies as a powerful drug. Some believe it's also a dangerous one. It has been suspected of causing cancer of the pancreas, heart attacks, high blood pressure and other life-threatening ailments. The latest research, however, suggests that the risks posed by coffee have been wildly overstated. A comprehensive review of the scientific literature published in the March 1993 issue of *Archives of Family Medicine* concludes, "Coffee appears to pose no particular threat to most people if consumed in moderation [up to four cups per day]."

And the good news doesn't stop there. Recent studies suggest that caffeine—the primary pharmacological component in coffee—is a wonder drug capable of enhancing human performance on several levels. Not that coffee drinkers have ever needed guys in lab coats to inform them that caffeine increases mental acuity. In 1587, Sheikh Abd-al-Kadir opined, "No one can understand the truth until he drinks of coffee's frothy goodness." Upon consuming a cup of joe, novelist Honoré de Balzac said, "The shafts of wit start up like sharpshooters."

Competitive athletes stand to benefit from coffee even more. According to an article published in 1994 in *The Canadian Journal of Applied Physiology*, double-blind trials showed that well-trained athletes ran 44 percent longer before the onset of exhaustion, and bicycled 51 percent longer, after ingesting a dose of caffeine equivalent to three to four cups of strong coffee. Regarding short-term exercise (as opposed to endurance), the study indicated that caffeine increased speed and power by as much as ten percent.

GREG MASLEY

GOOD NEWS FOR JAVA JUNKIES

The process by which coffee works its magic on muscle fiber is extremely complex and poorly understood. It's important to note, however, that caffeine is more than just a mood elevator: It has a direct effect on the mechanics of muscle contraction at the molecular level. It doesn't just make you feel faster and stronger—the research shows that after drinking coffee you actually are faster and stronger.

Be advised, however, that too much caffeine is apt to make you perform worse than none at all, especially in sports that demand a steady hand and fine motor control.

Even in pure endurance sports such as bicycle racing and triathlons, there is such a thing as too much of a good thing. Studies suggest that a point of diminishing returns is reached after ingesting two to four milligrams of caffeine per pound of body weight. The ideal dose of caffeine for a 160-pound athlete, then, would theoretically be between 320 and 640 milligrams, approximately the jolt provided by two to four cups of dark-roast coffee (a six-ounce mug of joe has 85 to 100 mg, a cup of tea 40, a can of Coke 46, Pepsi 35, Mountain Dew 54, a chocolate bar 1 to 35, a Vivarin tablet 200, No Doz 100, Excedrin 65).

Bear in mind, though, that sensitivity to caffeine differs profoundly from one individual to the next. My wife, who weighs 60 pounds less than I do, can drink cup after cup of high-octane coffee and feel nary a buzz. But if I drink a single cup from the same pot any time after three P.M., I can forget about getting to sleep before three A.M. The only way to determine the most effective dose for you is through conservative trial and error, well in advance of an important athletic contest. I've found that my ideal dose is about 150 mg per day. If I consume much more than that, I turn into a wreck, hit the wall early and crash hard.

Caffeine levels peak in the bloodstream 30 to 60 minutes after ingestion and stay at high concentrations, on average, for four to six hours. However, traces of caffeine can remain in the body for up to 12 hours, which is why coffee drinkers sometimes complain of irritability, anxiety and insomnia long after their last cup. A caffeine habit has other potential liabilities as well. Reports that coffee causes cancer and heart disease have turned out to be false alarms, but some evidence suggests that caffeine leads to increased infertility in women. Furthermore, there is concern that pregnant women who drink large amounts of coffee may give birth to "caffeine babies" who act jittery and agitated.

Coffee may be both legal and reasonably safe, but it's a potent drug. Dr. David Costill of the Human Performance Lab at Ball State University, a pioneering researcher who studies the relationship between caffeine and athletic performance, told me a decade ago that "the difference between amphetamines and caffeine is probably only a matter of degree."

But in the case of caffeine, the price of addiction may be worth it. A ten-year study performed by Kaiser Permanente in northern California suggested that people who drank one to three cups of coffee a day had a 30 percent lower risk of committing suicide than nondrinkers, while those who gulped six cups daily were 80 percent less likely to kill themselves. Maybe, as one person suggested, they were simply too busy to try.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Leading the morning news programs on November 3, 1994 were interviews with Susan Smith and her estranged husband, David. As if they had cloned themselves and could be in several places at once, Susan and David appeared shortly after seven A.M. on ABC, CBS, CNN and NBC, and their pleas for the safe return of their two sons, Michael, three, and Alex, 14 months, touched our hearts. Later that same day, our hearts would be touched again—but this time by an ice pick.

For more than a week, Susan Smith claimed that on October 25, a black man in a knit cap carjacked her 1990 Mazda Protege with her and her kids in it. He then stuck a gun in her ribs and forced her out of the car in her hometown of Union, South Carolina.

"I'll take care of them," this nonexistent man supposedly said to Smith just before he drove away with the children as hostages. Smith ran to a nearby house and urged the residents to call the police. Soon, pursuit of the fabricated villain was on, the national media were alerted and the citizens and law enforcement officers of Union County (as well as the FBI and police organizations across the country) ordered a thorough search of the area.

When questioned by reporters on the morning of November 3 about possible inconsistencies in the carjacking scenario, Smith chastised those who voiced suspicions. "It hurts to know," she said as she held her husband's hand, "that I would be accused or even thought to ever do anything to harm my children."

As we know now, the Smith children had been dead for nine days at the time their mother made that disavowal on national television. According to her confession, given on the afternoon of November 3, Smith killed her sons on October 25 when she pushed her car, with Michael and Alex still alive and strapped into their car seats, down a boat ramp and into John D. Long Lake near Union, drowning the boys in the process. She has been charged with two counts of murder, and no other persons will be charged.

The shock of these events was evident both in South Carolina and across the nation. When Union County Sheriff Howard Wells announced that Smith would be arraigned on murder charges,

JAIME FISHER

PARENTS AND VIOLENCE

there was an audible gasp of disbelief from the crowd that had gathered to hear his statement. "Bad things just do not happen to us here," said the Reverend Allen Raines of Union's First Baptist Church after the news of the confession was released. "I can't believe a mother would kill her children," said a woman in Union to a TV reporter. And in Los Angeles, Michael and Alex's bereaved great-grandmother, Sara Singleton, said in a KNBC-TV interview, "Is there ever an explanation for murder? Two little children? There is no explanation for murder."

Singleton is right, of course. There is no explanation for murder, especially the murder of children. Certainly no explanation shrewd enough to allow us to prevent all such murders before they happen. But perhaps there is a lesson in this double murder. To some people it may seem naive or sentimental to search for a light in such darkness, but I think something good can come out of the events in South Carolina—namely, a more rational analysis of the nature of men and women and their propensity for violence toward their own children.

As any fair-minded person who has lived in this culture for the past few decades will tell you, there has been a constant attack from certain quarters concerning masculinity. It is men alone, we are told by some people (both men and women), who are violent. It is men alone who abuse and hit and kill. It is men who need to become more nurturing, loving and, yes, more feminine. Women, we have been told repeatedly, are the compromisers and peacemakers and the role models we should follow if we want to avoid violence.

Such claims for female superiority may make good political rhetoric, but none of that talk can explain the actions of Susan Smith as she steered the Mazda toward its watery destination. Nor does it explain the estimated 700 mothers who kill their children each year, or the fact that more than half of child abuse is committed by mothers against their own children.

None of this is being said to let men off the hook or to claim that males are an untroubled gender. As any reader of this column knows, I hold us responsible for our actions, and I believe we have real problems with aggression. There are fathers who abuse and kill their children, and I would give anything to change that. But the lesson I hope we take away from Union, South Carolina is that violence is an equal opportunity employer when it comes to the question of parents and children. It haunts the psyches of both men and women. It woos all of us throughout our lives, and none of us is immune to it. The suggestion that one sex is totally peaceful and pure is ridiculous. It also harms our hope for constructive dialogue between the sexes.

Whenever I speak on a college campus, there is always a question from the audience about men and violence, and the assumption behind the question is that men are violent and women are not. Even more frustrating, it is assumed that a man who turns violent is the product solely of other men (his father, for example) and that the women in his life (his mother, for example) could not have modeled violence for him. But we are learning that mothers can be role models for violence in their own homes and with their own children.

We have a long way to go, men and women, before our children will live in guaranteed peace and safety. Let's stop blaming the opposite sex and claiming all virtue for our own. Let's get together and protect our kids at all costs.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I've been cooking. And people I know are flabbergasted.

"You're our own little Martha Stewart," says Lynne Ann.

"It's scary," says Cleo. "You're turning into a real *baleboosteh*." This is a Yiddish word that means career housewife, and it is obviously the origin for the word ball-buster.

They're teasing me so they can watch me squirm and deny my incredible chicken soup prowess. They know the last thing I want to do is tip the balance.

I already have some feminine attributes. I am massively maternal, nurturing everything I see, watching with sheer fulfillment as my dogs inhale their kibble and broccoli and my cacti grow flowers. Plus, I am bad at sports, have big tits and bigger hair. And I've got lacy curtains. So I'm on the edge.

All I need now is to stop smoking and swearing. Maybe wear little heart earrings and a ribbon around my neck. Learn to use Woolite. Wear fluffy embroidered sweaters. Use a pumice stone. Know the difference between cologne and toilet water (my dogs sure do). Get a bikini wax. Get a bikini.

I am going to be sick. Feminine means marginal. Feminine means childish. Or that's what it feels like when I roll it around in my head.

But what's wrong with being maternal, with having big tits and lacy curtains? Society belittles feminine things. Macramé and embroidery are foolish pastimes; drinking beer and watching football are perfectly groovy. It's a big insult to be told you "throw like a girl." Women wearing men's clothes are chic, men wearing women's clothes make us fall on the floor laughing. Being an old woman means being fearful and wimpy. Being an old man just means being dirty.

Then there are the things that are designated as feminine: Gossip. Cattiness. Spending all day in the bathroom getting your hair right. Obsessions with outfits. Excessive phone use. Extreme sensitivity. These are not feminine traits, these are teenage traits.

Still, being called feminine is something I do not desire. There is more to it than potpourri and ankle bracelets.

Being feminine means you always smell good, which means you never sweat, which means you never exert yourself, which means you never go after what you want. You also must smell good "down there" or else you'd better spray on some of that feminine hygiene deodorant, which makes your vagina smell like your linen cupboard. It means being a lady, holding back, never laughing too loud or too long, never making off-color jokes, never really making jokes at all but giggling demurely at the jokes men tell you. It means putting your hands on your hips and stamping your little high heel–shod feet when you're annoyed, a picture of cute helplessness. It means telling men how big and strong they are and letting them have the remote control. It means letting the man hold the door for you and pay the check. And if you're good at it, maybe he'll throw his coat over rain puddles in your path. Never shouting like a fishwife. Giggling and blushing at improper words or advances. Not being good at math or science or even knowing how to change a tire, and, let's face it, driving like an idiot. Being feminine means being flustered easily, not being able to take any pressure. It means holding back your opinions, always putting others first. Submitting. Being helpless. Needing men to take care of you. Never being pushy or aggressive.

I AM WOMAN

Being feminine means existing only with men's sufferance. Do any men even want this anymore? Do any men need this kind of simpering behavior to bolster their egos? Please. Femininity is a dinosaur. Femininity and being female are not interchangeable. Last year at Thanksgiving I conducted an impromptu experiment. Everyone was seated, crammed into a small space, all of them in deep conversation. You couldn't get by people without them scrunching up their legs. As I wove through the crowd, I would always have to say "excuse me," sometimes twice, to the men. The women all saw me in their peripheral vision and would tuck their legs back smoothly without missing a beat.

I don't know what this means. It's a nature versus nurture thing. The nature folks would say it has something to do with women's right and left brains being more connected. The nurture people would say that women have had it hammered into both brains to look out for the needs of others.

I do know that being female, no matter what age, sexual orientation or race, is full of such striking small details.

Being female means being intimate with blood. It involves thinking that is more cyclical than linear: believing in stars and such, watching flowers bloom and die and bloom again, being terrified that the blood has soaked through your jeans onto an upholstered armchair. It means insecurity: Does he like me? Does she like me? What does it mean when he says this? Why won't she say that? How can I look prettier? Why is my hair the only hair in the world that never looks good? Being female means defensiveness as a way of life: When wearing a skirt always keep your legs together unless you are Sharon Stone making a movie. Do not invite strangers into your home. Do not go walking in the park or anywhere at night alone. Being female means being fiercely protective: Fuck with my husband, my children, my animals, my plants, my house or my new shoes and I will rip your head right off your body.

Being female means coping with this insane life, always taking into account the gorgeously absurd accessories God or evolution gave us.

Being female is a bitch.

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The BACARDI Experience

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

While vacationing in New York I visited several wineries. At one, an attractive steward with whom I'd been flirting for most of the tour motioned me into a room off the cellar, shut the door and began to kiss me. Before long we were both disrobing and she was opening one of the bottles. After some heavy petting and swigs of the vintage, she took the bottle from me and poured the wine over her soft, naked body. As I excitedly licked it off her breasts and tummy, she asked me to slip the neck of the empty bottle inside her. Naturally, I obliged, then finished with my cock. It was the craziest thing that's ever happened to me. My question is this: Is it possible for a woman to contract a yeast infection from wine?—H.S., Akron, Ohio.

A woman pulls you into a wine cellar, sheds her clothes, pours wine all over herself, then invites you to become a human corkscrew—and you decide to play Dr. Kildare? When you kiss during a ski weekend, do you worry about chapped lips? There are other concerns you didn't address: Was the lead seal completely removed? Any remnants of the cork? Was the wine properly aged? Although the alcohol found in a good red might have dried out her vaginal membranes, we doubt they could do much harm beyond the slight chance of upsetting her pH balance, which might facilitate a yeast infection. We wouldn't make a habit of fucking in the cellar. Then again, if you did, it wouldn't be so exciting.

Help! I bought a modem for my computer so I'd be able to pick up ladies online. But I keep striking out. What's the secret?—M.R., Takoma Park, Maryland.

You're not alone. Relatively few women hang out on-line, so they can afford to be choosy. You didn't explain your method, but sincerity and skillful wordplay seem to earn points faster than come-ons such as "What color is your bra?" Make a good first impression, then take things slowly. Offer your phone number before pressing for hers, and don't push for steamier exchanges after only a few minutes of introductory chat. Gauge her responses carefully. Many women on-line are actually bored teenagers or lonely men (two clues to exposing this type: Your on-line partner responds enthusiastically when you talk dirty before the proper introductions, or "she" volunteers her measurements). When the hot and heavy typing does begin, be descriptive and ask questions to find out what turns her on. She may be testing you; some women view cybersex as a dress rehearsal for the real thing.

A new car dealership opened in my neighborhood. I was surprised to see that the lot is already full of used cars.

They couldn't possibly be trade-ins. One of the salesmen said that the dealer buys used cars at auction. Are these open to the public?—F.D., Baltimore, Maryland.

Forget the little old lady from Pasadena. Used-car auctions are big business, and in most cases you must be a dealer to attend and bid at a wholesale auto auction. Auto manufacturers and rental-car companies use the auctions to sell excess and used-fleet (also known as program-car) inventory, and limit some auctions to dealers for a particular make. Many foreign dealers now travel to the U.S. to buy vehicles (passenger cars regularly rank as Florida's number one export). Some auctioneers have begun to offer a number of vintage cars in special sales open to the public. Check the ads in auto magazines.

I love to masturbate my husband. I have him bend over the edge of the bed with his legs spread, then I use my right hand to massage his cock and my left hand to fondle his balls while I slide my thumb into his anus. I love to watch the writhing motion of his body, and he says he feels like he's being manhandled by three women at once. We can do this for a half hour, an hour, you name it. When we fuck, however, he lasts only two minutes. What gives?—J.S., Miami, Florida.

You've learned the first law of sexual dynamics: All sex acts do not have equal and opposite reactions. When you masturbate your husband, he has no responsibilities. During intercourse, the duties and performance anxieties shift. Next time, use your hands before and during intercourse to maintain some control, to set a rhythm, to distract him. (Your hands won't be able to compete with your vagina, which nature designed for maximum pleasure—but you can try.) Unless you're particularly gentle during your long stroke sessions, or you're using massage oils or other lubricants, your husband's pleasure may be interrupted frequently by unintended pinches, yanks or quick starts and stops.

I'm in my late 20s and very much in love with my fiancée. On the day I asked her to marry me, however, I ran into an 18-year-old cousin of mine whom I hadn't seen in several years. I have always thought she was attractive, and while we were eating together at a restaurant I was surprised to find myself having fantasies about her. Is it OK to lust after my cousin? Am I cheating on my fiancée by having such thoughts?—M.M., Dallas, Texas.

There's nothing like betrothal to bring out the babes. It's not cheating—it's a cosmic joke. It's not unusual to lust after someone as close in relation as a cousin—many first cousins fall in love and marry. And fantasies about women you find appealing are everyday occurrences. If you see her again, go into the bathroom and recite John Travolta's mantra from "Pulp Fiction": "You're gonna go out there, drink your drink, say 'Goodnight, I've had a very lovely evening,' go home and jack off. And that's all you're gonna do."

Tell me: Is there a science to the lacing of running shoes? The last pair of sneakers I bought had so many holes that I couldn't possibly use all of them and still get my feet into the damn things.—G.E., Chicago, Illinois.

The extra lace holes allow you to custom-fit an athletic shoe. Does your shoe have alternate holes—some close to the tongue, some farther away? A person with wide feet should use the holes closest to the tongue; a person with narrow feet should lace the outer row. Try skipping holes if a bump or high arch on your foot causes problems. Some athletes use two laces per shoe—tying off the extra one down by the toes. The setup gives independent control over heel and ball tightness. There are also suggested riggings for heel problems and toe problems. Ask your shoe salesman to show you the ropes.

My husband has always been interested in anal sex. We tried it a year ago and I found it painful and unpleasant. My husband, on the other hand, says his desire increases the more I refuse, and that by practicing, I'll enjoy it more. I say there are plenty of other sexual adventures we can try, and that we don't need to concentrate on the one thing in our 11-year relationship that I haven't enjoyed. Am I being prudish and unsportsmanlike?—L.A., Danbury, Connecticut.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

We like your openness about experimenting, and prudish and unsportsmanlike aren't words we'd use to describe your reaction. But trying something once doesn't count if it was done wrong the first time. If you're willing, ask your husband to work slowly, using plenty of lubricant and starting with something smaller, such as a finger, before he attempts full penetration. That doesn't all have to happen in one lovemaking session, either.

On a recent business trip, I hired a personal dancer who came to my hotel room and put on a terrific show. At the start of her performance, however, she explained that any contact between us would be illegal. She repeated this every few minutes as she massaged my knees, then my thighs, then my cock. While running her breasts over my chest, she smiled and said, "There is no contact." Is my definition of contact different from most, or was she just an upstanding citizen after a bigger tip?—A.T., St. Louis, Missouri.

Sounds to us like she was a pro—in the best sense of the word. Maybe this was a legal maneuver. If you were a cop wearing a wire, her statements could help her in court. Because you're not a cop, her technique became a simple but classic way to turn you on. There's nothing like talking clean while doing the down and dirty.

A woman in one of my classes really attracts me. Sometimes when I walk by her, I notice her looking at my crotch. I also notice that she always starts playing with her hair. She runs her fingers through it, tosses it to one side and flips it. Does that mean she wants me to ask her out?—A.B., Freedom, California.

Armchair sexologists have long theorized that women who flip their hair or chew on pencils are eager to have sex with whatever man happens to be nearby. That's true—if the woman is naked and in bed with you. We doubt your classmate is staring at your crotch (more likely she's just shy and avoiding eye contact) and it's difficult to say what the hair flipping means. Watch from afar and observe how she interacts with other men; it could be just a nervous habit.

The other night my wife told me that she misses the passion I used to show in our kissing when we were dating. Is there any way to put a little more steam into our everyday kisses?—C.R., Grand Haven, Michigan.

William Cane, in his recently revised book "The Art of Kissing" (St. Martin's), suggests "the secret of erotic kissing is to make each and every kiss feel like a first." To that end, imagine your lover as a stranger you're meeting for the first time. Or try an upside-down kiss, the Butterfly Kiss (flutter your eyelashes against your partner's cheek before offering a teasing kiss) or our favorite, the Electric Kiss, in which you turn off the lights, rub your stocking feet on a rug and make sure your lips are the first parts of your bodies to touch. The results are shocking.

Although we had what I thought was a good relationship, my wife left me. Our sex life was not always the best, but I attributed the problems we had to stress. I'd like to repair the marriage. Do you think therapy would help?—C.S., Santa Barbara, California.

You're assuming your wife wants to save the marriage as much as you do. Write her a short, straightforward note expressing your desire to get joint counseling, and check with her family and friends to see how serious she is about the split. At the very least, counseling might make the divorce more amicable.

I love performing oral sex on my girlfriends. The problem is, I have a short tongue. After years of practice, I have learned to compensate with technique and enthusiasm, but after fairly long sessions, my tongue hurts. I've heard that you can have the tiny piece of skin on the underside of your tongue cut to give more extension. Is that true? Is it safe?—R.T., Pasadena, California.

Excising the membrane that keeps your tongue from flopping around—a procedure known as frenectomy—has no practical advantage for adults beyond making it easier to get peanut butter off the roof of your mouth. You probably have a short frenulum, which might make you tire more easily during oral sex. But since most women prefer gentle teasing of the outer lips of the vagina, and indirect clitoral pressure, rather than penetration, your lovers aren't likely to be concerned with how far you extend your tongue.

On a camping trip in Iowa, my friends insisted on traveling into Minnesota to buy "strong" beer. Does the alcohol content of beer differ among states?—T.M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Surprisingly, each state decides what is and isn't beer, and about half set no restrictions on how much alcohol brews can contain. Beer makers have been prohibited from listing alcohol content on their products since just after Prohibition. Intended to prevent "strength wars," the law has been challenged by Coors in a case that reached the Supreme Court this past winter. But don't expect any revelations if Coors wins: While some domestic and imported brews boast higher alcohol contents (Samuel Adams Triple Bock has 17 percent, the German EKU Kulminator 28 contains 13.5), most hover closer to four or five percent.

For years my father and I have been debating whether wearing a dress shirt unbuttoned and hanging out of one's waistband is slovenly behavior. I say it's acceptable if you're in a relaxed environment, but my father believes it is never appropriate. Are there any guidelines for this?—C.C., Buffalo, New York.

Father knows best. Unless you're after the grunge look, your shirttail should never hang over your belt. If you're relaxing, hang your dress shirts in the closet.

Last night my girlfriend tied me to the bed and had her way with me. When I got to work this morning, the rope burns on my wrists caused quite a discussion around the coffee station. Is there any way to prevent the burns? She wants to do it again, but I'd like to be spared the office gossip.—G.L., Boise, Idaho.

Short of smearing your wrists with petroleum jelly and buying your dress shirts a size too large? Bring out less abrasive restraints (try scarves, neckties or the belts from your robes), then ask your lover to tie you in such a way that your arms aren't supporting any weight. You'll get the hang of it.

I've noticed that airlines are starting to enforce a two-bag carry-on limit. Both bags have to fit in a 50-inch box. But my experience with my laptop computer leaves me baffled—some airlines treat it as one of the two carryons, others treat it the way they treat cameras or purses.—E.K., Los Angeles, California.

The airlines are divided on laptops. Continental, Delta and United treat them as one of your two pieces of carry-on luggage; American and USAir do not. The best tactic: Carry a large nylon bag that can hold your clothes and the laptop. (There's an added advantage in that you don't broadcast the presence of the laptop to potential thieves.) Once on board, stash the soft stuff and boot up.

Here's my problem: I have a new lover who says he can't have multiple orgasms. I'd like to help him, but I don't know how. Do you have any suggestions to coax a single-orgasm man into multiple orgasms?—H.T., Phoenix, Arizona.

The key may be to prevent ejaculation but still allow your lover to have an orgasm (they're separate entities, and a squirtless finish is sometimes more intense than a messy one). He should then be able to maintain his erection without rest. Many men have learned to have multiple orgasms by controlling their pubococcygeus muscle, which runs from the pubic bone to the tailbone and controls ejaculation. Basically, the technique is to squeeze hard and breathe deep. Barbara Keesling's "How to Make Love All Night" (HarperCollins) offers specific exercises.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

UNCLE SCAM WANTS YOU

could you be set up by the government to commit a crime?

It began with an act of generosity. Jennifer Skarie, a 41-year-old mother of three, let one of her ex-husband's relatives, John Byrd, move onto her ranch in Valley Center, California in late 1988. She became alarmed, however, when he used methamphetamine in her house and pressured her to put him in touch with people who would sell him drugs. Then, according to the subsequent court record, "He began to make sexual advances toward her and the women living with her. Byrd was a violent person who threatened others regularly and was usually armed, even in the house."

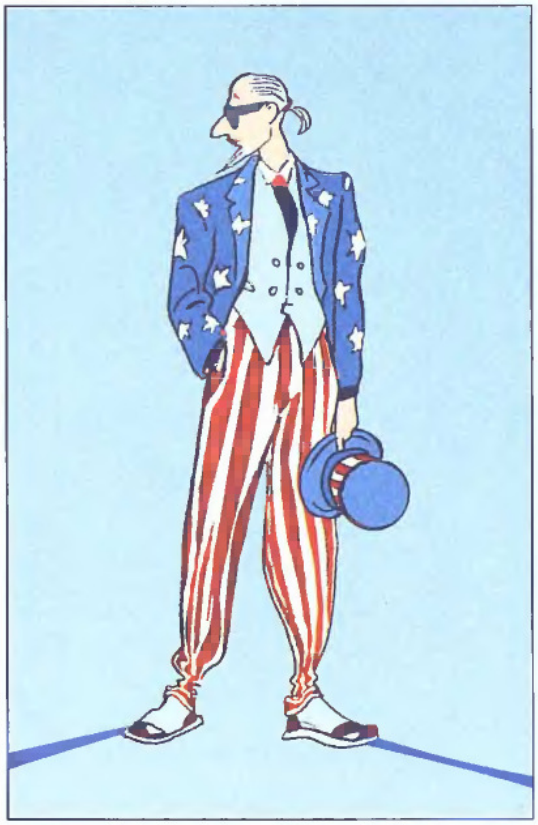
Skarie finally evicted him. "Byrd reacted violently to being thrown out," the court noted, "and made a variety of threats against Jennifer Skarie. In February 1989, he asked Skarie to put him in touch with some people who could sell him drugs. Skarie demurred. Byrd continued to pressure her; he would call as often as ten times a day and would often come by Skarie's house uninvited. Byrd also threatened Skarie and other members of the household. He impaled one of her chickens on a stick and left it outside her back door. He later stated that what had happened to the chicken could happen to people as well. He told Skarie that it would be easy to slit the throats of her horses, and he threatened to kidnap her six-year-old son, 'so that you will never see him again.'"

Skarie finally relented and arranged for him to buy methamphetamine from a person she knew. As soon as the sale was completed, she was arrested for possession of narcotics with intent to distribute. The relative turned out to be an undercover government drug agent.

After a vigorous federal prosecution, Skarie was sentenced to ten years in prison without parole. The U.S. Justice Department apparently believes putting a person in contact with another person to purchase an illegal substance is a worse crime than killing animals and threatening to kidnap children.

It's called entrapment, and it has been the subject of debate in the courts for decades. It is also the weapon of choice in the war on drugs.

Fortunately, a federal appeals court overturned the Skarie conviction, but the case illustrates the zeal with which the government pushes the definition of lawful entrapment.



Entrapment schemes have proliferated partly because it is easier to manufacture crime than to protect private citizens. Such schemes wreck people's lives in order to boost arrest statistics; entrapment epitomizes the triumph of a "body count" approach to law enforcement. Some politicians have sought to justify entrapment as a necessary response to the crime wave in recent years. Thus, the more government fails to prevent crime, the more power it should have to violate people's constitutional rights—the worse that police fail, the more power they deserve.

Up until the early Seventies, defendants often successfully challenged entrapment as a violation of due process. But in 1973, the Supreme Court, in an opinion written by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, gutted most defenses against government entrapment by focusing almost solely on the "subjective disposition" of the entrapped person. If prosecutors can find any inkling of a defendant's disposition to the crime, went Rehnquist's logic, then the person is guilty, no matter how outrageous or abusive the government agents' behavior. Justice William Brennan dissented, warning that the decision could empower law enforcement agents to "round up and jail all 'predisposed' individuals."

In Los Angeles, police officers went undercover to pose as high school students in order to implore other students to buy drugs for them. The kids who did were arrested, expelled and permanently denied federal college loans.

The American Civil Liberties Union complained: "When other adults try to get young people involved with drugs, we call it contributing to the delinquency of a minor. When the LAPD does it, we call it the school-buy program."

When the ACLU sued the San Diego police to put an end to similar undercover operations, Gregory Marshall of the ACLU put the practice into perspective: "Anybody would be outraged if they learned that the

By JAMES BOVARD

co-worker at the next desk or the shortstop on the softball team turned out to be a police spy. Obviously, the schools are not the place for secret police undercover operations."

In late 1992 and in 1993, New Jersey school systems were compelled by the state attorney general's office to authorize police undercover operations (called school zone narcotics enforcement working groups), despite the strong objections of some school officials.

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In 1928, Justice Louis Brandeis saw a simple distinction between fair law enforcement and the abuse of power. "The government may set decoys to entrap criminals," he wrote. "But it may not provoke or create a crime and then punish the criminal, its creature." Some decoy operations are laughable but efficient. In Michigan, policemen have dressed in street clothes, loitered in areas known for drug activity and then arrested those who asked to buy drugs. Predisposed? Yes. Stupid? You bet.

The drug trade is driven by profits—profits that exist largely because of federal efforts to suppress the drug trade (some argue that the law creates the profit). Greed is a human enough predisposition, but it doesn't make you a criminal. What happens when the government gives itself license to manipulate citizens? Most Americans have no direct contact with drug lords—so the government has stepped in to rectify that lost opportunity. Federal drug officials have enticed individuals to accept government money and a government-supplied airplane to fly to Colombia to pick up cocaine; when the person returns, he is busted. A rare occurrence? Unfortunately, no. "Controlled deliveries" accounted for more than half of all the cocaine seized in south Florida in the late Eighties.

Such volume raises the question: If it weren't for Uncle Sam, exactly how big would the drug epidemic be?

When you pay freelance operatives or government employees to become junior G-men, you create bullies and bureaucrats whose sole goal is to create new business. And, in a delicious twist, some of the victims are Uncle Sam's own employees. The Postal Inspection Service has specialized in sting schemes. In Minneapolis, one undercover inspector took advantage of a mail sorter's depression about his wife's recent death from brain cancer to ply him with marijuana—and then got him arrested and fired.

In Cleveland, 20 postal workers were fired because of the false information provided by informants, many of whom stole government funds. Postal inspectors nationwide have encouraged abusive entrapment schemes because the Postal Service gave them cash bonuses based on the numbers of busts of employees—a "dollars for collars" program. In May 1994 Congressman William Clay, then chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, declared: "These are the kinds of activities—illegal as hell—that the Postal Inspection Service has been involved with for the past ten years."

Clearer heads have seen the wrongness of entrapment. In a 1966 dissent, Justice William Douglas warned, "Entrapment is merely a facet of a much broader problem. Together with illegal searches and seizures, coerced confessions, wiretapping and bugging, it represents lawless invasion of privacy. It is indicative of a philosophy that the end justifies the means."

"Anybody would be outraged if they learned that the co-worker at the next desk turned out to be a police spy."

For Douglas the government does not belong in the bedroom—for any reason. Unfortunately, his view has not prevailed. In 1987, a federal appeals court sanctioned the government use of sex in order to persuade people to break the law: "The deceptive creation and/or exploitation of an intimate relationship does not exceed the boundary of permissible law enforcement tactics."

What happens when cops go looking for love in all the wrong places?

In the Los Angeles school-buy program, a female undercover police officer had a relationship with a 17-year-old high school football player whom she constantly begged for information about where she could get drugs. He tried to get her to seek counseling; she wrote him sexually explicit letters. He may have had a predisposition—but it wasn't for drugs. When he finally arranged a buy, the love of his life turned him in. In the glare of publicity, the agent's superiors refused to prosecute—finding her methods questionable. This government-sponsored sex ed provoked considerable outrage.

Raymond Harrington, a judge in Nassau County, New York, dismissed charges in 1993 against a teacher who had fallen prey to an undercover cop who became her best friend, her confidant and her business manager. He eventually enticed her into making a few small cocaine buys and then threatened to ruin her life unless she became an informant against a motorcycle gang. Her lawyer observed: "The police chose to try to terrorize her into agreeing to help them."

The proliferation of entrapment represents the triumph of an authoritarian concept of justice—as if government should be allowed to do anything it chooses to catch anyone it thinks might be a criminal. As Gail Greaney wrote in 1992 in the *Notre Dame Law Review*, "With each case, it appears that the line of intolerable police conduct is being pushed further toward the outlandish."

The U.S. should take a lesson from new democracies such as Poland and the Czech Republic, both of which have banned almost all types of entrapment schemes. At a minimum, Americans called to jury duty should stand up for moral principle and refuse to convict their fellow citizens snared by government misconduct. Principled juries that refused to convict helped bring an end to Prohibition, and the same stand against tyrannical tactics can once again force politicians and police to listen to the people.

James Bovard is author of "Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty."

ON-LINE PEDOPHILES

when the cops go after cybercreeps, do we want them to bend the law?

Last spring the papers were full of editorials that warned about the dangers of pedophiles lurking in cyberspace. The new medium gives creeps complete anonymity. Predators can cruise chat rooms looking for innocent kids with confused notions of sexuality. They can explore the target-rich bulletin boards on America Online, Prodigy, Compuserve and Genie, then pull unsuspecting youths into the dark shadows of e-mail, ply them with porn, set up meetings and work their magic.

In reality, cyberspace has created a unique tool for proactive law enforcement. Or so say the police.

"You can't hang a 14-year-old out as a goat and wait for the pedophiles to pounce," says Doug Rehman, an agent in the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. "But in cyberspace you can pretend to be 12 or 20 years old, male or female, gay or straight. The same anonymity that protects the pedophile also protects the police."

Last year, a concerned citizen called the police to tell them that pedophiles were cruising the chat rooms on America Online.

Rehman was assigned to investigate the charge. He logged on as a 14-year-old boy and had no trouble carrying off the ruse. He talked about personal problems, about battling authority, about the difficult transitions of adolescence. Soon he was talking with a man who signed on as Coach NH. Within minutes, the new friend was making sexual overtures, sending GIFs (computer images) of porn—images of adult porn, child porn, young men engaged in sex.

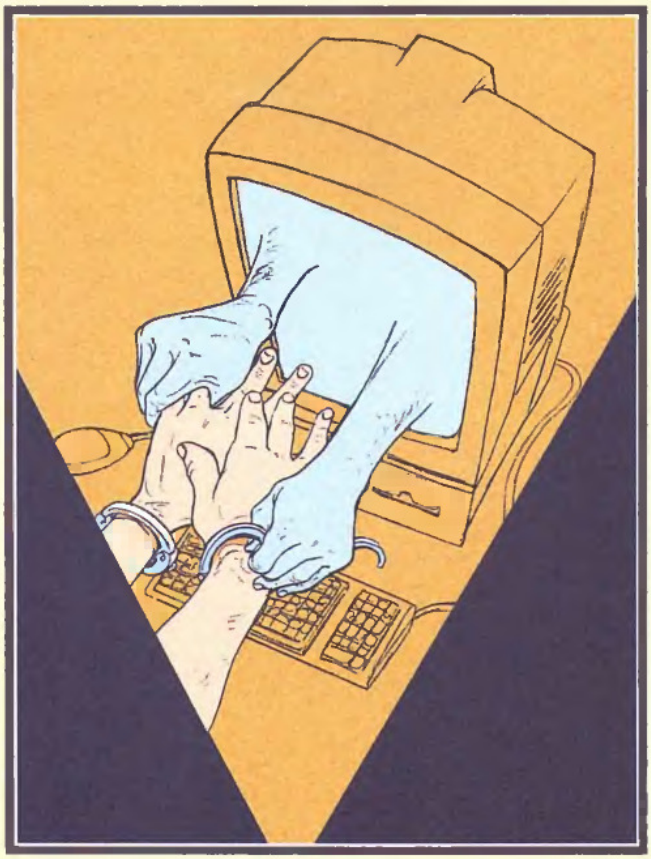
Subsequent conversations were more sexually explicit. Coach NH said that he would like to visit and described in lurid detail what he wanted to have happen.

Then he got on a plane.

Instead of finding a 14-year-old boy eager to experience homosexuality, Coach NH, a.k.a. Donald Harvey, found a team of police at the airport. They arrested him on two counts of attempted lewd and lascivious acts with a minor, two counts of solicitation to commit lewd and lascivious acts and one count each of attempted intercourse with a chaste minor and solicitation. Federal agents later added their own charges.

A school textbook salesman, Harvey had never been arrested for molesting a youth in his hometown, according to police there. The fantasy he found in cyberspace was enough to draw him clear across the country.

"It wasn't a crime until he got up from the computer," says Rehman, aware of the difference between talk and action. Rehman's case seems a clear-cut example of the successful use of a decoy. But not all cybercops are so restrained.



ISTVAN BANYAI

In 1989 San Jose, California police began a dialogue with Dean Ashley Lambey, a self-professed pedophile who spoke fondly of sex with 8- to 13-year-old boys. He introduced his pen pals to Daniel Depew, an acquaintance who was into S&M. This strange chat group wove a fantasy about kidnapping a youth and making sexually explicit videos.

The undercover agents posed as Mafia types looking to make a snuff movie. At the height of the investigation, Lambey and Depew were playing to an audience of a hundred or so FBI agents and Henry Hudson, the U.S. district attorney who headed the Meese Commission. Around-the-clock surveillance was expensive but necessary. When you've planted the idea of making a snuff movie, you have to guard against someone acting on your order. Agents arranged meetings with Depew and Lambey in motel rooms in Virginia, at which the agents and suspects discussed what it might be like to kidnap someone, torture and film the victim for two weeks, then commit a murder. No victim was ever targeted, yet the two were arrested and tried for conspiracy to commit murder. They each received a sentence of more than 30 years.

No kids, no crime. A government obsessed with the idea of snuff films. The case troubled an appeals judge who wrote: "Even to talk of such awful crimes is abhorrent, but the extent of what occurred was just that, talk. If a defendant—instead of talking about kidnapping his intended victim—conspires to murder him, attempts to murder him and inflicts permanent or life-threatening injuries, his [sentence] would nevertheless be strikingly lower."

And if Uncle Sam had not been on the other end of the computer, there would never have been talk of a crime.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE STING

It's cases like the one covered in "The Postman Always Stings Twice" (*The Playboy Forum*, December) that caused me to shut down my adult-oriented bulletin board service. Many members of the jury that convicted Robert and Carleen Thomas of transporting computer porn were computer illiterate. The way information is transmitted across computer systems is misunderstood. One system may act as a distribution point for material that is deemed illegal without the operator even knowing it is there. This electronic mail message alone could travel through a couple dozen computers before reaching PLAYBOY. If I were to send a picture of a come shot along with it, should we charge the owners of all those computers with obscenity?

Bob White
Denver, Colorado

Don't put it past the antiporn crusaders of the Postal Service. The question of community standards really has no bearing in cyberspace, where information is transmitted globally in a single keystroke. For their part in the supposed transmission of obscene material, Robert and Carleen Thomas drew sentences of three years and two and a half years, respectively (to be served in full, thanks to federal sentencing guidelines), and their computer equipment was seized. The Thomas case was the first to bring charges in the place where material was received rather than originated, but it won't be the government's last attempt to subvert the Constitution via modem.

FOR THE RECORD

NOT HERE, MISTER

"A person commits the crime of sexual misconduct in the first degree if he has deviate sexual intercourse with another person of the same sex, or he purposely subjects another person to sexual contact or engages in conduct which would constitute sexual contact except that the touching occurs through the clothing without that person's consent."

—MISSOURI SENATE BILL 693, SEC. 566.090. DRAFTED TO CLARIFY SEX-RELATED ACTIONS PUNISHABLE BY LAW, THE STRANGELY WORDED LEGISLATION LEFT PUNDITS AND POLITICIANS WONDERING IF THE SHOW ME STATE REALLY INTENDED TO OUTLAW SEX ALTOGETHER

I've never subscribed to Amateur Action because I don't patronize pay bulletin boards and the subject matter doesn't appeal to me. That doesn't mean, however, that I feel the wonderful (overzealous), watchful (paranoid) and patriotic (self-righteous, glory-hounding) David Dirmeyer did a good job. This reminds me of cases in which a government agency advertises child pornography in some less-than-reputable magazines in an effort to catch purveyors. Answer the ad, go to jail. The case against the Thomases is a joke that never should have gotten as far as it did.

James Mulligan
Luna City BBS
Mountain View, California

The Memphis case has spawned a number of copycat computer busts. Police arrested an operator in Jacksonville, Florida on charges of selling or submitting obscene material via a bulletin board. It was the first time local police had busted a computer bulletin board service, and the cops admitted it was to make their presence known. The kicker in this case is that the material on the service was submitted not only by the operator but also by subscribers who signed forms indicating that they were adults. To add insult to injury, the pictures (of adults having sex) were deemed obscene not by community standards, as the Supreme Court requires, but by the sole standards of a circuit court judge. Clearly, we're on a one-way trip to censorship hell.

Tony Braden
Jacksonville, Florida

Because PLAYBOY is interested in such matters, I thought I would let you know about the following announcement posted on the Carnegie Mellon bulletin board:

"During the next few days, the university will be withdrawing some international bulletin boards from the public computer systems. The university's policy is to mount a wide range of bulletin boards for the community, with no monitoring of their content. However, Pennsylvania law prohibits us from mounting bulletin boards that are known to distribute sexually explicit or obscene material. It is against the law for anybody to knowingly distribute sexually explicit materials to people under the age of 18, or obscene materials to people of any age. Issues of free speech are always important to a university. The only criterion that will be used to withdraw a bulletin board is that the purpose for which it was established or its primary use makes mounting it illegal. Because the university does not monitor bulletin boards, there is always a chance of sexually explicit material being posted on other bulletin boards. If reports are received of such materials, they will be handled on a case-by-case basis."

The college then removed the following usenet groups:

alt.binaries.pictures.erotica
alt.binaries.pictures.erotica*
alt.binaries.pictures.tasteless
alt.sex
alt.sex.*
rec.arts.erotica.*

Henry Schmitt
Electrical and Computer Engineering Department
Carnegie Mellon University
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

RESPONSE

COURIER PROFILES

James Bovard's excellent article on drug-courier profiles (*The Playboy Forum*, November) points to a serious consequence of this nation's ill-advised crusade against drugs. The entire population suffers a serious loss of civil rights in order to prevent a small percentage from voluntarily polluting their own bodies. Unfortunately, since the innocents deprived of their rights are diffuse and unorganized, it seems likely, as Bovard points out, that the current abuses will become far more widespread before we as a nation realize our error. It will be much more difficult to reverse the tide at that point.

Marlene Cerchi
Davis, California

PAUL HILL

The blond, pleasant-faced man looked carefully at my name tag and then said to me, "Doctor Stover, how would you like to have your arms and legs pulled off your body, the way you do to babies?" This was posed to me while I was in Pensacola last March for the memorial services of Dr. David Gunn. It was my chilling introduction to Paul Hill. Over the next 24 hours, he and his fellow zealots followed us to the site of the murder—carrying signs advocating the killing of more abortion providers—and demonstrated as we conducted the memorial service. I returned home convinced that the murder of Dr. Gunn was not an isolated event, that other physicians and probably clinic workers and maybe patients seeking abortions will be killed by these religious terrorists. Dr. John Britton and his clinic escort, James Barrett, were next. As long as we have the Catholic Church and its Protestant fundamentalist brethren exhorting impressionable congregations to terrorism, these murders will continue. The 15-foot banner that we erect in front of our clinic whenever these "Christian soldiers" attempt a blockade says it all: JESUS, PROTECT US FROM YOUR FOLLOWERS.

Dr. Curtis Stover
Little Rock Family Planning Services
Little Rock, Arkansas

It took a jury 1200 seconds to convict and 240 minutes to sentence to death a man who elected to commit cold-blooded murder in the name of life. Why did the jury act with such dispatch? Because Americans are fed up with the arrogance of terrorists and miscreants. A curious feature of zealotry is that it normally accompanies personal dysfunction and hypocrisy, not to mention sociopathic behavior. The indelible images of Phyllis Schlafly, Jimmy Swaggart and the now immortalized Bakkers confirm that it is always easier to look outward for devils rather than confront those in one's own yard.

Brian Finkel
Metro Phoenix Women's Center
Phoenix, Arizona

After they bomb all the clinics, kill all the doctors and burn all the books and theaters, what's to stop "God's warriors" from taking action against those churches that don't meet their definition of Christian? A local Christian radio station recently aired discussions about a boycott of businesses owned by members of a certain religious denomination that didn't meet the station's approval. We should remember that the Puritans hanged Quakers, and there was once a group that advocated the death penalty for anyone missing church three Sundays in a row.

B.W. Overn
Santa Ana, California

NO-KNOCK RAIDS

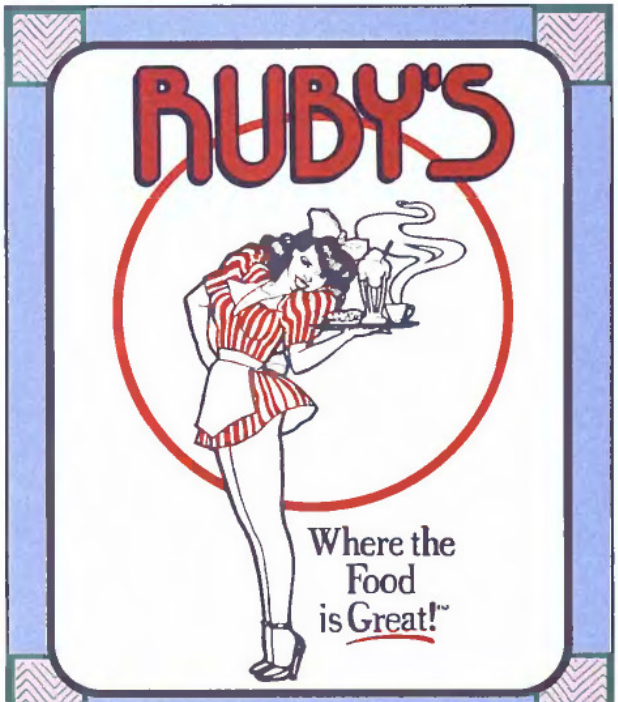
James Bovard's "Oops—You're Dead" (*The Playboy Forum*, December) crystallizes every American's worst fear. It also supports what I have said to my disbelieving friends and family for several years: The U.S. government is unfazed by the ordinary citizen's right to privacy. Perhaps now, with the Stockton case still on their minds and with Bovard's evidence before their eyes, private, law-abiding Americans will realize the danger they face and the action with which they must respond.

Stu Van Airsdale
Orange, California

Thanks for the informative article on the no-knock raid policy many police departments have adopted. Do Americans realize that actions such as these infringe on their rights? Have we become so content that we are willing to allow the government to rule our lives? We need to take America back before we get in any deeper. How? I have found a group of people who are willing to face that question. The Northern Michigan Militia has decided enough is enough. Its members are tired of standing idly by as the government that was, and is, by the people and for the people takes over the country. Once the government sees that people are forming militias for the purpose of government control, maybe its course of action will change.

Dan Maestas
Albuquerque, New Mexico

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*



The Santa Barbara Sign Committee decided that the perky waitress of Ruby's restaurant logo wasn't wearing any panties. In the interest of modesty, the committee ordered a longer skirt.

REDEFINING

the courts have a novel approach to unwed

In 1973 the Supreme Court established the reproductive rights of women, ruling that a woman has sole control of her body, with the right to choose if and when to bear a child. Subsequent decisions elaborated: She could terminate an unwanted pregnancy without consulting the biological father.

Now, a generation later, a woman's power of choice is near absolute. Not only may women leave men out of the decision to abort, they may also leave men out of the decision to become parents. Last year 1.2 million single women had children; only a third of them named the fathers on birth certificates.

Fathers go unnamed for lots of reasons: a sense of privacy, shame, ignorance, rage, contempt, convenience. One brand of feminist consciousness-raising has not just tolerated but has encouraged single motherhood. There are support groups for women who are single parents, straight and gay, and support groups for women who are considering pregnancy. More validation comes on daytime talk shows, on soaps, and famously in prime time on *Murphy Brown*. Empowerment aside, the message is simply this: Dads don't matter.

Yet at the same time, politicians and the media condemn the absentee father, who is typically depicted as an uncaring lout ready to abandon responsibility and disappear. Lawmakers contemplate ways to go after deadbeat dads, to enforce their concept of parental responsibility. But when it comes to the rights of fathers who refuse to be deadbeats, who demand a place in their children's lives, the language is often the same: Unwed fathers deserve nothing.

Not all unwed mothers claim parenthood as their right and/or responsibility. Some 53,000 of them put their babies up for adoption each year. States have passed laws that expedite adoption, trying to get the newborn into a two-parent home as quickly and as permanently as possible. Under a model law known as the Uniform Adoption Act, the unwed father has just 30 days to claim a relationship with his offspring or to challenge the adoption. Not many try. It isn't hard to see why.

Look at what the courts consider improper in a father. In Nebraska, a young woman got pregnant and told her boyfriend that she was going to have an abortion and that she never wanted to see him again. She moved to a distant city and gave birth. When the young man tried to claim a parental right, the judge called him unfit. The evidence? He had made no effort to determine whether or not his former girlfriend had gone through with the abortion. His mistake was in taking his girlfriend's word that she was exercising a right he had no recourse to stop. It is, after all, a federal crime to get in the way of a woman's right to abort.

And in Illinois there's the battle over "Baby Richard." It is a bizarre case. Man meets woman. Man impregnates woman and then, for the course of the pregnancy, supports her and makes plans for marriage. He leaves the country to attend to an ailing grandmother. An aunt in the old country calls the mother-to-be to report—falsely—that the man is seeing an old flame. The mother-to-be moves out of her apartment and offers no forwarding address. She leaves word for the man to get lost. When she gives birth, she refuses to put the father's name on the birth certificate. She instructs her uncle to tell the father that his baby is dead. Taking the advice of her beauty school supervisor, the mother offers the child for adoption. The transfer is made in the maternity ward.

The adoptive parents, legally bound to notify the biological father, decide not to do so. Telling him would have been easy (he still lived at the old address). Instead, their lawyer submitted the papers, claiming that the father is unknown.

The father calls hospitals and politicians to determine if there is a death certificate. He goes through the mother's garbage looking for baby items and

FATHERHOOD

dads—ignore them

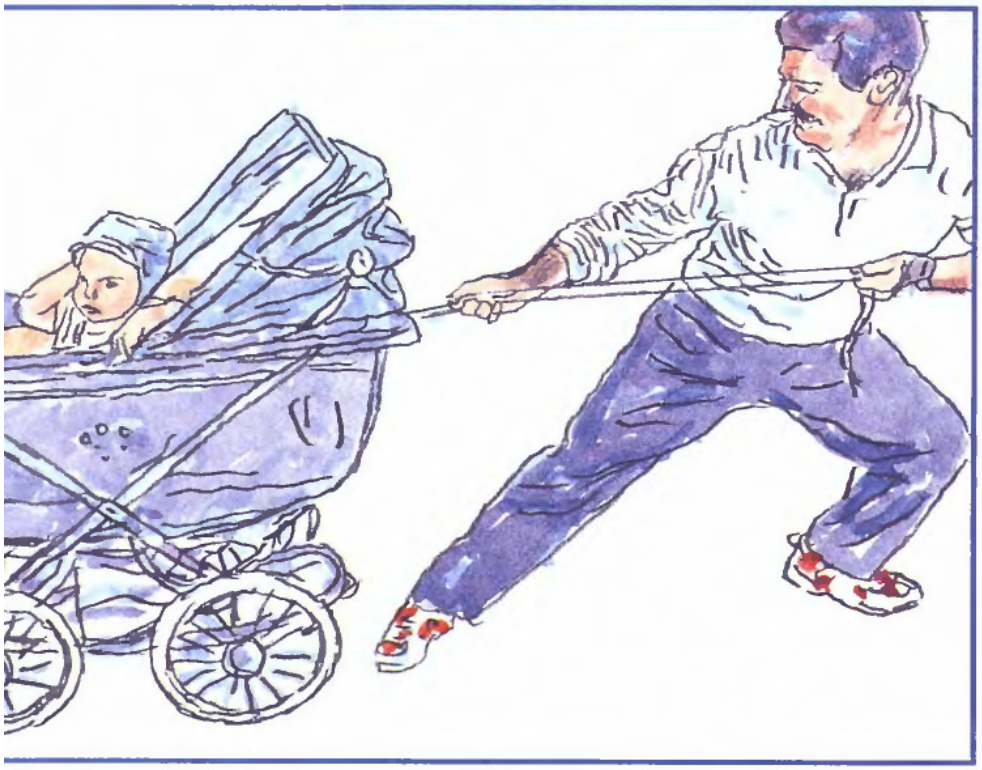
By TED C. FISHMAN

sends friends to give her money. After a two-month search, he finally learns that his child lives with a family of strangers. The news sends him immediately to court to challenge the legality of the adoption.

Two lower courts ruled that the man, Otakar Kirchner, was an unfit father because he did not file within the 30-day limit, and because he never spoke with the mother directly about the birth or death of the baby.

The fight has reached the Illinois Supreme Court twice. After a three-and-a-half-year battle, Kirchner appeared to have won. The justices said that he deserved custody of Baby Richard and that nothing had been said or done that established him as an unfit father. For his efforts, Kirchner got public jeers and anonymous death threats.

Dateline and *20/20* ran segments on the fight for Baby Richard. Nationally syndicated columnist Bob Greene spewed indignation for weeks, raising high the best-interests-of-the-child banner.



MARVIN FRIEDMAN

The courts focused on the best interests of the child and suggested that an unwed man who sincerely believes that he was "one of the sexual partners to the physiological formation of a child" could file a lawsuit to determine legally whether he is the father and assert his parental rights before the child is born. Filing suit as a fatherly act is what law schools teach instead of the facts of life.

Kirchner set out to do the right thing. He forgave the mother and married her. He fought the lower court decision with every resource he had.

Illinois governor Jim Edgar, in the midst of a reelection campaign, echoed public sentiment, calling the birth father's victory "a dark day for justice and human decency. This is not just another lawsuit," he said. "It is about a young boy whom the court has decreed should be brutally, tragically torn away from the only parents he has ever known—parents who by all accounts loved and nurtured him from the second he joined the family."

But the Illinois Supreme Court saw something it could not sanction: In effect, Baby Richard had been stolen from Kirchner at birth. The child's adoptive parents and their lawyer were party—along with Baby Richard's biological mother—to the deception. Together, they usurped Kirchner's right to have a relationship with his son.

If a couple stole your child from a shopping cart and it took police three years to find them, would you expect the court to allow those otherwise loving parents to keep your son or daughter, in the best interests of the child?

Justice James Heiple, writing for the Illinois Supreme Court, outlined the trail of blame: "The fault here lies initially with the mother, who fraudulently tried to deprive the father of his rights, and secondly with the adoptive parents and their attorney, who proceeded with the adoption when they knew that a real father was out there who had been denied knowledge of his baby's existence."

The case continues to drag through the courts. And bizarrely, even though the U.S. Supreme Court refused to reverse the Illinois ruling, Baby Richard stays with the couple who took him, though legally their "adoption" no longer stands. Kirchner once asked for photos of his son. The couple refused. Laws rushed through the Illinois legislature let Baby Richard's keepers make a case for custody, which under the law is a separate issue from parenthood. Kirchner has appealed again to the courts to stop a custody hearing.

We understand the anguish of those who ask, "How do you explain this situation to a child who has known only one home?" But consider the alternative: How would the adoptive parents explain to the child they call their son that his real father fought long and hard to be allowed to raise him and that they did everything they could to keep the two apart?

And someday the judges who have helped keep would-be fathers from their children will have to explain their rulings that fathers aren't parents at all.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOVE FOR SALE

STOCKHOLM—*A district court found a taxi driver guilty of billing a woman $8300, tax included, for 25 occasions of "sexual services." The judge decided the*

cabbie grossly exploited the 49-year-old woman's longing for physical love and convicted him of overcharging her.

STICKS AND STONES

RARITAN, NEW JERSEY—*Mayor Anthony DeCicco's "ounce of prevention" is worth a ton of lawsuits, according to the police chief sworn to uphold the mayor's idea of decorum. The Raritan borough council passed an antiprofanity ordinance mandating a fine of up to $500 or 90 days in jail, or both, for anyone caught "behaving in a disorderly manner by noisy, rude or indecent behavior, by using profane, vulgar or indecent language, by making insulting remarks or comments to others." The police chief, citing a lack of drive-by swearings, said he is not going to enforce the law.*

HOT AND HEAVY HYMNALS

LONDON—*Some of England's church-music experts are finding modern hymns rife with double entendres that might well escape the average choir member. Dr. Donald Webster, fellow of the Royal College of Organists, holder of the Archbishop of Canterbury's diploma in church music and author of the less-than-best-selling "The Hymn Explosion and Its Aftermath," rallied some fellow music theologians against the increasing appearance of such lurid lyrics as "I can come no other way/Take me deeper into you." Says Dr. Webster, "One is nauseated by the profanity of it. These hymns lend themselves to the kind of microphone-licking and hip-swaying gestures you see on 'Top of the Pops.'"*

TENDER MERCIES

AMSTERDAM—*Dutch authorities are considering a plan to provide free heroin to addicts through a carefully controlled program aimed at undercutting the black market. The Dutch already have the most lenient drug policies in Europe, with government-supported programs that tolerate so-called soft drugs and segregate recreational users from hardened addicts.*

QUALITY CONTROL

NEW YORK CITY—*A large-scale needle-exchange program provided 22,000 drug users with clean needles, and a study of 350 addicts involved indicates that new infection rates could be reduced by as much as 50 percent. New York health authorities estimate that nearly half of the city's 200,000 IV-drug users already are infected with HIV, contracted probably through needle sharing. More than 40 U.S. cities have exchange programs.*

GONG SHOW

DENVER—*Prison authorities were less than pleased when an inmate convinced a federal judge that the First Amendment grants him the religious right to perform satanic rituals. The prisoner didn't get his way entirely, however. His services cannot be held at two A.M., as requested, and an official said, "We won't allow any bloodletting or animal sacrifices." He added that the prison was looking for a gong, "wherever you get one of those these days."*

DWINDLING RETURNS

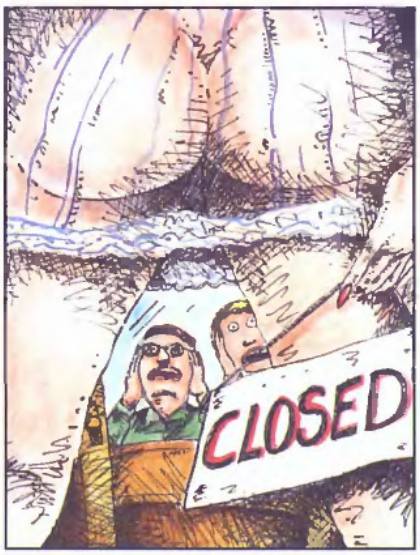
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*A study of college women found that they tend to become less concerned about safe sex as their number of sexual partners increases. University of Michigan researchers said that condom use declined with experience, increasing the risk of contracting AIDS or other sexually transmitted diseases.*

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED?

LONGVIEW, TEXAS—*This Bible Belt town of 70,000 has become a thriving sex mecca on the road between Dallas and Shreveport because of Louisiana's recently approved casinos. Travelers passing through Longview now can patronize prospering new businesses such as topless bars or a totally nude steak house, and this has thrown some of the town's citizens into an uproar. A group calling itself Citizens Against Pornography in Texas, or CAP IT, is photographing, videotaping and recording the license numbers of such patrons. The protesters haven't used the evidence yet, but their campaign has inspired some businesses to advertise that they provide only "fully clothed" service.*

PANTY RAID

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK—*The Syracuse vice squad charged the owner of the Pretty Lady Lingerie shop with promoting prostitution—much to the delight of local merchants and residents who heard the commotion and rushed into the street to give*



the cops an ovation. It seems a $50 purchase of lingerie included a 20-minute modeling session of the item, and for a tip the model would throw in some erotic dancing. Authorities decided this qualified as paying for sexual acts.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

DO THE ROPE-A-DOPE, BILL

why the president should let newt take his best shot

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Bill Clinton should just sit back and smile. The voters have spoken. It's time for the president to stop being a frenzied activist trying to fix intractable problems and instead assume the what-me-worry attitude that worked so well for Ronald Reagan. Played right, the Newt Gingrich revolution should be just the tonic Clinton needs to look strong without doing anything. Just hold the Republicans to the contradictory goals of their contract with America and say, "OK, fellows, you're so smart, show us how to cut taxes and balance the budget. Both."

The contract promoted by Gingrich promises $200 billion in tax cuts over the next five years, mostly for the rich, while increasing defense spending and leaving Social Security and Medicare intact. If he can pull that off, he deserves an office higher than president.

Let the Republicans hang out there as champions of a reduction in capital gains taxes—with 90 percent of the benefit going to the richest ten percent in the country—while they seek to whittle away the mortgage interest deduction that benefits most of us. The deficit run up by the past two Republican presidents now soaks up 28 cents of every tax dollar to pay the interest on the last Republican debt. The Republicans have controlled the White House for 20 of the past 26 years but always blame our troubles on a Democrat-controlled Congress. Well, the tables are turned.

Everyone is for balancing the budget, but not really. We all feed lavishly at the public trough. The big lie is that it's the minority poor who soak up federal dollars. Gingrich's wealthy suburban white-flight district of Cobb County, Georgia is the third biggest nonmetropolitan recipient of federal funds in the country. It gets $3.6 billion, which is 59 percent above the national average in pork. Lockheed, the biggest employer in his district, has been soaking taxpayers for billions for years and is almost constantly a subject of audits for huge cost overruns. Gingrich even lobbied with the feds to get approval of Lockheed's sale of planes to Muammar el-Qaddafi. No wonder Gingrich's budget cuts do not include defense spending.

Then there are the congressmen from farm districts who won't touch the next biggest welfare program—agricultural subsidies. The proposed Solomon bill would eliminate the irrational agricultural subsidy program in which we pay farmers not to grow food. But even Solomon's bill makes a glaring exception of support for dairy farmers, who are well represented in his own district. Hypocrisy is the name of the game.

What about welfare for the poor? Sit back, Bill, and let your enemies come up with a welfare reform bill. Talk is cheap. But if you want to really freak out state governors, most of whom are Republicans, eliminate welfare as Gingrich's contract promises. The governors know that welfare is a cynical bargain that provides the poor with a subsistence living and holding cells in the projects. Cut off those people, 9.5 million of whom are children, and we're talking about a new army of homeless that will overflow the cities into the suburbs. Alternatives to the existing welfare system, whether they're the job training proposals of the Democrats or the foster homes and orphanages of the contract, cost big money. Welfare reform is a terrific campaign sound bite, but woe to the politician who attempts to implement it.

The same is true with Gingrich's demagogic attacks on any sort of community-based program, including midnight basketball, that might keep kids off the streets. Jump shots after dark became the Willie Horton of the last campaign. Let it go, Bill. Let them build as many prisons as they want; that plan represents the biggest government boondoggle since the B-1 bomber, and it's backed by one of the powerful government employee unions that Republicans are always railing against. Go libertarian, Bill. Remind people that it was your opponents who gave us the growing socialist police state in which nonviolent prisoners (many of them casualties of the pointless Big Brother war on drugs) are spending their lives in federal prisons covered by expensive medical care.

Meanwhile, keep your eye on the ball—our eroding standard of living and the elimination of the middle class, two things that the trickle-down apologists for the wealthy never want to deal with. All of our problems start here, from crime to the breakup of the family.

Median family income in this country doubled between 1947 and 1973 but has been stagnant for the past 20 years. But that's the good news, because median income disguises the fact that the rich have gotten much richer while the rest of the population has been pushed way down. The latest Census Bureau figures show that almost 40 million Americans now live below the poverty level. It is no longer possible to speak of America as an essentially middle-class society when the wealthiest 20 percent receive an amount of income nearly equal to the total of the rest of income earners.

This is the source of our widely felt social discontent, and the right-wing Republicans have been skillful at exploiting it. All of their proposals—including lower inheritance taxes, tax breaks for wealthier people on Social Security, a $500-per-child tax credit for the rich and substituting regressive sales taxes for income tax—make the rich richer and the majority poorer. Of course, the right-wing ultras will never admit this. Instead, they distract us with phony lifestyle issues and a hunt for such scapegoats as gays in the military or blacks and immigrants on the dole. Their big lie is that the poor, not the rich, have impoverished the middle class.

Clinton needs to cut through this rot. He needs to grab the populist banner from the Republican lackeys of the rich and defend the economic interests of the American people, be they small farmers, factory workers or white-collar service employees. In the hard times that are sure to come, they are the ones who will need the food stamps, the job training, the Medicare and Medicaid, the free public education, in order to survive and bounce back. Those are the programs that have made this country great by ensuring that its ordinary people remain proud despite the ruthless swings of the business cycle. All of us need the environmental and labor safety standards that the ultras now seek to destroy.

Those are the lifeline programs that the ultrarightists in Congress are determined to eviscerate. Clinton should, for once, find the courage to defend them.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY

a candid conversation—and then some—with russia's outrageous demagogue about politics and power, boris and hillary, jews and muslims—and why he likes to watch

He was an unknown lawyer from the provinces, a political amateur with a tainted past, living in a country accustomed to gray-haired career Communists who die in office. So, when Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovsky ran for president in 1991, in Russia's first free elections—promising cheap vodka for men and flowers for women—no one gave his campaign a chance.

Then reality hit: The onetime political nobody placed third with 6.2 million votes, behind President Boris Yeltsin and former Soviet Premier Nikolai Ryzhkov. Two years later, in December 1993, Zhirinovsky's ironically named Liberal Democratic Party of Russia placed first in the nation's parliamentary elections, with 12.3 million votes—nearly 23 percent of the ballots cast.

In just three years, Russia's troublemaking upstart had catapulted to worldwide fame. Yet, despite Zhirinovsky's impressive political rise, it is tempting to write him off as a Russian twist on Ross Perot, a master of the populist sound bite whose celebrity is, at best, ephemeral. That would be a mistake. In a "New York Times Magazine" cover story, Russian documentary filmmaker Stanislav Govorukhin, himself an outspoken nationalist, called Zhirinovsky "a talent from the ranks of Stalin and Lenin" who is so "scary" and such a powerful orator that he is likely to be a frightening contender in Russia's next presidential election, in 1996.

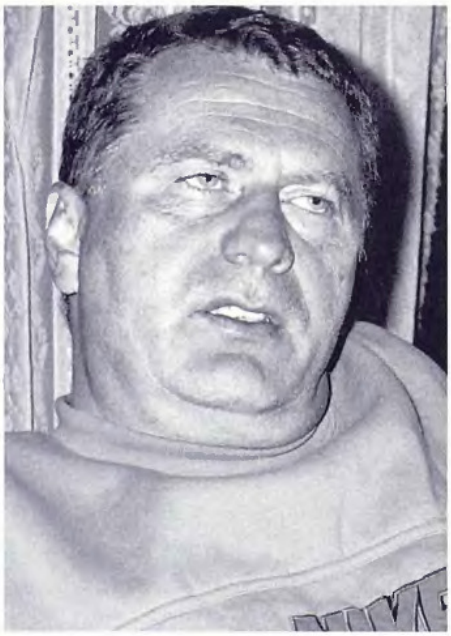
If nothing else, Zhirinovsky's LDPR victory has helped him capture the international forum he craves. He travels the globe hawking his provocative platform, which has included restoring imperial Russia's borders, invading Turkey, repartitioning Poland, destroying Germany and Kazakhstan, "saving the world" from the spread of Islam, exposing Jewish "conspiracies" and even using giant fans to blow nuclear radiation across the Baltic nations. He has threatened neighboring countries with nuclear war, bragged that Russian soldiers will "wash their boots in the Indian Ocean" and blamed most of Russia's problems—from rising crime to bad government—on ethnic minorities.

If Zhirinovsky's policies are questionable, his personal conduct is downright absurd. He has stormed the office of the governor of Nizhni Novgorod (and when the governor was not there to greet him, threatened to jail or execute the governor's staff), punched fellow parliamentarians, mixed with old-style and neo-Nazis and been kicked out of—or forbidden entry to—a half dozen European nations. The media have portrayed him as a crazed extremist who has spit at and hurled a potted plant at Jewish protesters in France, kissed a naked man on the mouth in a Slovenian sauna, posed nude in a shower and held court in a Helsinki strip club. For his part, Zhirinovsky defends his outlandishness as "tactical."

Zhirinovsky's breakthrough success in December 1993 came at a time when Russia was at its most vulnerable, its people increasingly disaffected. By then, many Russians who had once dreamed of American-style democracy had become disillusioned by the new freedoms (such as the right to be poor and hungry) that accompanied the economic transformation. Twenty-five million ethnic Russians found themselves outside the motherland's borders, most of them the victims of discrimination. Ethnic fighting had boiled over in the ex–Soviet republics of Georgia, Moldova, Azerbaijan and Armenia; border skirmishes had erupted between Tajikistan and Afghanistan; and civil war had begun in Russia's oil-rich, mostly Muslim breakaway region of Chechnya.

Domestically, Russia's poverty and crime (notably mafiya crime) soared. Car bombs, kidnappings, apartment-block rocket launchers and bodyguards became integral parts of the new Russia. The calamity came to a head in October 1993 when tanks rolled on Moscow's streets as President Yeltsin bombed his own parliament. Hundreds of people died in the melee. (The official tally was 140 dead, though unofficial estimates were as high as 1000.)

Vladimir Zhirinovsky admits he would



"Women deceive by not saying what they think. Consequently, you have to deceive them, not telling them what you want but what they want to hear. I transferred this concept to politics and achieved great success."

"Arafat is Arafat. What can I say? I don't like his clothes. He's constantly wrapping his head in rags. He's always threatening to destroy Israel. Israel signs treaties, then fights with me. Crazy people are making politics."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JENNIFER GOULO

"To observe how people drink, smoke, this is not interesting. But to see you during coitus, young bodies intertwined, a woman starting to cry, all of you changing your positions, her screaming 'Again, again, I want it again!'"

not have been so successful in another era. He is often likened to Adolf Hitler and has sued a writer for making such a comparison. In a "Time" story that featured a cover photo of a menacing Zhirinovsky in combat fatigues, the U.S. Librarian of Congress, James Billington, says Zhirinovsky's autobiography, "The Last Thrust to the South," is "in some respects psychologically an even more unstable work than 'Mein Kampf.'"

Russian reformers, meanwhile, have been hoping the threat of extremists such as Zhirinovsky would force the West to be more active in aiding Russia's economic transition, yet it has actually helped to push Yeltsin to the right. Zhirinovsky's politics have also prevented Yeltsin's factionalized opposition—the "red-brown" coalition of Communists, ultranationalists and fascists—from uniting. This has led some insiders to suspect that Zhirinovsky is secretly working for Yeltsin.

Zhirinovsky has already begun his 1996 presidential campaign, as have Yeltsin and Aleksandr Rutskoi, a hero of the Afghan war who was elected vice president on Yeltsin's ticket and then jailed for his leading role in the October 1993 rebellion (Rutskoi was granted amnesty in February 1994). The election already promises to be a fractious one: Most opponents refer to Zhirinovsky as "crazy." Rutskoi goes so far as to call him a "clinical case." Yet while many are eager to conclude that "Vlad the Mad" is too deranged to do significant damage, no one is ready to discount him completely for 1996—especially in light of his history.

Born in Almaty, Kazakhstan in 1946, Zhirinovsky says he grew up in desolate, post–World War Two poverty. In fact, Zhirinovsky attended the best school in his town, though he was not well liked by classmates nor by the boys in his neighborhood ("We didn't think he was fit for wiping our feet on," remembers one). In 1964 he entered Moscow State University's prestigious Institute for Oriental Languages, a top KGB recruiting pool usually reserved for children of the nomenklatura, or Communist elite. He then moved to Turkey, where, still a student, he interned as an interpreter in the city of Iskenderun (in addition to Russian and passable English, Zhirinovsky speaks French, German and fluent Turkish). In 1969 he was arrested in Turkey; his purported crime was distributing Soviet pins. His release from jail and speedy expulsion were widely suspected to have been arranged by the KGB.

After graduation, Zhirinovsky, who had married his college sweetheart, a dark-haired scientist named Galina, became a Soviet army officer in Tbilisi, Georgia. He then attended law school and joined Inyurkollegiya, a state legal agency that specialized in inheritance and pension cases. There, according to one former associate, he gained a reputation not so much for his lawyerly skills as for his penchant for drama.

In 1983 he left his job amid accusations that he had accepted an improper gift—which he denies—and had bad-mouthed his superiors after they denied his request to be recommended for Communist Party membership. (Zhirinovsky now claims he never attempted to join the CPSU.) He then applied for—and received—an invitation to immigrate to Israel, but instead joined the Mir Publishing House, one of the Soviet Union's largest. In 1987 he ran as an independent candidate representing the publishing company in a local election but was disqualified from the race by the company's management—as well as by Communist Party officials—who questioned Zhirinovsky's conduct.

Over the next few years, Zhirinovsky stayed on the fringe of politics, making public speeches and appearing at dissident gatherings. In 1990 he became chairman of the fledgling Liberal Democratic Party of the Soviet Union, which rode a new wave of xenophobia as Zhirinovsky fueled fears of Western decadence and meddling foreigners. Zhirinovsky was soon expelled for suspected ties to the Communists. He then formed the Liberal Democratic Party of Russia in February 1991, co-opting and altering the name of the party that had ejected him. Because this was the first official party to register since 1917, top Russian and American officials have speculated that the KGB actually created the LDPR to give the illusion of a multiparty system.

> *Russia is a political hermaphrodite. You have to understand Russia and leave her alone. We'll never try to spread our influence anywhere.*

Ties to the KGB are not the only charges that continue to dog Zhirinovsky. He also is frequently questioned about a possible Jewish lineage. When an American reporter uncovered documents that suggested Zhirinovsky's father (who died before Vladimir was born) was a Jew named Volf Isaakovich Edelshtein, Zhirinovsky called the papers forgeries. He countered that his mother was Russian and his father was a lawyer. And when it was reported that Zhirinovsky was active in Shalom, a Jewish cultural group, he claimed the membership was for the purpose of practicing oratorical skills.

During the attempted putsch of August 1991, Zhirinovsky, fresh off his third-place finish in the presidential elections, supported the plotters of the coup against Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. Though the takeover failed, Gorbachev resigned by Christmas, taking the last remnants of the Soviet Union with him. Two years later, Zhirinovsky would stagger President Yeltsin's reform movement with the surprise ambush at the parliamentary elections. Then last April, despite some dissent within its own ranks, 340 deputies at the LDPR's Fifth Party Congress voted unanimously to give Zhirinovsky absolute power in the party, extending his chairmanship until 2004 and nominating him as their candidate in Russia's next presidential election.

To interview Zhirinovsky, PLAYBOY sent **Jennifer Gould**, a Canadian freelance journalist based in Moscow, on a Zhirinovsky campaign cruise down the Volga River. It was no ordinary assignment: Zhirinovsky is difficult to pin down and he usually demands to be paid for his time—something PLAYBOY does not do—up to $15,000 per interview. ("The New York Times Magazine" did not interview Zhirinovsky for its story about him because of his demand for payment.) When Zhirinovsky does agree to talk, it is often at journalists' peril: A "Washington Post" reporter wrote that he was "threatened" by a screaming Zhirinovsky, whose aides then snapped off the reporter's tape recorder. When Zhirinovsky received a male Italian journalist, it was in the style of a Roman emperor: He was in bed, naked under a blanket, with his hands beneath his head and his bare feet sticking out, a young bodyguard standing beside him. Yet nothing could have prepared Gould for what was to come. Here is her report:

"At first, it seemed too easy. My request to travel with Zhirinovsky down the Volga as he campaigned for 20 days last August was granted without question. Although I had been assured I would not have to pay for the interview, I was told at the last minute that the price would be the usual $15,000. 'Don't you think it's ridiculous to charge $15,000 for an interview?' I asked Zhirinovsky at a press conference. 'Oh no,' he said, touching my arm. 'That's for companies, not individuals. How much can you pay?'

"I told him that PLAYBOY doesn't pay for interviews; it's considered unethical. Zhirinovsky agreed to sit for the interview for free, though his press secretary later told me the promise had been made only for the cameras. I showed up at the boat not knowing if he'd actually come through.

"The voyage was surreal. When I wasn't attending the Zhirinovsky rallies, I was usually negotiating my next interview appointment or making my way to the man through a phalanx of his omnipresent aides. (Zhirinovsky is always surrounded by handsome young bodyguards, called Zhirinovsky's Falcons.) During the interview sessions, Zhirinovsky started off soundly enough; although he was stubborn, belligerent and uncooperative, there was an inherent—if outrageous—logic to his behavior. As the journey progressed and Zhirinovsky began to relax, his words became more tangled and disorganized. He made illogical jumps—such as impulsively talking about his father when asked about Fidel Castro—and would repeat the same word many times in a row, like a child clamoring for attention.

"Before too long I felt that I had fallen into a Joseph Conrad novel. Each succeeding

day down the Volga, Zhirinovsky's eccentricity became more apparent. To his credit, though, he answered most of my questions with frank, if vulgar, honesty.

"Then the sex talk began. While there is some public discussion about sexual harassment in the corporate world and the armed forces, sexual harassment of journalists by their subjects is rarely discussed. The crude jokes, innuendos, even brazen propositions female journalists customarily deal with are often edited out of the final story.

"Yet until my sessions with Zhirinovsky, I had never been subjected to such blatant sexual harassment. If a stranger had talked to me the way Zhirinovsky did, I would have told him off or walked away. But this man, I reminded myself, could become the next president of Russia. So instead of being offended—taking his comments personally, admonishing him, walking out and burning the interview—I tried to turn the sexism back onto him by provoking him into explaining his behavior. If his words didn't shame him, I concluded, I certainly wasn't going to let them intimidate me.

"The turning point of all this was the moment I stood with my 20-year-old female translator, Masha Pavlenko, outside the entrance to Zhirinovsky's private chamber. We had just completed an hour-long interview, and Zhirinovsky suggested we continue in his room—me, Masha, Zhirinovsky and two young male bodyguards. I could have walked away, but I wanted to see what would happen, how far he would go if someone actually called his bluff. I did—and what ensued is captured almost verbatim toward the end of the following transcript."

Ed. note: Throughout the following transcripts, we have placed the interviewer's commentary in italic type.

[Thursday, August 11, 1994: My first meeting with Zhirinovsky is a joint interview with an Italian journalist, Dido Sacchettoni. The rest of the interviews are exclusive. Throughout today's session, Zhirinovsky appears tired and surly, rattling off answers without really thinking about the questions. The subject then turns to the boat ride we are on.]

PLAYBOY: This cruise is remarkably similar to an American whistle-stop campaign. Despite your anti-Western slogans, are you modeling your campaign strategy on American-style politics?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No. Our success is in our originality.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ZHIRINOVSKY: We go where we've never been, places where we have weak party organization. Today 150 people signed up to become members of our party. We are winning part of the local administrations. It's like an army division fighting a small war to get quick results. Everything about the style and actions of the leader and the party are different. Of course, I keep track of world politics, but I never planted someone else's example on Russian soil. We can't learn from the

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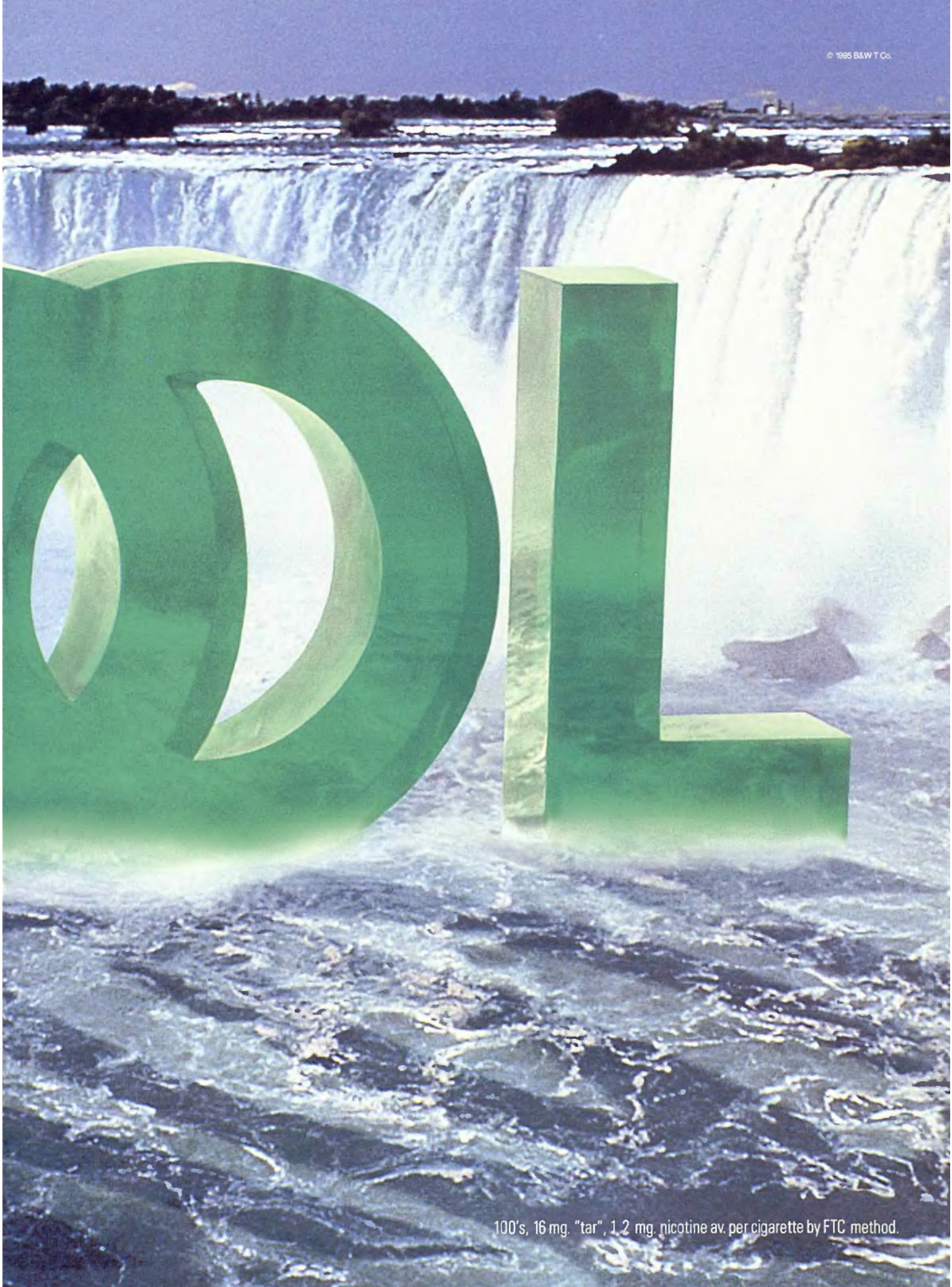
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past. The country is constantly surrounded by a camp of enemies. Everywhere, enemies.

PLAYBOY: Are there any American politicians you admire? Anyone you would try to emulate for Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I haven't studied anyone specifically. Russia is a political hermaphrodite. You have to understand Russia and leave her alone. We'll never try to spread our influence anywhere, neither to the East nor the West. For us, the borders the USSR had are enough. We won't return to communism or to any other totalitarian regime. But today's regime is dangerous for the West. Let it end by collapse. Gangsters have flooded western Europe and a great number of nuclear weapons and nuclear power stations will threaten the whole world.

[*The remainder of the session is basically a rambling Zhirinovsky monolog on a variety of topics: his impoverished childhood, a typically outrageous scheme to crack down on crime by increasing ethnic tension, a proposal to sic the Russian mafiya on "Georgian, Azerbaijani, Chechen, Armenian and Ossetian mafiya groups." Afterward, he says he'd banish the mafiya to central Asia and the Caucasus. "We'll create a region for them, New America," he says in his raspy monotone. "Manage the region by yourself. Use Islamic traditions, take four wives. It's your property. There is oil. All the natural resources are yours. Create your own laws, act your own way."*

The interview concludes, and later in the day, I duck past the bodyguards to talk with Zhirinovsky as he waves goodbye to a cheering crowd. The boat pulls out of the harbor. Boris Yeltsin's boat, which left Moscow the same day, is also on the Volga, just ahead of us.]

PLAYBOY: Don't you think Yeltsin missed the boat, so to speak, by failing to create a grass roots political party during the height of his popularity, after the failed 1991 coup d'état?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yeltsin was too tired. He got tired from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. When you're 60 years old, you're unable to create a new party. This is why they'll lose. Also, he was a member of that party for 40 years. It's hard for him to find a new one.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Yeltsin had American government advisors before, during and after the 1991 coup?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The Americans were helping the Democratic Russia movement. Through Dem Ros, the Americans influenced Yeltsin.

That's it! I'm going to rest.

[*Friday, August 12: We head toward Nizhni Novgorod, Russia's model privatization city and a Yeltsin stronghold. Yeltsin arrived there earlier in the day and, as a result, our boat is stuck on the Volga for the next five hours for "security reasons." Zhirinovsky cancels our morning interview. He is furious and tries to turn the situation around so that it is under his control. The boat nuzzles up to a cruise ship filled with Ministry of Defense workers and their families. "Quick! Send over champagne and chocolates!" Zhirinovsky shouts. The passengers, cheering wildly, drink to Zhirinovsky's health. He jumps on board, delivers an impromptu campaign speech and signs up new party members.*

Our interview session begins later that day on the deck of the Aleksandr Pushkin. Zhirinovsky wears a red and blue Reebok track suit—unzipped to reveal a chest covered with gray hair and a large paunch—and sandals. He is relaxed. His blue eyes, only partly shielded by a white NBC "Meet the Press" baseball cap, narrow into a squint as he sips bottled orange juice. He is still difficult and churlish, as if he wants the interview to end before it has begun.]

PLAYBOY: Why do you want to restore the former Soviet Union?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I'm in favor of Russia—not the USSR, but within the borders of the former USSR, because it's our state and it's been artificially split. In today's borders, Russia will suffocate and perish. We have ten months of cold weather a year. It's absurd. Agriculture is impossible. The territory from the Urals to the Far East is ecologically poisoned. It's impossible to live there. The state of war in the Caucasus and central Asia will give birth to a new Russian army, a new economy and a new generation. We need to blend the population for there to be people with mixed blood. This will lead to the resuscitation of the nation.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain your sensational slogans such as your boast—or threat—that Russian soldiers will "wash their boots in the Indian Ocean"?

ZHIRINOVSKY: That's just a symbol. We don't want to conquer or enlarge anything. The southern regions—Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey—need a stabilizing factor. Today there is war between Tajikistan and Afghanistan. Who can stop it? Russia. Only Russia. It has already stopped. If you would have taken Russian troops from Tajikistan, Afghanistan would have already conquered it, and war would now be burning throughout central Asia.

When French soldiers land in Chad or American soldiers land in Somalia, they wash their boots in the sea and it doesn't cause amazement. Why, if Russian soldiers are today back in Georgia at the invitation of [Georgian President Eduard] Shevardnadze, does this cause amazement? Our troops appear at the invitation of other countries to save lives. You can't move farther because nobody lives farther; it's only the Indian Ocean. It's just a symbolic border going south. On the north we have only the Arctic Ocean, and nobody asks us to go there. On the east is the Pacific Ocean. We're already there. The rest is the south, the most dangerous point. This will probably be solved within ten years.

PLAYBOY: America already has had its imperial war with Vietnam, and Russia had Afghanistan. Aren't you afraid that all this aggressive, pro-military talk will end up dividing Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The Vietnam war was totally different. Americans were far away from Vietnam. But these are the southern borders of Russia we're talking about. Past these borders is only a warm ocean. Russia's influence in Iran, Afghanistan and Turkey doesn't threaten anyone. Even today this region is practically neutral.

PLAYBOY: You justify your outrageous comments by saying they're symbolic. But don't you also make inflammatory statements—things you don't really mean—simply to stir up emotions?

ZHIRINOVSKY: In a certain sense, it's a political shock, a political drug. Today, even ethnic Russia is collapsing. The union is destroyed. So we talk about a greater goal, not only to restore the borders of the USSR but also to spread influence over large territories in the direction we've never achieved: the Indian Ocean. That coincides with the foreign policy of the czars. Going out to warm seas is like returning to the good old days. We somehow compensate for the loss of Alaska and Finland. This movement to the West—toward Poland or Finland—could obviously cause concern in western Europe. And [movement toward] Alaska could prick up America's ears. But the movement to the south is the most harmless.

PLAYBOY: You describe Russian history in the following way: The Bolsheviks were diabolical men, the Stalinists were homosexuals—because everybody was a Communist, Khrushchev's era was one of masturbation or self-satisfaction after Stalin, Brezhnev's was the epoch of an old man's impotence, and Gorbachev and Yeltsin symbolize a time of orgies and sexual confusion. Why do you use these analogies?

ZHIRINOVSKY: This topic of sex was closed for a long time. That's why it's now so fashionable. I'm also more oriented to the younger generation, for whom these problems are most vital. Everyone can understand sex, both men and women. If I made analogies about biological problems, physical phenomena or sports, not everyone would understand. But sex and politics are much easier to understand.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up in Almaty, Kazakhstan influence you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I was born just after World War Two. Everything was destroyed and there was hunger. I always felt rejected by society. It makes an individual develop faster. I became socially aware from the very first stage.

PLAYBOY: You say you were born to the poorest class and had a difficult childhood. But you went to elite schools in Almaty and Moscow. You cultivate this image of a deprived loner, but isn't that just another tactic to attract voters?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I became a pupil at the best

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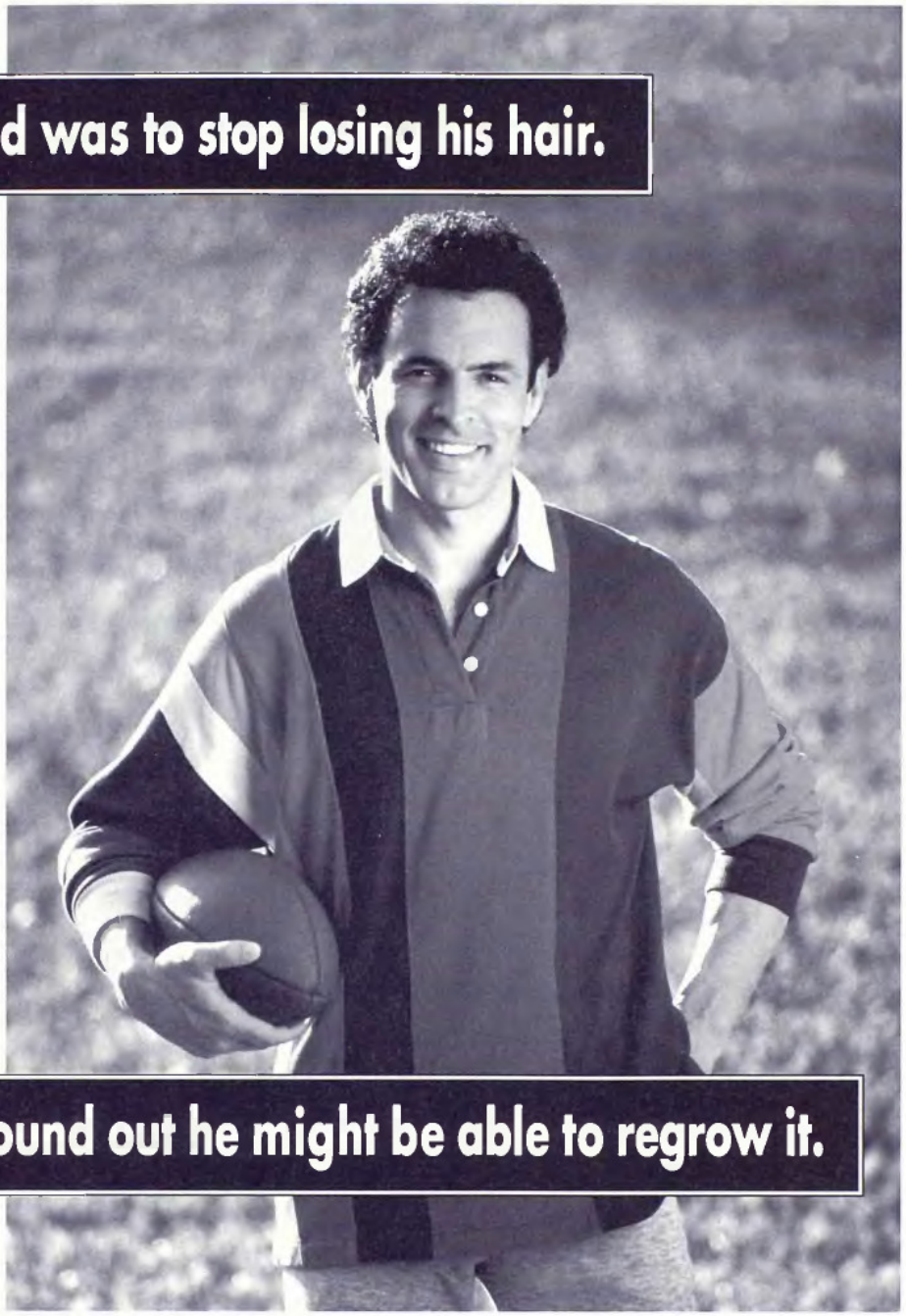

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Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should be applied only to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

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See next page for important additional information.

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The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less then 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp; flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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school only because I lived nearby, not because someone put me there. I was one of the poorest kids in the school, from one of the poorest families. That's why I deeply understand social problems. But at the same time I had the opportunity to get a good education. It was just a lucky combination.

PLAYBOY: In your autobiography, *The Last Thrust to the South*, you write a lot about your mother. What kind of influence did she have on your life?

ZHIRINOVSKY: She helped me passively. I saw how difficult it was for her to live. I always saw her trying to find food. She was always busy with housework. She never rested. We had almost no holidays. I often saw her crying and sad. It also oriented me to social issues and made me live the life of an adult. I didn't have any toys at home to play with. I had no children's books. I read my mother's books, *An American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, and *Queen Margot*, by Alexandre Dumas. I had to break from childhood and mature quickly. There were no other kids around. I was alone.

PLAYBOY: Did your wife, Galina, assume the role your mother played in your life?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No. She played a totally different role. She came from a well-fed, satisfied family. She was the representative of a different social class.

PLAYBOY: How did she help you form your political views?

ZHIRINOVSKY: She didn't help me—it was the opposite. She was a counterforce. She wanted me to make a good career during the Communist regime. For this I had to keep silent. I lived my life in counterreaction. I didn't have a single period when I was satisfied, when everything was all right. I always struggled.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever convince Galina it was better to work outside the system?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, once she saw it could give me political dividends. Now that I'm known worldwide, she enjoys it. She helps me. She's ready to push me even more than I want to go. But at first she feared this would have only negative consequences.

PLAYBOY: Is your marriage difficult?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes. It's difficult for me.

PLAYBOY: How old were you the first time you fell in love?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I was eight years old. It wasn't falling in love. We had an all-boys school, then they mixed us. They put me beside a girl and, I don't know why, but I kissed her. It was really childish. It wasn't love. We were probably just copying what we saw around us. Then I really fell in love when I was 12 or 13. And my real teenage love happened when I was 16 or 17, with my classmate. One of them is here on the boat. I liked her. I liked her a lot.

PLAYBOY: Are you still in love with your wife?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Hmm, I feel something, of

course, toward her. But my feelings and energy have always gone to social problems. I gave my biggest personal feelings to my mother, and then social problems overtook me. It's bad. Private life should be the priority.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about women in general?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There is always a problem of sexual passion—love and sexual relations with a wife and a lover. People need to find harmonious relations or else there are always problems, problems.

[*Saturday, August 13: Shortly after five* P.M., *now our regular meeting time, I sit outside the boat's boardroom, off a corridor adjacent to where Zhirinovsky and some of his bodyguards sleep. The entrance is guarded by four young men wearing business suits or sweatsuits and sunglasses, smoking Marlboros and carrying two-way radios. I am escorted in to meet Zhirinovsky, who wears a blue sweat suit with a hot-pink Nike logo emblazoned across the chest. His sneakers have matching stripes.*

Today Zhirinovsky is civil but just as uncooperative. He still sees our interview as a chore. He is constantly surrounded by men: old advisors and young aides and bodyguards in their late teens and 20s. He makes wisecracks about how I should dress in a more revealing manner if I want to continue our interview. The men in his entourage laugh at these comments.]

PLAYBOY: Do you think a woman could become president of Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: A woman could become president, but probably not in this country.

PLAYBOY: Do you think women are as intelligent as men?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's a problem of the state mentality. It's hard for women to think globally. The president should be a military person; he should understand problems of war and peace. Women aren't drafted into the army. If the criminal rate were too high, women would feel pity for the criminals. Women have some natural minuses. They are more tender, modest, loving. You need to be tough in the state.

PLAYBOY: What role should the wife of Russia's president play? Should she be more active, like Hillary Clinton and Raisa Gorbachev, or more traditional, like Naina Yeltsin and Barbara Bush?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The wife of the president shouldn't be in the spotlight. Raisa Gorbachev was the cause of Gorbachev's negative acts. She helped him make some tragic mistakes.

PLAYBOY: What about Hillary Clinton?

ZHIRINOVSKY: She also meddles in Clinton's business. She doesn't let him focus on state problems. I think when he was governor and not paying proper taxes, he was trying to find sources of income under her pressure to please her. He seeks money for the woman's pleasure, to buy her gifts. Women push men to crime.

PLAYBOY: In your speeches you talk about the importance of the family. Do you believe in marriage? Should you be faithful to your wife, or is that just a legal technicality? [*Although Zhirinovsky's wife is on board to greet the crowds with him, they sleep in separate quarters and have not lived together for years.*]

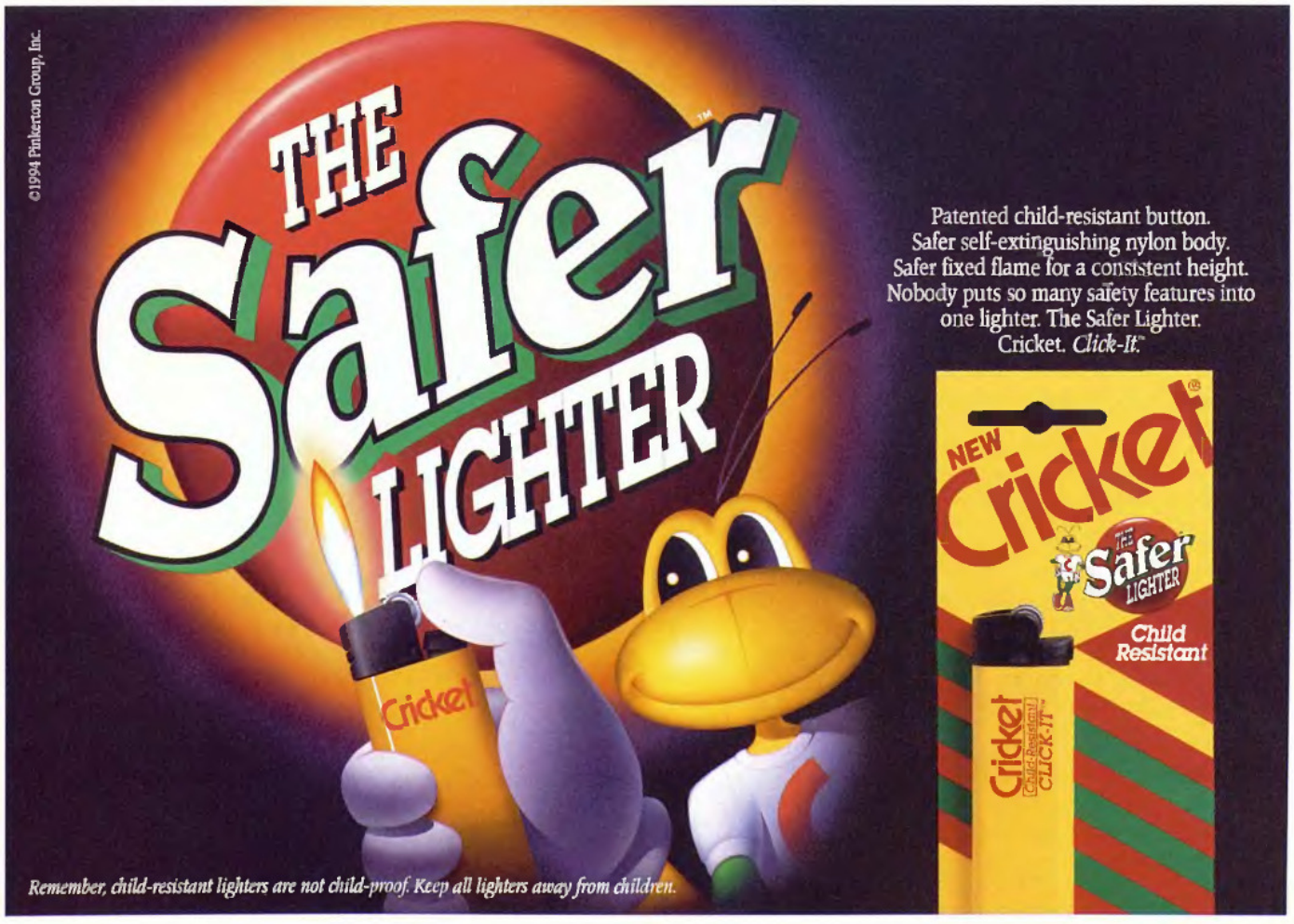
ZHIRINOVSKY: It depends on the family. I think most people have extramarital affairs. Social mores are against it, but when love is exhausted and the family is preserved only for the child, your life grows poor. Some affairs between women and men are a physical necessity, but sometimes it's just sport.

PLAYBOY: But personally, how do you feel about extramarital affairs?

ZHIRINOVSKY: In principle, most people have a need for affairs.

PLAYBOY: In Russia today, morale is low, crime is high, decay is everywhere. Without spouting campaign promises, how do you think you can cure your country?

ZHIRINOVSKY: You need to give people a big goal, with some kind of ideological color to strengthen the state. A new Russian army is being created in the Caucasus. Our collective farms are in decline; our intelligentsia wanted perestroika, but they couldn't show films, write books, speak on television or write in newspapers. They will turn to us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because they weren't given what they wanted. All social classes want new leadership. There soon will be quite a different psychological climate. The West—and the Russians—have threatened the whole world with me, but this will also play its own positive role. People want power that can frighten them.

PLAYBOY: But you don't just frighten people. Sometimes you appear foolish—even crazy—to the West. How do you respond to this?

ZHIRINOVSKY: You've already answered the question. You have said we have a sick country, that everything is bad. We need completely different actions to lead this country. If you tear off the leader of this country, he will appear abnormal in the West. But return him to this sick, abnormal country and there is harmony.

[*Sunday, August 14: At five* P.M., *I once again sit outside the boardroom, chatting with the bodyguards, waiting for the interview to begin. Volodya, a large 26-year-old bodyguard, gives me rugalach—jam-filled pastries his mother had baked for him when we passed through his hometown of Ulyanovsk, which is also Lenin's birthplace. Another guard wears a Red Hot Chili Peppers T-shirt. He asks me what the phrase means—he's never heard of the band. A third young man's only English phrase is: "How many submachine guns do you have in your arsenal?"*

Soon another bodyguard rushes over to tell me that Zhirinovsky is waiting in the boardroom. As usual, our session begins with Zhirinovsky's saying that this will be my last interview with him.]

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a gift for talking to crowds. Why are people so attracted to you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I talk to them openly about their problems. I name the culprits of all their misfortunes. I'm able to speak their language because I grew up in their ranks. It's easier for me to talk to them in their own language.

PLAYBOY: Do you write your speeches beforehand, or do you improvise on different themes from city to city?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I do it on the spot. I don't write speeches and nobody writes them for me. Those who prepare speeches or have them written by the machinery of the state lose. People like it when somebody talks to them directly. I just use simple words. For example, when the economists say that the government's voucher-privatization plan didn't turn people into owners, I tell them that they were deceived once again and that the scoundrels are living richer.

PLAYBOY: Russia is accustomed to having one leader—the czars, Lenin, Stalin. Are you trying to build a similar cult of personality?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't build anything on purpose. If we happen to give voters the image they need, so be it. But as a cult, I don't build anything.

PLAYBOY: But you do. There are pictures of you everywhere. This is not a political party that has a lot of names.

ZHIRINOVSKY: In one party there should be only one leader. Parties get weaker when they use the principle of collective leadership.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever studied theories on the power of crowds? Have you read Elias Canetti's *Crowds and Power*, or Wilhelm Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism?*

ZHIRINOVSKY: I haven't read anything. Everything I do is my own.

PLAYBOY: So how do you interpret the power of the masses?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't orient myself to the power of the crowd. I do everything naturally. There have been demonstrations with 100,000 people and ones with 200 people. I think spontaneously, on the spot, without preparing.

PLAYBOY: Has your populist approach on this boat—touring villages and cities—transformed Russian politics?

ZHIRINOVSKY: We've introduced a new element, for sure. We've become the third force: There are the former Communists, there's democratic Russia, and then there's us.

PLAYBOY: Lately, you have changed your image. You no longer say the explosive things you once said. Why not?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The situation is different. In 1991 they broke the state and there was war. That's why the other reaction was necessary. Then, in 1992, they broke the economy. Everything depends on the situation.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any time for friendships?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Now there is little time.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any close friends?

ZHIRINOVSKY: A few, a few. I've told you, a few. I don't have time.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a real hostility toward Western and Russian journalists. Why?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I have the same attitude toward all journalists. I'm sick of them. Everyone, foreign or Russian. They've asked the same questions for five years. I'm sick of repeating the same stuff like a parrot. You know they'll always write lies anyway. They'll always distort the truth and write some of their own.

PLAYBOY: When did you first think it was possible for you to become president?

ZHIRINOVSKY: When I was five or six I had a dream that I was passing by the local church, naked except for a shirt. There was something special in that dream. Why did I pass the church in such a way? Was this the first blind desire or understanding that someone should draw his attention to this kid? Was there something special in him? It was as if I were observing life and seeing its many mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Could you have become so successful under communism?

ZHIRINOVSKY: During the Communist Party system it was difficult to achieve anything without having good relatives in high places. As I was from the poor class, this wasn't possible. They put their relatives in all the top posts and that's why it collapsed. Their kids, grandkids, nieces and nephews were brought up on chewing gum and Pepsi-Cola. They were absolutely uninterested in the country. All they cared about were good jobs, status and that's it.

PLAYBOY: Is there something special about you, or is it just the specific moment in history that has made you politically successful in Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's a coincidence—a coincidence in which the personal qualities of one man meet with new times. If I would have appeared 20 years ago, nothing like this could have happened. Or 20 years from now. It just coincided. It's chance. Luck.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I believe, I believe.

PLAYBOY: What kind of god? A Jewish god? A Christian god?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There is only one god, but I've always related only to the Russian Orthodox Church. I've never faced any other religion.

PLAYBOY: There are documents from Almaty that prove your father was Jewish. Why do you deny it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Because he was Russian. It's the same as when people say I was in the KGB. I've never been in the KGB, so I can't agree that I was there. I wasn't in the KGB.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about anti-Semitism in Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It has always been here and everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Did the Communists try to keep a lid on it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The Communist Party controlled everything. They weren't solving national problems in the right way.

PLAYBOY: Will anti-Semitism be used by the opposition to end reform or even bring civil war to Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There won't be civil war, but there have always been and always will be isolated bursts of anti-Semitism in Russia. War is undesirable—civil war or any other kind. Violence won't bring you anything. We'll solve everything with economic methods. We don't have anti-Semitism in our party.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up. How do you think the average Ivan Ivanovich perceives you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: He wants to have solid power. He got tired from a state of anarchy, from fraud and propaganda. He wants finally to be told the truth. Not to be fooled.

PLAYBOY: Does he think of you as the person who can solve his problems?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I promised I would. If they believe me, good. If not, they'll believe someone else. I know I can, and I tell them this. It will all be revealed in the upcoming elections.

PLAYBOY: Who is your most serious political threat at this point?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't have one.

PLAYBOY: Should Americans be afraid of you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There are some who are afraid of me. This is normal. Here in Russia, some of us are afraid of Americans. Some are afraid of the Chinese, Turks or Germans. There always exists some element of fear.

PLAYBOY: In Russia, the death rate has now surpassed the birthrate. Some Russian patriots tried to write a law so that the state would pay some women to stay home and raise babies. They also wanted to make abortion illegal. What do you think about this?

ZHIRINOVSKY: You can't make a woman stay home by force. She won't want it. But you can intensify the propaganda of the family so that it becomes the main thing for a young woman.

PLAYBOY: What about abortion?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Abortion should be legal. It's useless to ban it. We are for freedom in relation to everything. That's why we're called the Liberal Democratic Party.

PLAYBOY: There have been stories about you and prostitutes, and pictures of you in saunas and strip bars. These create the impression that you don't respect women as much as you respect men.

ZHIRINOVSKY: No, no. These are all attempts, fantasies. I allowed journalists to get too close to me. Now I keep them farther away. I am tougher. It's their fault. They misused the trust.

PLAYBOY: Why did you tell journalists they would have to pay $15,000 to board this boat? Don't you think that's crazy?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I always ask them. I demand that they pay for any interview. I ask them to pay just to get them off me. If they don't pay, I get rid of them.

PLAYBOY: You have already met once with Saddam Hussein, and you plan to meet with him again. Why?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't have links with him. That's an Arab world. He invited me.

PLAYBOY: You're a busy man. Why go?

ZHIRINOVSKY: When he invited me I was less busy. It was two years ago.

PLAYBOY: But you're planning to go there in October 1994.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, we're going there in October. We want to lift the embargo on Iraq. He owes Russia money and he's ready to give it back. We're not going to Algeria or Tunisia. [*Zhirinovsky did not meet with Saddam Hussein in October 1994.*]

PLAYBOY: Will your visit actually bring you the money?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It will speed up the possibility of lifting the embargo and bringing back money owed to Russia.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Bill Clinton? Do you respect him?

ZHIRINOVSKY: He has shown his weakness by refusing to meet with me in February 1993. Throughout the world they usually meet the leader of the party that won the elections. I don't understand these tactics of his. I would never go to America and meet only those who lost the elections while refusing to meet those who won. In this way he interferes in the internal affairs of Russia, ignoring the majority of voters. So there is nothing good in this position.

PLAYBOY: Nixon met with you.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Nixon had a task to meet with all the leaders of the opposition, to understand the political alliances. But he insulted me on his return. He didn't argue with me, but he said something—like I'm a demagogue.

PLAYBOY: Is President Clinton making a mistake by supporting only Yeltsin?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, but there is a part of Congress that has started to turn to other political forces.

PLAYBOY: Is Clinton a good president?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Let the Americans decide that. But, according to some political pundits, he is the second most unpopular president. Decay has begun. He'll go down in history as one of the founders of the decline of America.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned from three years in the spotlight?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's all about experience. It's like driving a car: The more you drive, the better you steer.

PLAYBOY: Be specific.

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's about the ability to speak to every audience, to maneuver faster, to identify your enemies, to prevent a split among your supporters, to get more money, to get experience in everything. Experience, that's all I want.

PLAYBOY: You've been going at it all day. How much time do you normally need to sleep?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Sleep, sleep. Rest from you journalists. I'm getting so sick of you that I hide from you with great pleasure.

That's all!

[*Monday, August 15: This interview is a little easier. Zhirinovsky is more personable. He drinks tea and eats patties stuffed with potatoes and meat, slurping and gobbling without inhibition. The bodyguards and Zhirinovsky's 21-year-old son, Igor, sit quietly in the background. As usual, my translator, Masha, is seated next to me. A breeze runs through the room. The sun is fading and a gray half-moon floats above the Volga.*]

ZHIRINOVSKY: This is the last time you can interview me. [*To Igor and the bodyguards*] I told them to come in topless. You're too soft with them. [*Back to me*] You're raping me all the time. You're raping all these men around you and they are reacting. Are you leaving tomorrow or today? You will leave tomorrow and that will be the end.

MASHA PAVLENKO [*To Zhirinovsky*] Are you tired of such a determined woman as Jennifer?

ZHIRINOVSKY: As a woman, no. I don't feel she is a woman. We never get tired from women.

PLAYBOY: How do you see capitalism and socialism mixing in Russia? Should the state keep paying for health care and bring back other social services such as day care?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's like this in the world and people got used to it. [*To others*] Don't you think the girls should have some tea? Probably not, they're working.

[*He pours a cup of tea into a half-filled jar*

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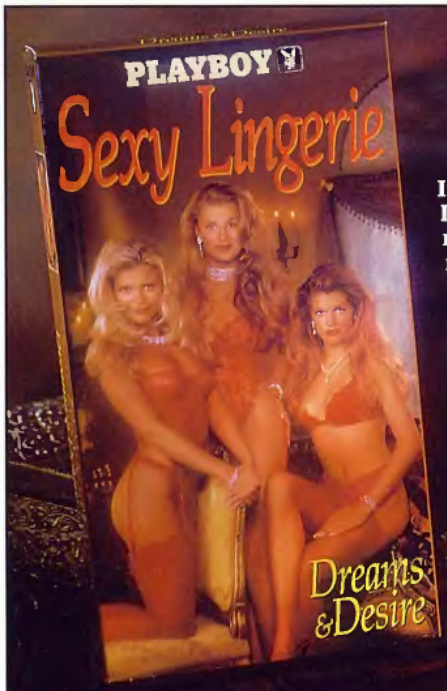

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of black currant jam, stirs and drinks.]

It's right that our people count on the state to take care of all this. You should always have a house, food and a job. Why should people live without these elementary comforts? But let private property also exist.

PLAYBOY: So you think Russia should be modeled on a socialist-oriented capitalist country, like Switzerland or Canada?

ZHIRINOVSKY: For us, the Asian countries are closer, like India or China. They're vast territories with big populations. Switzerland, America, Canada—these are all artificial countries. We should [model ourselves on] classical countries with thousands of years of history.

PLAYBOY: In our first interview session, you said you'd force all the criminals to move to the Caucasus. But you know you'd never do such a thing, so why say it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: On the contrary. This will bring the best result.

PLAYBOY: But——

ZHIRINOVSKY: They say Zhirinovsky makes empty promises. They are right in a general way. You can't do all this—feed everyone, restore borders—in the ordinary way. But I can't tell everyone openly what kind of measures we could ultimately take.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ZHIRINOVSKY: People don't understand everything in the right way.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about world leaders. What do you think of Fidel Castro?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I've never met him. It's a mistake to express opinions about people you've never met. Some people express opinions about me here and abroad and they've never spoken with me. I think that's obscene. They write that I refused to acknowledge my father, but I am probably the most tender, loving son. Nobody has boasted to the world about their father and mother the way I have.

[*He asks his aides to hand him his biography, and flips through it, pointing to pictures of his parents.*]

They're always saying Zhirinovsky is so bad, refusing to acknowledge his father. But they've never talked with me. [*Points to a photograph*] This is my father. I'm proud of him. I love him. Then suddenly some mean people wrote that I refused to acknowledge my parents. I published the best picture of my mother. You can't have more respect and love toward your parents.

It's the same with Fidel Castro. I don't know what kind of person he is. From his outward appearance, he's a very courageous man. He was so close to America and yet he was able to implement a political structure in opposition to America. But there was one mistake: Cuba could never survive by itself, and it started to lean on us. They should have understood that Russia and the Soviet Union would not constantly be giving

them money. And it finally stopped.

PLAYBOY: As president, would you help Castro by reinstating economic aid?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's possible. It would not be difficult to supply Cuba with the same things the Soviet Union gave them. In exchange it wouldn't be bad to have resorts in Cuba. Today's planes can carry thousands of people each day. We could also use Cuban soldiers instead of Russians in the Caucasus and central Asia.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to meet Castro?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I'm always in favor of making contacts, no matter with whom.

For example, if you want to surrender yourself to me, I could enter into an intimate relationship with you. If you don't want to, I won't even think about it. I'll just enter into an intimate relationship with your translator. And if she doesn't want to, then I won't do anything at all. I'll go and play the piano. I'll go and breathe fresh air. I have no fanaticism at all, and I win because of this.

PLAYBOY: Let's continue with other world leaders. How about Yasir Arafat?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Arafat is just Arafat. What can I say? I don't like his clothes. He's constantly wrapping his head in all those rags. He's always threatening to destroy Israel. And Israel shakes hands and signs treaties with him—and then fights with me. It's all because the crazy people are making politics.

PLAYBOY: What about Yitzhak Rabin?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Generally, I don't know any of them.

PLAYBOY: Should the Palestinians have Jerusalem?

ZHIRINOVSKY: What for? I think just the opposite. They should give more borders to Israel, like southern Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: And the occupied territories?

ZHIRINOVSKY: You have to find those forces that will guarantee the borders, and then put an end to the resistance in the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: It seems that Israel and Russia should be working more closely to combat Islamic fundamentalism.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, but Israel doesn't understand this. They attack me. Israel should be helping our party, yet they are helping those who want to make Russia weaker. The Islamic fundamentalists will win in Russia and then destroy Israel.

PLAYBOY: How?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The Muslim world borders on Israel and Russia. When the Arabs, Turks and Persians unite, they are half a billion. The total number of Muslims is already reaching 1 billion. They will destroy Israel and smash Russia to pieces through the Caucasus and the Balkans, and they'll get to western Europe. The Germans already don't know how to cope with millions of Turks. The French are suffering with the Arabs in Paris. By 2000, Paris will become an Arab city. This is what French sociologists say.

So it's a mistake of the Israeli leaders [not to understand this]. If the Communists come to power, they will again help the Arabs. If the right-wing patriots come to power, it will be the same—they'll even intensify anti-Semitism. Our party's policy is the most civilized.

I think Israel should pay me a $10 million honorarium just for writing my book, *The Last Thrust to the South*. It's about the salvation of the state and an immediate weakening of the Islamic world. But only Russia can do this. America has already exhausted itself, and if Germany ever again becomes the most powerful state in Europe, it will also be very bad for Israel. That's why Israel should look at our party differently.

PLAYBOY: If, as you suggest, Germany becomes stronger, what impact will this have on Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Germany may begin the new century with a powerful thrust. It will dominate over Slovenia, Croatia, Austria and Moravia. Then it will demand back Prussia and part of Poland. Then it will influence Holland, Denmark, Belgium and Luxembourg. A new stage will begin. It's hard to notice this now, but it could appear.

PLAYBOY: Should Americans be investing in Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Let everybody invest. But they shouldn't think they'll get the same profits as in the colonies. To invest in order to help Russia, do so with pleasure. But to invest in order to bring about as much profit as possible, this is hopeless.

PLAYBOY: Will there ever be a true democracy in Russia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Russia has more reasons [to be a] dictatorship, but not a dictator like General Pinochet. It's more like in Germany with Bismarck, or the authoritarian regime of Charles de Gaulle.

PLAYBOY: Which do you want to be, dictator or president?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It will all be explained when we win. It will depend on what will be the more efficient situation. Now, in Chechnya, a huge number of people will perish, but this will happen in a democratic way. If this illegal regime had been destroyed two years ago, ten times fewer people would have died. This regime is dying, but it has brought moral damage for two years. [*As* PLAYBOY *went to press, Russian troops had begun fighting in Chechnya.*]

PLAYBOY: In August 1993 the CIA station chief in Georgia was killed shortly after the U.S. press reported that the CIA was training Shevardnadze's bodyguards. Is it dangerous for the U.S. to be involved in the former Soviet republics?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes. There will be nothing positive from the Americans. The faster they get out of here the better. America has a bad future. In ten years it will be in the same situation we're in today.

PLAYBOY: Besides Georgia, where else is America intervening?

ZHIRINOVSKY: In central Asia. In the Baltics. They're trying everywhere. [Former secretary of state James] Baker

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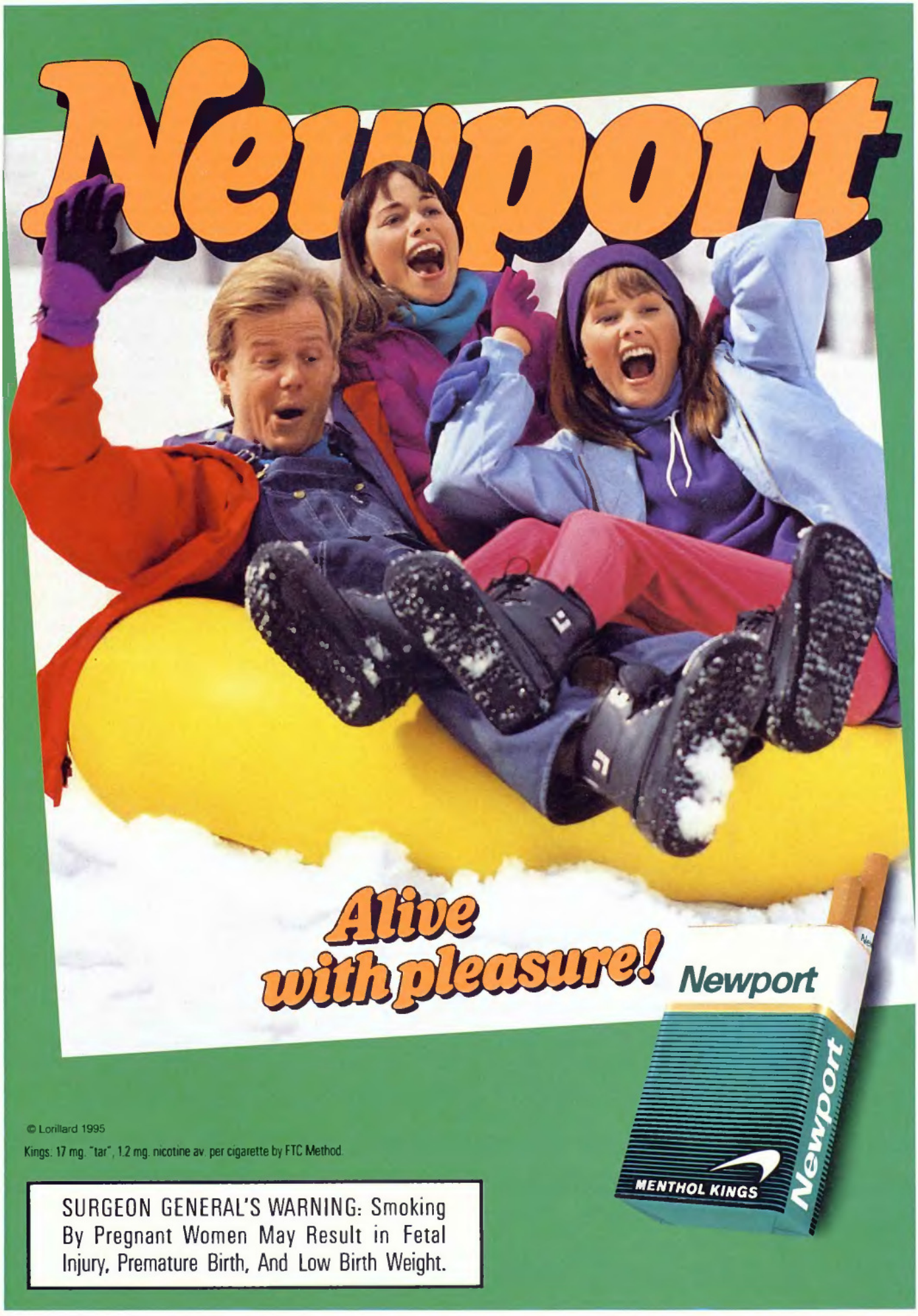

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toured the republics as if they were American states. America took part in the events of the October 1993 rebellion. It helped to overthrow the Supreme Soviet. Israeli guerrillas, together with Russian special intelligence services and Democratic Russia, conducted an operation to liquidate the former parliament. Today, the anti-American mood is growing everywhere, even within the bank structures and the economy. It was the Americans who started Democratic Russia.

PLAYBOY: Why do you encourage, even recruit, young Russian men to become mercenaries in war zones such as Bosnia?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There are some young guys who really need war. It is some kind of a patriotic need to defend the orthodox Slavic world. It's also profitable for us, in an economic and military sense, to have an alliance with Serbia.

PLAYBOY: You are surrounded by bodyguards. Are you afraid of assassination?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's all a matter of fate. There could even be an accident with this boat. Every year boats sink. Risk is in every action. Ordinary pedestrians perish on the streets more frequently than leaders of political parties.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that Yeltsin might want you killed, as one of your bodyguards has suggested?

ZHIRINOVSKY: He can, he can, he can.

PLAYBOY: Has he already tried?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Maybe not himself, but some of his intelligence agents.

PLAYBOY: When the boat stopped in Kazan, the crowd was tense, even hostile. People were chanting, "Fascist! Fascist!" Did you like that? Did it give you a rush of power?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Of course. Hostility intensifies our strength. I used to address crowds much better when they were hostile. Now, with all this applause and flowers and praise, I'm decaying, decaying. It's better when there's resistance, but minimum danger.

[*The boat approaches the town of Togliatti. A silver-haired advisor presses Zhirinovsky to end our session.*]

PLAYBOY: One question about women. In your book, you say the first time you really liked a girl, you wanted to have sex but she said no. You write that later you realized when a woman says no, she really means yes. Can you explain?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, yes. It was very hard for me to understand this—that women frequently deceive by not saying what they think. Consequently, you also have to deceive them, not telling them what you want but what they want to hear. I transferred this concept to politics and achieved great success. For example, instead of saying, "I like Jennifer and the interpreter"—instead of caressing you—I am rejecting you. In the same way, thousands of voters are standing there and waiting for me. This decays me.

PLAYBOY: Can you achieve what you want with words, or is force sometimes necessary—in politics and with women?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Both. Eighty percent is talk and 20 percent is force. If you do it vice versa, it will be a dictatorship. We need democracy. But some violence is required. Just a little bit, sometimes, eh?

That's all. Finished.

[*Tuesday, August 16: The routine is set. Early in the day I stand beside Zhirinovsky on the deck of the ship as he waves to the crowds. We are leaving Sarata and heading to the small town of Balakovo. When I ask if we'll be having our regular interview, he says: "Jennifer should be dressed with fewer layers. It's upsetting not to have her as a woman." His entourage laughs, as usual. At five* P.M., *I am sitting on the sofa outside the boardroom when a bodyguard tells me there will be no interview—Zhirinovsky is too busy. I decide to stay where I am, and at nine* P.M., *a young blond aide summons me and my translator, Masha, to the boardroom. Inside, Zhirinovsky is seated. A Russian book on Tatar nationalism rests on his knees, and his reading glasses are on the table. He gestures to Masha.*]

ZHIRINOVSKY: I have a feeling she is a virgin. I like her more than you. I haven't seen such a pure girl for so long. She makes such a womanly impression, so very sexually developed. She's kind, mild, meek. This is the style I love. The more contact I have, the more desire I have to touch her hand, to stroke it, to kiss it. And then you can write that I am inclined to be a womanizer. Then you'll conclude in your article that everything ended in group sex. "Look, he is a sexual maniac!"

[*Zhirinovsky points to one of his young bodyguards, Vitaly, who sits beside me recording the interview. Another bodyguard sits by the door.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy flirting?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't have enough time, but of course I love it. [*Gesturing to the book on Tatar nationalism*] They are publishing anti-Russian books.

PLAYBOY: Our last talk ended with a discussion about the use of force with women and in politics. How much is really needed in politics?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Sometimes events occur that require it. Today, for example, the situation in Chechnya requires force. It's not our desire to use force, it's just not possible to do anything else. You can't stop cholera—or Chechens—with talk.

PLAYBOY: Under communism, homosexuality was a crime, but not any longer. What are your thoughts on homosexuality? Is it normal?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Homosexuality is a sputnik [traveling companion] of human history. But there are no normal conditions for harmonious sexual relations. You can compare it to anti-Semitism. For anti-Semitism to disappear, all Jews should move to Israel. After 100 years, Israel would be like Ethiopia or Egypt. Everyone would know there was a Jewish state and there would be no mass Jewish communities in other states. There would be no anti-Semitism.

It's the same with sexual morality. If people get married, or have sexual relations, as soon as they have the desire, or are not isolated in the army or in prisons, then maybe in 100 or 200 or 300 years, homosexuality will disappear.

These are the sputniks of human history. Contradictions are necessary. You can't get rid of revolutionaries, even in the most ideal societies. There will always be deviations. If we take away anti-Semitism, they will find something else. People need to fight against something, to have an obstacle and to overcome it.

PLAYBOY: You're 48 years old. Is this your best age? Have you reached your prime, or have you passed it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I think 45 to 60 are the golden years, maybe 40 to 60. It's when a person achieves wisdom. I'm just in the middle of this age and that's the best. After 60, a person begins to fade away, and before 40 he's a little bit of an extremist. If I were under 40, I would have already entered into an intimate relationship with your translator. [*To Masha*] What's your name?

MASHA: Masha.

ZHIRINOVSKY: With Masha, I would have already entered into an intimate relationship. But at my age, I don't do this. And if I were 60, I probably would have presented her with a chocolate bar and felt pity toward her. But before 40, there is extremism and this is dangerous. The majority of crimes, especially rape, are committed by young people. A man over 40 never rapes.

PLAYBOY: How much of an extremist were you in your youth?

ZHIRINOVSKY: In my youth I wanted to do everything fast, out of a fear that tomorrow would be too late. But with years I discovered it's better to do things slower. You need years to understand this. That's why a person should get married as late as possible. The main reason for marriage is the desire to have a constant sexual partner. People are moved more by animal instinct than by the moral desire to enter marriage.

PLAYBOY: Are you a womanizer or is it all just talk?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I fell in love easily in my younger years. After 40, I entered a slow riverbed, but before I wanted to have as many women as possible.

PLAYBOY: Did you have them, or did you just want to?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I had and had. It was almost like a sport. Every new woman was a little victory. That's the psychology of young men. The more women he has, the stronger he is considered to be. Like a hunter. The more you kill, the luckier you are. The same with this. But, of course, it's a mistake. When we do get it, we learn that quality is more important than quantity.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your public

appeal. Although you're not president, 12 million people voted for you in the 1993 parliamentary elections. Has this corrupted you in any way?

ZHIRINOVSKY: For me, possession of partial power has been a negative. I have become less expressive. I'm fading away, dying, because of the flowers and applause. It dampens my ardor. But I would never become politically corrupt. I can preserve my purity. I'm ready to keep living in the same apartment, wear the same clothes, eat simple meals. I'm not interested in dachas, foreign cars or foreign resorts. In this way, it will be difficult to push me away.

PLAYBOY: The FBI set up an office in Moscow. How do you feel about that?

ZHIRINOVSKY: If the FBI is in Moscow, then let the Russian Criminal Justice Police be in New York. There should be an equal exchange.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the FBI is really doing here?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Espionage. Everybody is spying—including the journalists. All of these diplomats, and especially the FBI. Everyone is a spy, a spy, a spy.

PLAYBOY: Why does the government let them stay?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There's a weak government today that destroys everything. It's like a sick person who is ready for anything.

PLAYBOY: Although capital punishment still exists in Russia, Yeltsin has put strict limits on it. Yet you have said that, because crime is so bad, criminals should be executed on the spot. Where do you now stand on capital punishment?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Capital punishment isn't profitable—so why kill? You can use these people for jobs that will kill them anyway. Like in the uranium mines, where the person will perish but still bring some public benefit. But execute him just to scare the rest of the population? No.

PLAYBOY: How do you propose to turn Russia into a state of law with the *mafiya* still in existence?

ZHIRINOVSKY: There will come a psychological moment. If there is a change of leadership, the army will strengthen and crime will go down. There will be no war in the regions because everybody who carries guns illegally will be disarmed. It's the same as Russia from 1917 to 1924, or 1945 to 1950. There were also wild outbursts of crime then, but you can overcome it if you start to fight it.

PLAYBOY: Does Russia need some kind of cleansing process to rid the state of the old elite, the way Germany tried to rid itself of Nazi leadership after the war?

ZHIRINOVSKY: A so-called "departyization" has been going on for nine years.

PLAYBOY: Should Russia open its KGB files so citizens will know who the informers were, the way the East Germans opened the Stasi files?

ZHIRINOVSKY: The powerful aren't interested in this because many leaders of the new democratic movements were themselves informers. Our regime will try to rely more on people who were never party members. You need a person on top who was never linked to the Communist Party to lead the country toward purification.

[*Suddenly restless*] Let's turn to the sexual part, because Vitaly can't stand it anymore. He's a maniac. He is actually 19, at the height of his sexual power. And yes, Jennifer, yes—it's good. He has lost his mind for Jennifer.

[*Vitaly sits on my right. At one point his leg lightly brushes mine. Then he begins, slowly, to move my chair, which is on wheels. I tell him to stop.*]

PLAYBOY: There is so much xenophobia in Russia—hatred and tension. Why?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Because there's too much propaganda. In the past we watched Italian and French movies without feeling xenophobic. And people bought foreign goods freely. But today, people see this is a fraud, an attempt to show us a new way of life without supplying the economic conditions for it. This causes tension. We have not always been xenophobic, but today there are basically only foreign movies on every channel. It's too much. People have a right to watch their own movies, programs about their own culture.

Right here, now. You'd like to make love in this weather? Right now, the four of us.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you depend on most in the world?

ZHIRINOVSKY: On myself, just myself.

PLAYBOY: Besides you. Isn't there anyone you couldn't live without?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No, I don't have any one person. But it's not a problem. Of course, I want to have people close to me whom I love and who love me. But to live your life just for the sake of another, that's a tragedy.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that get lonely?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It was in my younger years. But when a person enters a more mature age, he has a much calmer attitude about everything. All the rest are just dreams, dreams, dreams.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe yourself as brilliant?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I never try to elevate myself artificially, or to be occupied with self-love. I don't do that because I know my disadvantages.

PLAYBOY: What are they? What are your worst traits?

ZHIRINOVSKY: If I suffer from some big vice, it's probably that I'm sometimes severe. I may be too abrupt in criticizing someone, though I'm usually doing it for the right reasons.

PLAYBOY: Are your political advisors trying to change your image to make you appear less extreme?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Sometimes they give advice, but I never listen to them.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Because they can't get into my soul. They don't know how everything happens to me, so it's useless to make reprimands. It's like driving a car: You have to feel it yourself. You can't tell someone when to put the brakes on—you have to feel the car.

PLAYBOY: So there's no one special person you listen to, and you don't take advice from your aides. Isn't there someone you feel compelled to consult before you do something important?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Rain. [*He gestures to his window.*] When it rains this way it's good to make love. It's quiet, it's warm, not to think about anything. And you, Jennifer, you've been bothering me for such a long time.

PLAYBOY: There must be someone you confide in.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Right here, now. You'd like to make love in this weather? Right now, the four of us. You don't need anything else. Such calm weather.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done that before—with four people?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's the best when it's with a group.

PLAYBOY: You've tried it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Of course. I love to watch more.

PLAYBOY: Why do you like to watch?

ZHIRINOVSKY: To see how the others do it. To see the mistakes. Plus, I'm lazy. It inspires me to see the passion of youth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think passion dies as you get older?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Of course. A person eventually dies away.

PLAYBOY: Has the passion in you died?

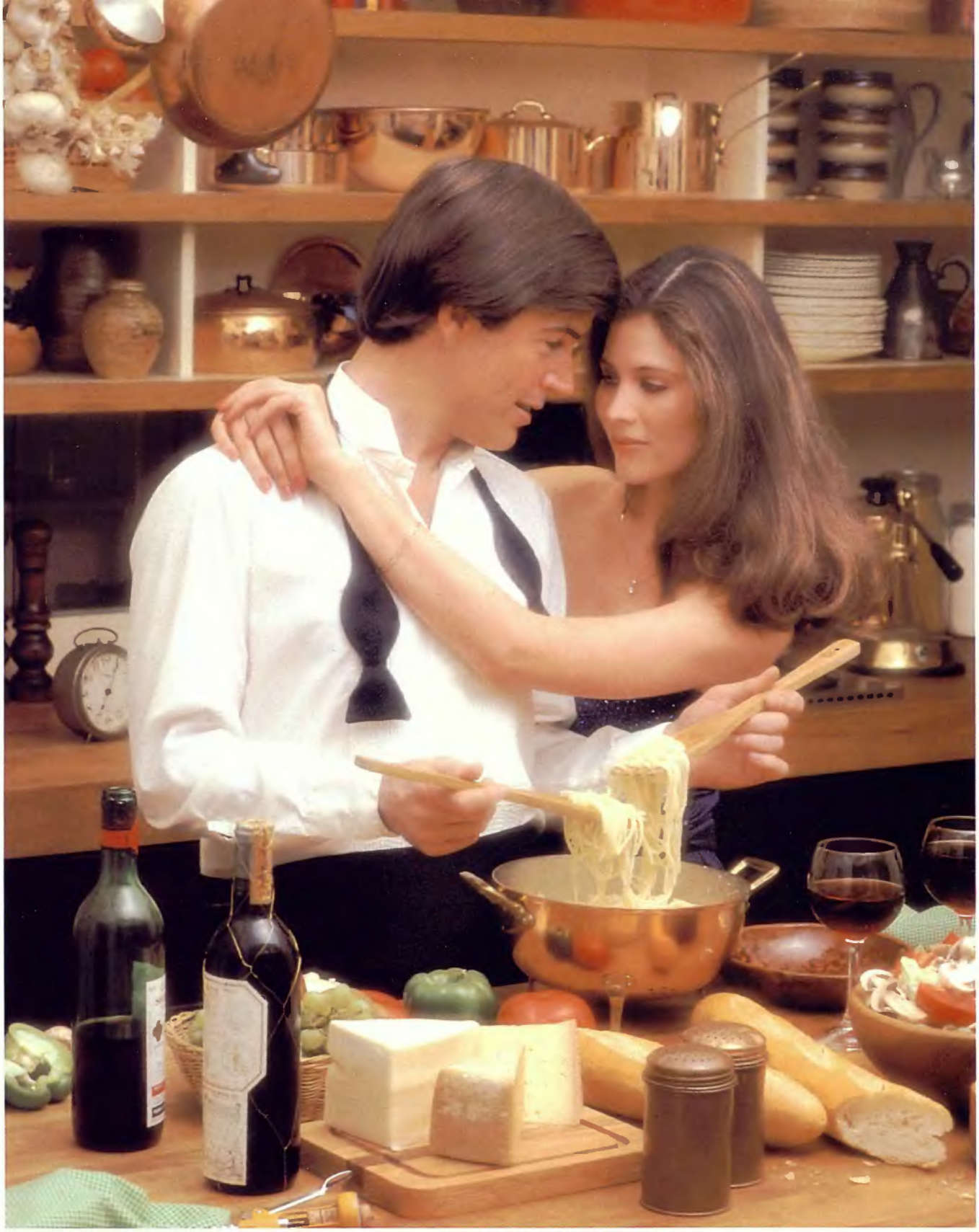
ZHIRINOVSKY: It hasn't died away. But with more experience, a person simply becomes calmer toward everything.

PLAYBOY: Is that good or bad?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's good in the sense that he is less disappointed and suffers less, but life does become more gray. During the years of stagnation [the Brezhnev era], we thought this would last a long time. It's disgusting. We are tired of it. It's been the same for the past nine years. Nine years of this revolution have tired me the same as 20 years of so-called perestroika.

There are changes every day and so

(continued on page 150)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He keeps the tux for formal occasions—like watching the laser disc version of *Casablanca*. He keeps the wine on hand for impromptu toasts—her promotion, the end of the baseball strike. PLAYBOY readers know how to turn a meal into a celebration, or something more. Twelve percent of all the wine that Americans consume is drunk by men who read PLAYBOY, and they know that every year is a vintage one for their favorite men's magazine. (Source: 1994 Spring MRI.)

Why do young women want older men?
Why do kids need stay-at-home moms?
Why is monogamy doomed to fail?
Why are guys so wild?

IS IT ALL IN OUR GENES?

Author Robert Wright's answers to these questions may change the way you look at the world

ROBERT WRIGHT is holding forth on the subject of chimpanzee testicles when an attractive young waitress approaches the table. He freezes midsentence and waits in awkward silence. Only when she is out of earshot does he resume speaking.

You would think Wright would be used to raising eyebrows. His latest book, *The Moral Animal*, about the field of evolutionary psychology, caused a stir the moment it was previewed in *Time* magazine last summer. The cover of the magazine showed a broken wedding ring and, in large letters, the word INFIDELITY, followed by a statement that caused more than a little uneasiness within many a married couple: IT MAY BE IN OUR GENES. Since then, Wright's findings have been argued over by feminists, the religious right and anyone who has even heard of his provocative book.

The Moral Animal—based on Wright's extensive research—is a scientific worldview that explains how we got to be the way we are. Starting where Charles Darwin left off, Wright argues that our every emotional, psychological and biological impulse is determined by evolution. There is, he says, one thing that motivates us: "All any animal is designed to do is to get its genes into the next generation." That is why we feel lust, competitiveness, jealousy and even love. Wright maintains that the reason older men leave their wives for beautiful 18-year-olds is not just that they may be immature scoundrels in mid-life crises, as some believe, but also that the need to procreate is deeply embedded in their psyches by centuries of evolution. That's also why we occasionally give spare change to a bum on the street. The implications of Wright's research are surprising. They explain how Johnny Carson is responsible for the fact that some guys have a hard time getting dates and why feminism may well go against the basic nature of women.

Wright, a columnist for *The New Republic* and a contributor to *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Time*, lives in Washington, D.C. and has passed along his genes, with the help of his wife of 15 years, to two children. He has a boyish shock of brown hair that is parted on the side, curious eyes behind thick-lensed glasses and, if we are to believe his theories, testicles that are larger than the average gorilla's.

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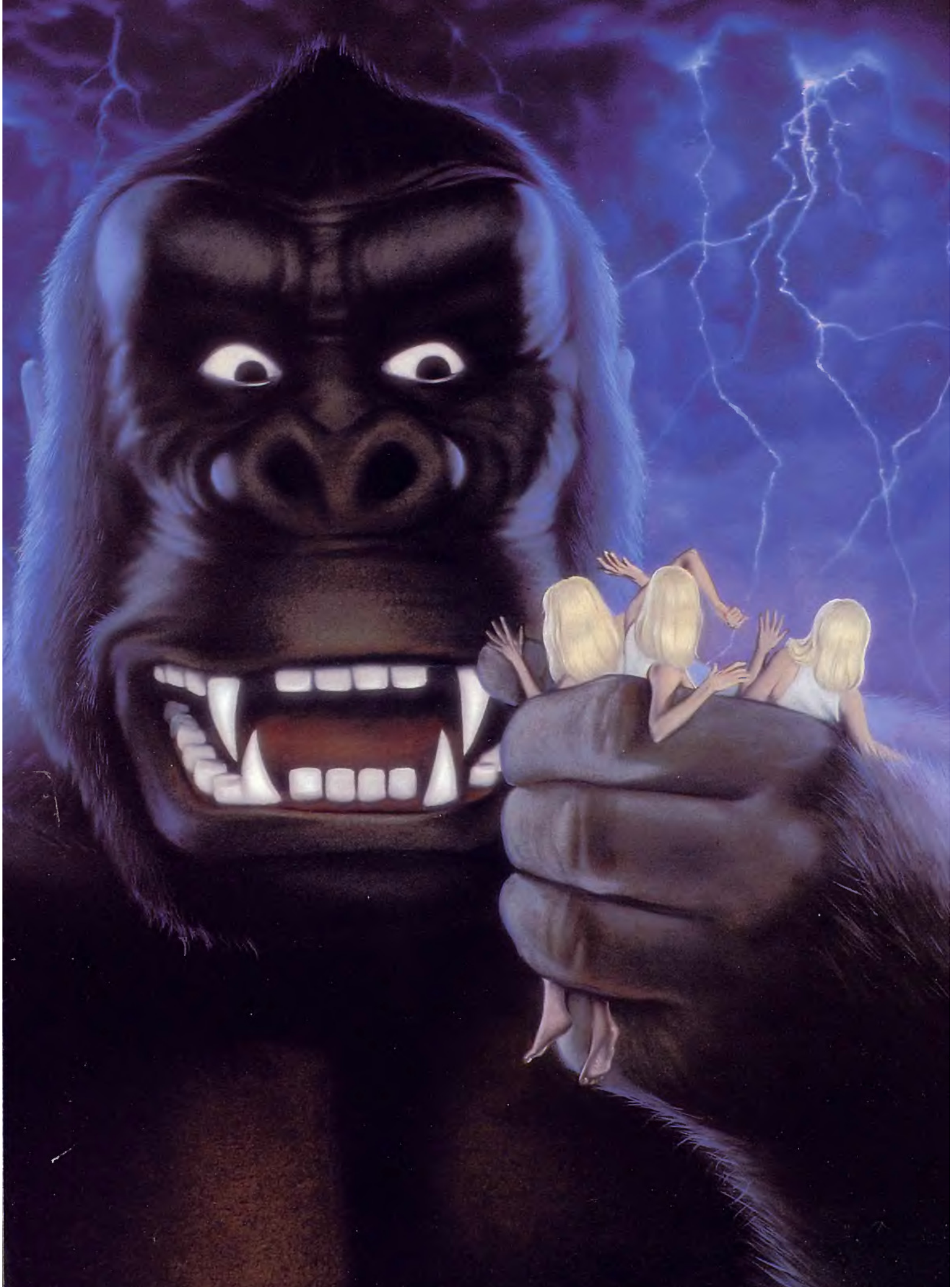
PLAYBOY: If you were going to write personal ads for a man and a woman

article by David Sheff

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN



based on evolutionary psychology, what would each say?

WRIGHT: The premise to the field is that all basic human traits exist because they helped to get genes into the next generation. As crass as that sounds, it is the criterion that has designed our biology, including the human mind. We're not conscious of it, but it's all in there. So the ads would be exactly the kinds of ads you see now: Fortyish man looking for younger woman. Woman looking for financially secure man. These are euphemisms.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason men are attracted to younger women?

WRIGHT: Men are unconsciously looking for fertile women. Youthfulness, of course, implies fertility.

PLAYBOY: Is this why men sometimes leave their wives for younger women?

WRIGHT: Yes, but it's not that they're obeying a desertion impulse. They're obeying a polygamous impulse. It's just that in our society polygamy is illegal, so they have to choose between wives.

PLAYBOY: Do you think polygamy is more natural than monogamy?

WRIGHT: Of the 1200 or so cultures that have been studied, all but 150 have been polygamous. When you look at male promiscuity in primates, there is a correlation between the sizes of the male and the female in the species. So we can use body size to tell a primate's polygamy rating—that is, how likely it would be that one male would have multiple mates. Male gorillas have much bigger bodies than female gorillas, and one male can have a harem of females. Our body size shows that, compared with other primates, we are mildly polygamous—more than gibbons, animals that have only one mate, but not as much as gorillas, which have many mates.

PLAYBOY: What happens when mildly polygamous creatures like you and me attempt to adhere to monogamy?

WRIGHT: That's the trick, isn't it? Our impulses are controllable. That's what makes us moral animals.

PLAYBOY: But are you saying that it's inevitable that, like Jimmy Carter, we lust in our hearts?

WRIGHT: Yes, though whether we should try to confine it to lusting in our hearts is itself an interesting question. It's unresolved. Is it a better strategy not to even look at women on the street, because that will only lead your mind in directions that aren't good for your marriage? Or is it better to go for it and get it out of your system?

PLAYBOY: You've just given some men the excuse they've been looking for.

WRIGHT: Theoretically perhaps, but it seems unlikely that it would be possible to get sex out of your system. In reality, the more sex a man gets, the more he wants. At the same time, there are some real psychological costs to repression. There are marriage counselors who make tons of money by convincing men that if they feel any kind of adulterous impulse it means something is wrong with their marriages. That's just not the case. It's normal for both men and women to feel disenchanted and even to feel extracurricular attractions. It's what you do with it that matters.

PLAYBOY: But if monogamy is contrary to our nature, why should we fight the urge to stray?

WRIGHT: If you have egalitarian political values, monogamy makes sense. Truly polygamous societies are very ugly. In a truly polygamous society, high-status men monopolize the sexual resources of women at the expense of low-status men. Because of this, there tends to be a lot of violence emanating from the low-status men. That's why we try to be monogamous, though we have a sort of de facto polygamy in our culture. It's manifested in serial monogamy—that is, men going from wife to wife. In this way, a high-status man who would gather many wives in a polygamous culture goes through a series of young wives—one at a time. Johnny Carson has had a series of young wives. A less fortunate guy somewhere is left womanless. This causes discontent. It's a fact that most violent crime is committed by unmarried men.

PLAYBOY: Is that why men feel possessive toward their mates?

WRIGHT: It's completely natural for men to treat women as property, though this does not mean that the inclination is good or beyond control. What O.J. Simpson is accused of doing isn't natural per se, but the impulse of jealous rage is. Jealous, violent rage is natural for a man. You can even argue that killing a wayward spouse, or at least killing the man she's sleeping with, could have had a genetic payoff during evolution. If O.J. killed anybody at all, it would have made more sense if he had killed only the man, the competitor, and physically punished the woman. If you kill her, any lessons she might learn from your violence won't be put to good use.

PLAYBOY: Do any animals kill mates who stray?

WRIGHT: Baboons physically keep their mates in line. But of course, none of this means that our culture should not take a stand and punish anyone who fails to control the impulse.

PLAYBOY: You've explained why men fall for young women, but why do women respond to older men?

WRIGHT: A woman needs two things to fulfill her genetic destiny: a man who can impregnate her and one who can care for her and her young. It makes sense for a woman to be attracted to a successful man who can provide for her. It's why women aren't interested in the kind of anonymous sex that men like. They have a stake in follow-through. It's why men like pornography in which the sex is explicit and anonymous, while women want emotional involvement.

Women do not often fantasize about having anonymous sex with a series of men. You're never going to find a culture where magazines such as *Playgirl* are more successful than magazines such as PLAYBOY. You're never going to find a culture where most of the prostitutes are men. It boils down to the fact that women are designed to focus more exclusively on the quality of the mate than the quantity. Furthermore, they are designed to incorporate such things as emotional attachment into the calculus of quality. It can explain why a woman might cheat on her spouse.

PLAYBOY: But you said women are the ones who want follow-through.

WRIGHT: Yes, but it is possible that the way for a woman to get the best of both worlds is to get good genes from one man and investment in the children from another. We know that women who cheat are more likely to do so during ovulation, when they can get pregnant.

PLAYBOY: They're screwing around to find good sperm stock?

WRIGHT: Right, even though it's an unconscious motivation. And you can imagine other scenarios. A woman can use sex to gain resources from a man. When that is the case, she may unconsciously have sex with a certain kind of man only when she's not ovulating. A female friend of mine once said she needed help from a guy to move some furniture. She said, "I could tell that part of the implicit deal was that I sleep with him," and she did. I thought, This doesn't make any sense. She was getting such a meager gain for surrendering this precious good—her egg. But then I realized that maybe she wasn't ovulating, and though she didn't understand that logic, that's exactly what happened. She fooled him.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that deception is a natural trait, too.

WRIGHT: A great deal of our behavior developed just so we would get what we want, or at least what we need. The reason men need to feel that they can trust a mate, for instance, is that they cannot always be around to monitor her. But many primates are suspicious of their mates when they are away. A

(continued on page 146)

"I have to go now, Howard. Here comes my ride."

STUNT WOMEN

MEET THE DAREDEVILS WHO DO HOLLYWOOD'S DIRTY WORK

THEY get shot, tossed out of planes, trains and automobiles. And unlike stuntmen, stuntwomen usually have to look good doing it until the director gets the shot. "We love directors who use the first take," says Dana Hee, who did Sandra Bullock's bullet-dodging in *Demolition Man*. Those flames and explosions are real, says Dana. Movie magic often means no more than getting the stars out of harm's way and putting doubles there. Still, there are benefits. Sometimes a stuntwoman gets a job nobody else could do quite as well. Just ask Alisa Christensen, now appearing in *The End*. "I kill a man with a shotgun blast," she says, "and I do it topless."

Cheryl Rusa (left), a former pro wrestler, is a horseback-stunt specialist. She taurs as a star of a traveling shaw, Zappe's Wild, Wonderful World af Harses. A childhaod accident put Cheryl in a body cast for two years. "When I got out af that cast, I wasn't afraid of anything." Recently, when a jerk at a bar grabbed her, she decked him with one punch. **Kathleen Conway** (right and above) doubled for Jamie Lee Curtis in True Lies. "I remember ducking a lot of flying glass," says Kathleen, who prefers straight acting rales, which are safer. Of her ride on John Sarviss' Hughes 500D helicopter, she says, "I wanted to do it nude."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Jean Malahni was Linda Hamiltan's double in *The Terminatar*. Dealing with Arnald was na sweat for Jean, whose mather was a cop and whose father was a fireman. Since then, she's doubled far Rebecca De Marnay, Morgan Brittany, Playmate Kimberly McArthur (in *Slumber Party Massacre II*) and others. "I'm mast praud of being a single mom and raising twa daughters," says Jean, whase fall to the tracks in *Runaway Train* is a stunt-biz legend.

Alisa Christensen acts as dangerous as she looks. An actress and former stand-up comic, she has rumbled in riots and bar fights in a dozen films, including *Wayne's World* and *The Doors*, plus TV's *Love & War*. Of her acting experience, she says, "My typical role is 'guy's girlfriend who gets shot, sending him on a kick-boxing rampage.'" Anyone as smart and fit as Alisa (see inset) ought to be a star by now.

Trisha Lane, o professional rodeo rider, once rode a bucking bronco 25 times in two hours for o Sunkist commerciol. Good thing she hos "oir sense." "I know how to land safely," she soys. To run through a blozing building, however, "all you can do is take o deep breoth and go." Trisho oppeored in *Wes Craven's New Nightmare*, but now she's doing safer work on *Melrose Place*. As for doing PLAYBOY, "I wanted to look beoutiful, not bruised."

Dana Hee is a redhead with a black belt and a gold medal. She was an Olympic champion in tae kwan do at the 1988 Games. "The medal got my foat in the door af the entertainment business. The rest is hard wark," says Dana. She performed Nastassja Kinski's stunts in *Terminal Velocity* and Penelope Ann Miller's in *The Shadaw*. It's all a kick for Dana, who can speak faur languages while busting villains' heads. Laak for her as a shapely supernatural in *Species*.

Hester's Dream

fear was gone, desire was gone, the future didn't exist—there was only that single orgasmic moment on the tip of his tongue

fiction by **IVA HERCÍKOVÁ**

SHE NOTICED him because his mouth, like her older son's, had sharply defined lips, and because during the entire auction he watched her openly, as though she reminded him of someone he knew but couldn't place. During a break he brought over a cup of tea and introduced himself. He had deep-brown eyes set in a thin, pale face, a straight, narrow nose and dark hair. Except for his paleness, he looked Italian; the name Ricardo fit him perfectly. She wasn't surprised when he called her the next day about a painting in a private collection. She wasn't even surprised when they got together and there was no painting. He apologized awkwardly, they drank a glass of wine together and the next day she barely gave him a second thought. He tried to lure her to galleries again and again, which only confirmed her suspicion that he was trying to sell her something, and it was quite easy to say no. But then he sent her tickets for *La Bohème* at the Met, after she had mentioned to him that she liked opera. She went with her husband and pretended not to notice Ricardo's

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

face in a box to her left.

He called her often to remind her of what she shouldn't miss, the cosmopolitan Manhattanite looking out for the Long Island housewife. When he started hanging around in a car at the corner of her street, Hester got nervous. What confused her was that she caught herself looking him over, his hands, his legs, his face, wondering what he would like to do with her, what he would do with her if they were alone. She had never looked at a man in such a way before.

It was an unbearable New York August, hot and sticky. The house felt empty. The children were away: her sons in Europe, her daughter on a hiking trip. The social luncheons and volunteer work she was involved with didn't fulfill her; her only passion was tennis, even though at this time of year the asphalt courts sizzled like a frying pan and it became hard to find a partner willing to be drenched in sweat after just a few minutes of a game. Then she noticed Ricardo watching her from the street above the tennis courts.

She announced to her husband that she was going to get a job, and he laughed and she laughed with him. He suggested that she take a trip to Italy to visit her sister, who long ago had married there.

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Rome was loud and filthy, even worse than New York. Her sister had no time for her and Hester was sorry she had come. The third day, Ricardo showed up. She couldn't figure out how he had found her in Rome, but she wasn't about to ask him. The next time she spotted him parked in front of the building she got dressed quickly, went out and sat down beside him. What's one afternoon in a hotel somewhere, meaningless lovemaking with a meaningless young man, perhaps pleasant? He'll get what he wants and the restlessness within her that she doesn't understand will come to an end. He didn't seem surprised. It was almost as if he had been expecting something similar. He didn't even ask where she wanted to go, but expertly zigzagged through the narrow streets until they got onto a road leading to the sea and then drove all the way to Ostia in silence.

They stopped in front of a private villa with a formal garden and polished windows, a gorgeous Roman villa with a private beach. They entered a glass-enclosed hall and the surface of the sea glittered like a procuress conspiring with Ricardo. She calmly sat down on a brocaded chair. She cleared her throat and began with her prepared speech about not wanting to be harassed any further, that there was no point. But he stopped her, gruffly ordering her to be quiet.

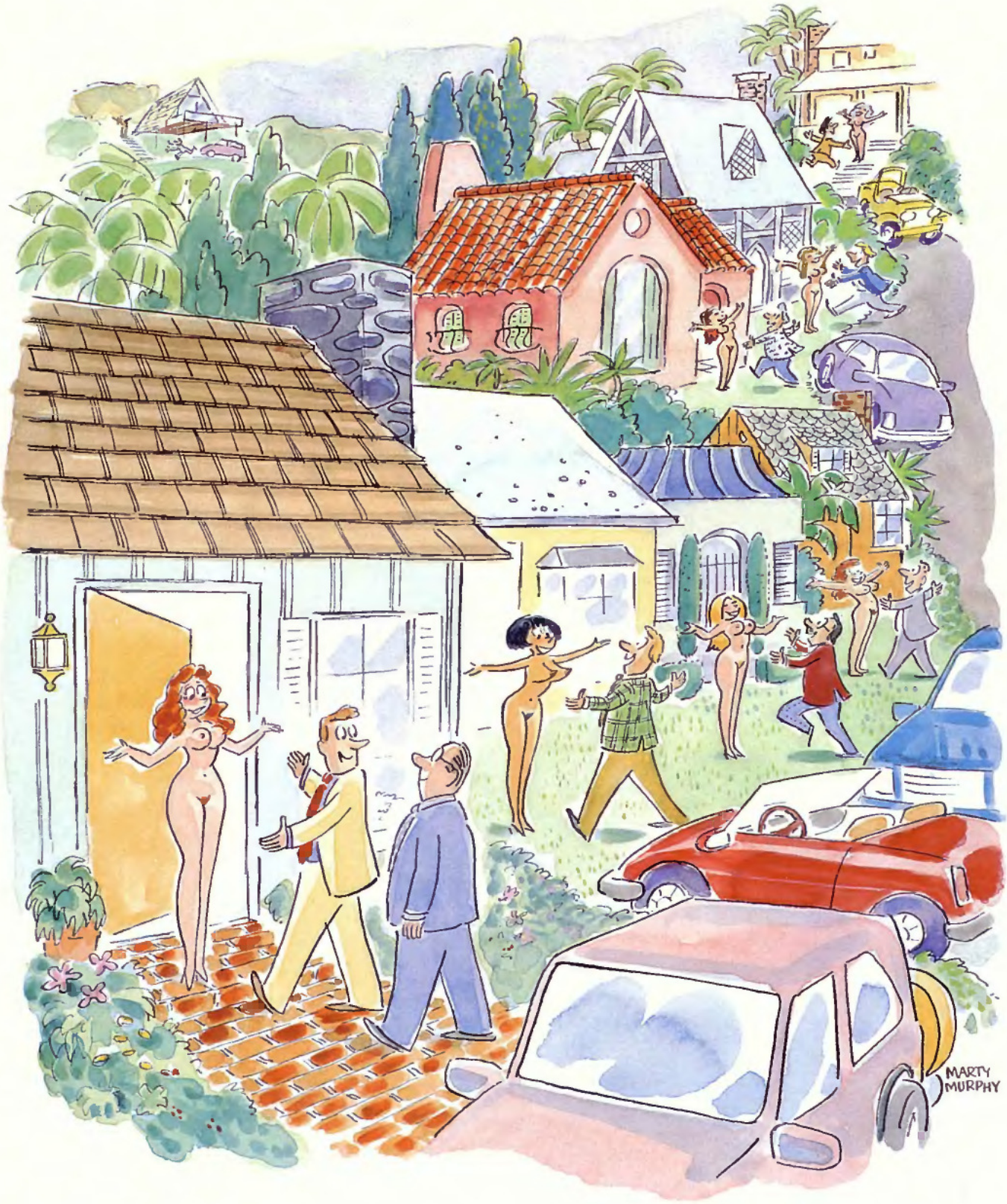
Ricardo took a few steps to the center of the room. Now that he was closer to her than to the window, she could see his eyes, the yellowish-brown eyes of a wild animal. He wet his lips and announced he would like her to allow him once a year to come to her and give her an orgasm by oral sex—that's exactly how he put it: to give her an orgasm by oral sex. But that wasn't all, he said. He wanted her to send him an invitation to this event written on coated paper. She should expect him while she was seated in a chair with wooden arms and wearing a white dress.

Coated paper, she murmured to herself in amazement. And for whatever reason, it was the image of coated paper that aroused her. Ricardo was either playing a joke on her or he was deranged—there was no other possibility. For a split second she saw herself dead, cold and naked, Ricardo wrapping her into coated paper. But, in fact, she was very much alive. Everything inside of her was moving, as though her insides were a nest of little snakes, smooth wriggling snakes. Ricardo took her hand and was kissing it, and then casually let his tongue graze her palm.

I'm wearing a white dress, was her wild thought, and I'm sitting in a chair with wooden arms. Perhaps the first time it could be without the invitation on coated paper. Her face flushed; she knew he had read her thoughts. His eyes darkened and he somewhat clumsily knelt down beside her, or rather sank down, and seized the hem of her dress and pulled it over his head as if he were a child playing games. She gave a rattling little laugh and the unnatural sound frightened her. She wanted to push him away but he forcefully spread her knees—there was nothing childish in that action—he pressed her thighs against his temples, the silk crackled as the sparks flew, tiny bits of electricity like the touch of a bird's beak. Maybe they weren't sparks but teeth: He was lightly biting her thighs and pinching tiny pieces of flesh until the sheer pleasurable pain shot straight into her stomach and then she felt his tongue move up along her thigh. I have to wash myself, she protested. She was wearing her best white panties from Paris. It wasn't hard to guess why she had put them on; tiny panties that didn't need to come off, they could just be rolled aside. Ricardo's tongue was still moving up her thigh and already she felt she was sitting in a pool of her own juices. Nothing like it had ever happened to her before, she wasn't even aware that she had so many juices inside her. It wasn't disgusting, but she was frightened and she was also afraid she would have an orgasm the second his tongue touched her vagina. Then it happened: It wasn't even a touch but a puff. She gasped and abruptly arched her body toward him, Yes, I want it, right now I want it, but he had already left her vagina and was kissing her just above her pubic hair. She struggled to overcome the urge to grab his face and push it back into her, to force him to release the unbearable tension and let it all be over—let the juices gush out of her like sperm washing away humiliating lust. She would smooth down her dress and walk out with some dignity, more or less.

But then impatience inexplicably turned into a desire to have the moist little animal stay forever stuck to her. Ricardo, as if sensing that the danger had passed, moved back between her thighs and lightly kissed her clitoris. With an incredible thoroughness he started to lick her vagina; he flicked his tongue in and out of it, played in her hairs and explored the bridge separating it from her anus. She wanted him to put his penis inside her, she wanted to exchange this foreign pleasure for the familiar pleasure of surrender. She wanted him to hold her, but Ricardo went on pressing her thighs together and darting his tongue from place to place. His entire being was his tongue, and he slid through the maze of passages and catacombs until he penetrated to the hidden core of molten lava that was aching to erupt. He suddenly froze and left her spread wide open. She didn't know what he was doing—why did he pull his tongue away?—and with an almost savage motion gripped his hair and pushed him toward that hungering orifice. When he didn't touch her, she stretched down her hand to terminate the unbearable urge herself, but he caught her arms and wouldn't let her. She felt faint, as if hot air were building up an intolerable pressure inside of her. Please, she mumbled, but he remained motionless between her legs. Her whole body was tossing about and she wanted it, she wanted him, not only his tongue, but all of him. She felt the tip of his tongue touch her clitoris, lightly, gently, like the tickle of a feather, then wet and slippery. The rapture she had tensely yearned for began, and she alone, hurled from the earth into orbit, was hurtling through space. She wasn't a woman's body anymore, she was a comet. She didn't have just one pitiful slot for mating, but thousands of them, all of her was a sheath made for pleasure, for love, for pain. Fear was gone, desire was gone, the future didn't

(continued on page 126)



"I think you'll find we do things a little different out here in California, J.B."

Above: Here's a Gianni Versace chain-mail tank top, $4300, that David Copperfield has combined with the Versace suit pictured on page 81. Opposite page: Copperfield hangs in there in another great-looking outfit that includes a Versace tropical wool pinstripe five-button collarless jacket, $1370, and wool crepe triple-pleated trousers by Istante (a Versace subsidiary company), $440; plus Versace black suede loafers with silver Medusa-head medallions, $495.

david copperfield hangs out in clothes by versace

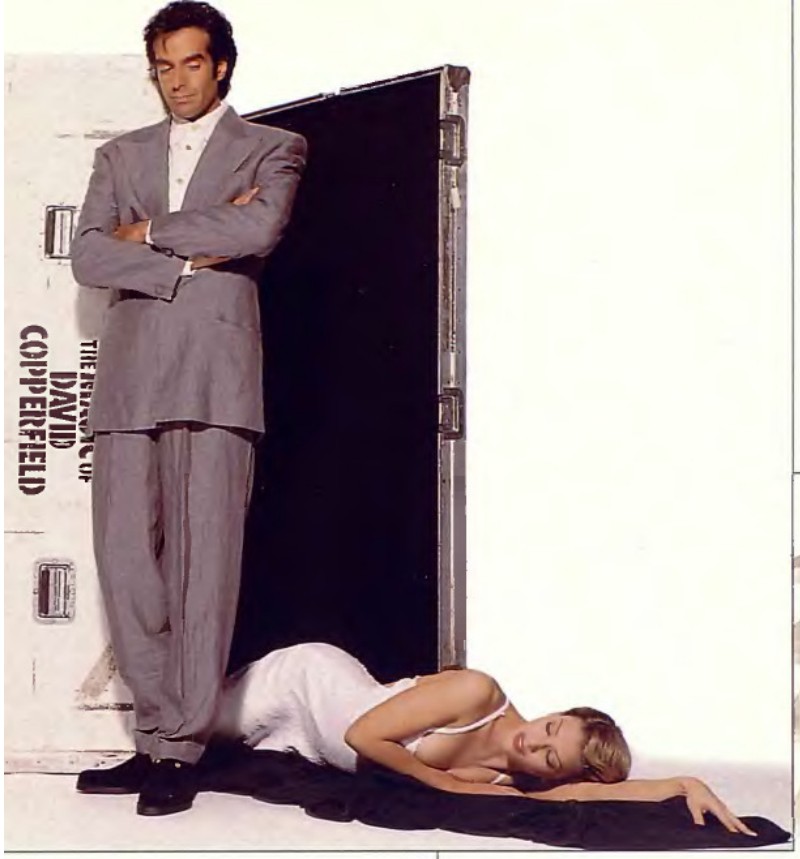
TRICKS WITH STYLE

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANOREW ECCLES

WHEN ONE of America's foremost illusionists joins one of Europe's visionary menswear designers, you can bet on fashion magic, particularly when the two are well acquainted.

Gianni Versace designed the wardrobe for David Copperfield's stage show *Beyond Imagination*, and some of Versace's latest creations hang in Copperfield's closet. For spring, Versace has two style tricks up his sleeve: He has created one-button single-breasted suits with the button closure falling well below the belt buckle and has introduced three-, four- and five-button single-breasted suits, the last of which are crew-necked. Versace pants are cut several ways, including wide and straight or tapered and pleated. And because his jackets and pants are sold separately, you can change them, presto, as you see fit.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 153.

STYLING BY STEPHEN EARABINO FOR VISAGES STYLE, LOS ANGELES/MAKEUP AND HAIRSTYLING BY JEANNE TOWNSEND FOR CELESTINES, LOS ANGELES/MEN'S GROOMING BY VICTOR VIDAL FOR CLOUTIER

Above: Copperfield can take this trunk show on the road ony time he wants. (If you can't cotch his live performonce, portions of his stage show *Beyond Imagination* will be performed as part of o special airing this March on CBS.) Here, he's wearing a linen one-button single-breasted jacket with peaked lapels and besom pockets, $1350, ond matching triple-pleated trousers, $600, both by Istonte; plus a cotton piqué shirt with gold buttons and a pointed collar, about $300, and black suede shoe boots with gold medollions, $395, both by the Gionni Versoce Collection. Right: Copperfield models a Versace outfit that's a cut above. It includes a silk four-button double-breasted suit with four bellows pockets and triple-pleated trousers, $2110; o gray cotton-Lurex sport shirt with silver buttons and a pointed collar, by Versoce Jeons Couture, $240; and black suede loafers with Medusa-heod medallions by Gionni Versace Collection, $495.

Below: Copperfield may be an escape artist, but with captors as sexy as these, what's the hurry? He's wearing a wool crepe three-button single-breasted jacket, $1015, and matching triple-pleated trousers, $448, both by the Gianni Versace Collection; plus a cotton-Lurex shirt, by Versus (a Versace subsidiary), $335; and suede loafers with Medusa-head medallions by Gianni Versace Collection, $495.

ATTACK OF THE KILLER MOGUL

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

former disney chief jeffrey katzenberg launches a new studio—and gets revenge in the process

PLAYBOY PROFILE

JEFFREY KATZENBERG is seated in a spare office at Steven Spielberg's enclave at Universal Studios. It's only three miles from the Walt Disney Studios, where Katzenberg ruled for ten years until he left last August after a bitter dispute with Disney's chairman, Michael Eisner. On this day, Katzenberg couldn't seem more content. He's leaning back in a leather chair, his feet crossed on the oak desk. He's wearing a loose white cotton shirt, jeans and sneakers—a pointed contrast to the buttondown conservative style at Disney. He's drinking a Diet Coke.

One of Katzenberg's assistants—he has three working in shifts from dawn to late at night—walks in with a list of at least 30 phone calls that have arrived over the past hour. (The calls number about 600 a week.) Katzenberg glances at the sheet. He will soon start returning the calls from top investment bankers in New York, powerful talent agents, several prominent directors. Calls from his new partners, Spielberg and billionaire entertainment executive David Geffen, are returned immediately.

Katzenberg zealously sought out these two friends to help him create the first new Hollywood studio in more than 60 years—an event in the entertainment industry that was not only front-page news but also a turning point in the life of the 43-year-old movie executive.

"I mean, when I was a kid I loved movies," he says expansively. "*Spartacus*, *Ben-Hur*, *Lawrence of Arabia*. I mean, like, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*."

He still loves movies.

And he still loves Hollywood.

And power, especially the power to wield control over his own company. Katzenberg's obsession with owning a company seized the studio chief the moment he slumped in his chair at Disney, stunned at Eisner's decision to dismiss him. Katzenberg realized then that, despite his millions of dollars in salary and bonuses, his stock options and his enormous clout at the studio, he was nothing more than a Disney employee—and a disposable one at that.

Three hours after his dismissal the phone rang. It was Spielberg, calling from Jamaica where he and his family were at the home of director Robert Zemeckis. Word that Katzenberg was out had surged all the way to the Caribbean.

As Spielberg expressed his dismay and anger at Eisner, Zemeckis, in the background, shouted jokingly, "Why don't you guys do something together?"

Spielberg tried to buoy Katzenberg's mood. "Jeff, let me quote to you from *Back to the Future*," he said. "I'll quote Christopher Lloyd's last line: 'Where you're going you don't need roads.'"

Katzenberg impulsively replied: "What do you mean, 'you'? I'm thinking 'we.'"

"We were teasing, I guess, but there was a moment in

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

which it went from a playful and fanciful idea to a great idea," remembers Katzenberg.

Within a week the two were seated in Spielberg's home, with the 46-year-old director, the most successful in the history of the movie business, quietly voicing his own yearnings about the future. Throughout his life, Spielberg told Katzenberg, he had sought out older men to guide him. There was Steve Ross, former chairman of Time Warner, who was a father figure, and Sidney Sheinberg, the president of MCA Inc., who had discovered Spielberg and nurtured him. Sheinberg was like an older brother.

"I needed them," said Spielberg later of the two men. "But I grew up and began to foster children and have a large family. I felt I was ready to be the father of my own business. Or at least the co-father."

Geffen was called in by Katzenberg to guide the financial launch of the new company, but he was reluctant. His relationship with Spielberg was cordial but never especially warm.

"I wanted all three of us from the very beginning," Katzenberg recalls. "I had to make a marriage between the two of them." Katzenberg asked Geffen to meet with him and Spielberg, ostensibly to talk about financial issues. Katzenberg's real agenda was to cement a relationship between Spielberg and Geffen.

Finally, Katzenberg began pressing Geffen to turn the partnership into a threesome. Geffen's immediate response was: "Why do you need me? You guys cover all the bases." Katzenberg and Spielberg explained that Geffen's financial know-how, his doggedness in signing talent and his savvy as a record mogul were pivotal to the new company, which would not only make movies but also produce TV shows, start a record division and launch an interactive unit.

Geffen signed on. A delighted Katzenberg said at the time, "I feel like I'm driving the stagecoach and holding the reins of these two world-class stallions."

Yet despite his public exuberance, Katzenberg is plainly nervous. He is making the riskiest move of his career in founding the entertainment company, which will start producing films in 1995. More important, unlike Spielberg and Geffen, he's gambling virtually his entire fortune on the company.

The $250 million start-up costs are being divided three ways. According to *Forbes*, Spielberg is worth in excess of $600 million and rapidly rising. Geffen is already one of the nation's richest men, with a fortune estimated to be at least $1 billion. As a result of their reservoir of money, Spielberg and Geffen will hardly suffer if the new entertainment company founders. But the same cannot be said of Katzenberg.

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Katzenberg viewed Eisner as the older brother he never had. The two men virtually grew up together, first at Paramount, where Katzenberg climbed quickly through the ranks to become president of production under Eisner, then at Disney, which Eisner took over in 1984 and where he named Katzenberg as studio chief.

When Eisner arrived, Disney was a somnolent enterprise with $1.5 billion in revenues, some lackluster family movies and a dormant animation division. The studio essentially lived off reissues of its animated classics.

In less than a decade Katzenberg successfully deployed his 14-hour days, lifting Disney from its near moribund status to become one of Hollywood's dominant studios. Disney Pictures, under Katzenberg, turned into a money machine (the company's revenues reached $8.5 billion in 1993) fueled by such enormously profitable enterprises as *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin* and *The Lion King*, as well as popular television shows such as *Home Improvement*.

Moreover, Katzenberg led Disney's successful move to Broadway with *Beauty and the Beast*, and he played a central role in creating the company's lucrative marketing tie-ins to animated films.

But despite—or because of—the studio's success, the Katzenberg–Eisner relationship became strained.

Eisner began to resent Katzenberg's public persona. Katzenberg courted journalists and editors like no other studio chief, while Eisner shied away from them. Eisner was furious when Katzenberg's now famous 28-page memo was widely distributed in January 1991. The memo criticized Disney's film operation, saying that the company was spending too much time and money on big-budget disappointments such as *Dick Tracy*. The memo also implicitly criticized rival studios for producing such big-budget flops as *Havana*, *Two Jakes* and *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

The memo hurt Katzenberg. Rival studio chiefs scorned it, saying it stated the obvious and was another of Katzenberg's self-serving, self-promotional episodes. But even more damaging for Katzenberg, Eisner disliked the memo and felt Katzenberg had usurped the boundaries of his job by leaking the document, which Katzenberg has denied doing. Implicit in Eisner's anger was his sense that Katzenberg had not only overstepped his authority but also was, consciously or not, restlessly eyeing Eisner's job. Katzenberg says the notion is absurd.

Their relationship was never quite the same after the memo, with Eisner showing impatience and annoyance toward Katzenberg. Eisner patronized his protégé, often telling reporters that Katzenberg was his "golden retriever," a phrase that Katzenberg grew to despise. Eisner failed to give Katzenberg credit for the success of *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin* and *The Lion King*—and blamed him for the avalanche of empty-brained comedies (including *Cabin Boy*, *Hocus Pocus*, *Holy Matrimony* and *My Boyfriend's Back*) that have been Disney trademarks in recent years. (Katzenberg's taste was so lowbrow that even Geffen and other friends complained to him.)

Eisner's disapproval and Katzenberg's dissatisfaction collided on April 3, 1994 when Frank Wells, the number two man at Disney and Eisner's closest advisor, was killed in a helicopter crash while on a skiing trip. Highly respected within the movie industry, Wells was a voice of moderation and accommodation at Disney. His death devastated Eisner.

Months earlier, Katzenberg had told both men he was restless and wanted to move up within the company. If that wasn't going to happen, Katzenberg implied he would leave. He backed up the decision with a move that amazed Eisner and Wells: He rejected $100 million in Disney stock options that would have tied him to the studio for several years.

In the months after Wells' death, Katzenberg made it clear that he wanted Wells' job—and Eisner made it equally plain that he was ambivalent about giving it to him. Fiercely opposed to promoting Katzenberg was Roy Disney, a member of the board, a nephew of Walt Disney's and the company's remaining link to the Disney family. Roy Disney, according to studio executives, was nominally the head of animation at the studio, but Katzenberg ran the show. As a result, Disney resented Katzenberg—he barely spoke to him—and he made his displeasure known to Eisner.

According to several sources at Disney, Eisner felt that Katzenberg was pushing too aggressively for Wells' job. He also felt that Katzenberg had an agenda in which he would ultimately seek out the top spot. Katzenberg has told friends that during a squabble with Eisner two years ago, the company chairman suddenly said, "Well, we're

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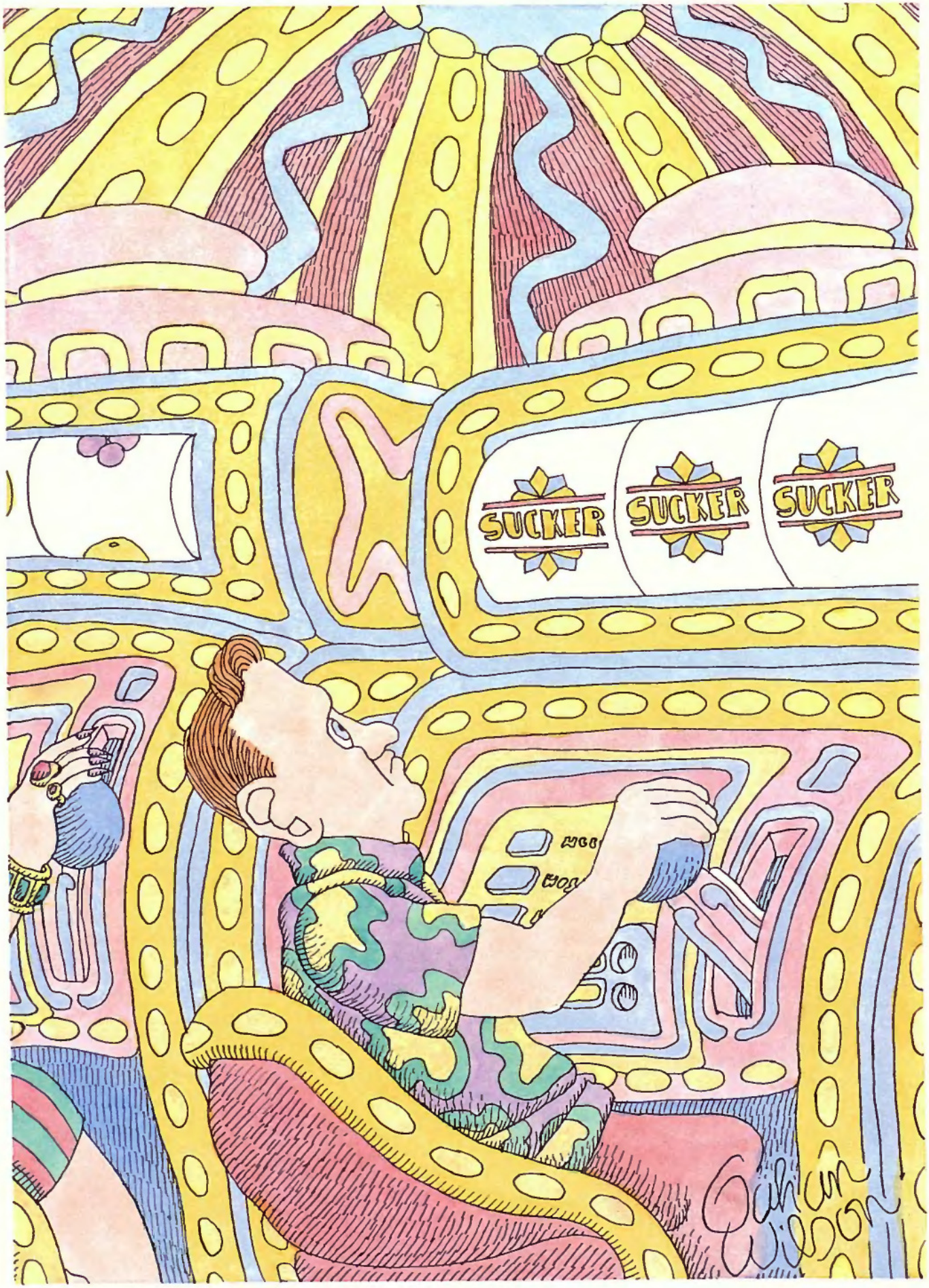
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

THE HEART OF TEXAS

MISS MARCH JUST KEEPS ON TRUCKIN'

TO HEAR Stacy Sanches talk is to hear pure Texas issuing from the mouth of a babe. Born in Dallas, Stacy relishes her place in the most devotedly nuclear of families, with Mom and Dad sticking together through 32 years of marriage and the whole gang (including a brother and a sister) spending time in the family business. She describes the arrangement as "awesome," but it sounds more like a throwback to a simpler time, when families hung together at home and on the range.

For all of that, Stacy's not exactly your middle-of-nowhere country girl. But she's not your typical big-haired Dallas strutter, either. She is an outer-borough type from a burb north of town, and she's her daddy's girl. At least when he's around. "My daddy works his ass off," Stacy says, showing pride first, then a mischievous smirk. "But he was gone a lot. And sometimes my mom, my sister and I would sneak off to La Bare—one of those strip places that feature men. I was only 14, but they'd let you in with a parent. I don't think my daddy knows about that to this day."

Her confession might be bad news, because her dad is now her boss. After a year-and-a-half stint at Hooters, Stacy started working for her father's custom-pickup-truck business. "I like working for my dad—I can do whatever I want, work when I want and I have weekends off." That gives her plenty of freedom for lifting weights, her favorite daytime activity. "When I first started, I hated

"Kim follows me wherever I go," Stacy says of her older sister. But she points out, "I'm the mature one." They work together, travel together, party together and, best of all, photograph together. "We're like twins joined at the hip," adds Kim. "Guys we've dated have said to us, 'What, do I have to date both of y'all?'" Wait just a minute. Were those guys complaining?

"My daddy spoiled me," says Stacy. He did indeed—she grew up around all the fancy pickup trucks and vans she could stand. Her father (above, at left) owns a high-end auto shop that turns pickup trucks into envy machines. But when Stacy and Kim walk into the shop, the envy shifts from chrome and steel to the owner's progeny.

"My sister and I can dance all night long," says Stacy. When she goes out, she has to be in constant motion. "I don't like to go to clubs. If you're not dancing, then you just stand there and your back starts hurting. My sister tells me I'm boring," she says. She shakes her head and grins. "But I don't think so. I know what I like."

BUBBA
GUMP
SHRIMP
CO.

After hanging around trucks and grease at work, Stacy and Kim save their evenings for country-and-western boot-scootin'. (Stacy is shown here trying out the mechanical bronc at the Brandin' Iron in San Bernardino, California.) She has discovered the unifying theory of men on the dance floor: "The good-looking guys can't dance. The geeky guys are the ones with good-looking girls on their arms."

it," she says, "until I started seeing some muscles pop out." Now she's hooked on making things pop out. And that's an addiction we can admire. Stacy works out with her personal weight trainer, Kelly, one day a week. "She's not a complainer," he says, "but she's good at stalling. When I say it's time for another set, she'll give it one of these looks"—he rolls his eyes and pouts. But he doesn't let her get away with it. He puts his face close to hers and barks orders. "One day I was dying," says Stacy, "and he made me keep doing it. I almost started crying. I can't say no to him." —JEFF POSEY

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Stacy Sanchez

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Stacy Sanchez

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5' 10" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 9-4-73 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas

AMBITIONS: To be self-sufficient by working as a model and to travel the world.

TURN-ONS: Weight-training, fast country two-step dancing, guys who really listen.

TURNOFFS: Sitting in one place for too long, clubs and bars.

DREAM VACATION: Italy. I've heard it's the most romantic place in the world.

FAVORITE DRINK: No, not a Texas margarita. I prefer a good Pina Colada.

I MUST HAVE: my weekends free. If I can't have a job with weekends off, then I'm not doing it.

TURN UP THE RADIO FOR: Brooks & Dunn, Travis Tritt, Keith Whitley

Daddy's girl

Sister Act

Shall we dance?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two attractive roommates, aged 21 and 25, were amazed that their 61-year-old neighbor went out on dates night after night while they sat at home watching television. One finally asked the older woman how she accounted for her popularity.

"Well, hon, when I was 21, I gave it away. When I was 25, I sold it. And now, at 61," she explained, "I offer rebates."

How many perverts does it take to screw in a light bulb? Just one—but it takes the entire emergency-room staff to get it back out.

A couple of lawyers representing opposite parties in a bitter divorce decided to work out their differences on the golf course. On the fourth hole, one shanked his approach shot, hitting his playing partner in the head. The injured man was rushed to the hospital, but was soon pronounced dead.

The attending physician offered his condolences to the other golfer. "I have to ask you a question, though," the medic said. "The head wound was clearly fatal, but we also found a ball lodged in his rectum. Do you have any idea how it got there?"

"Oh," the man sheepishly admitted, "that was my mulligan."

What do kissing and real estate have in common? Location, location, location.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: After a series of stock market investments had gone bad, a businessman began looking for ways to reduce his household expenses. He told his wife to cut back on floral arrangements, clothes purchases and long-distance phone calls.

When he took an especially bad beating in the commodities market, he came home in a rage, demanding that she cancel her health club membership, her manicure appointments and her psychiatrist visits. "What's more," he ranted, "if you ever learned to cook, we could get rid of the chef."

"Well, for that matter," the indignant wife retorted, "if you ever learned to fuck, we could get rid of the gardener."

What do good writers have in common with politicians? They both prefer short sentences.

I don't know what you see in him," one starlet said of her friend's producer boyfriend. "He's old, he's ugly, he smells bad and his mind's in the gutter."

"That's true," her friend replied, "but his gutter's on Rodeo Drive."

Over drinks, one psychiatrist turned to another and asked, "What's been your most difficult case?"

"Once I had a patient who lived in a complete fantasy world," the second replied. "He actually believed he was Elvis' love child and that he stood to inherit a fortune. For years he waited for a make-believe letter to arrive from a make-believe attorney. He never went out—just sat around and waited."

"What was the result of treatment?"

"It was an eight-year struggle, but I finally cured him," the shrink said. "And then that stupid letter arrived."

Graffito spotted at a reincarnation seminar: SAME SHIT. DIFFERENT LIFE.

A young army recruit was using the barracks' urinal when the guy next to him said, "I couldn't help noticing that you are circumcised. Did it hurt?"

"They do it when you're eight days old, so I don't remember any kind of pain," the PFC replied. "But I do know this: I didn't walk for a year."

Brenda, finally fed up with her boyfriend Jeff's unfaithfulness, took a new lover of her own. Unaware of this sexual turn of events, Jeff called her to apologize for his past behavior. "Babe," he said, " I hope you're not holding a grudge."

"You know," Brenda replied, nestled against her new hunk, "I don't think I've ever heard it called that before."

Did you hear about the new Xanax diet? You take four with breakfast and for the rest of the day food just falls out of your mouth.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Joe's neighbor argued against his seeking a divorce. "You can't split up over something as trivial as a weekend out with the boys," he insisted. "That's stupid."

"I don't care what you say, Herb," Joe huffed. "I just don't think she should go."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"This raunchy e-mail is all right, but I miss the intimacy of an indecent phone call."

THIRD
1:05

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO Sports VIDEO GAMES

MESS WITH THE SHAQ OR SQUARE OFF AGAINST EVANDER HOLYFIELD—AND LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT

modern living

By Mike Meyers

DON'T THINK for a second that this is kid stuff. Today's sports video games are so realistic that even superstar jocks such as Greg Maddux, Joe Montana and Shaquille O'Neal are diehard fans. "Rarely does a month go by that we don't host several pro athletes at our company," says Dave Dempsey, a spokesman for Electronic Arts Sports. "And we have a tough time getting them to leave. We have to peel their fingers off the game controllers." Like the real deals, the best sports simulations feature top athletes, multiple camera angles, detailed stats and stadium renderings so accurate you can launch a deep fly ball and have it sail over the ivy at Wrigley Field. In fact, just about anything that occurs in sports can now be duplicated in video games. Want to ski or snowboard in Val-d'Isère? Trade a couple of second-string hockey players for a scoring ace? Try to hit a Charlie Hough knuckleball? Then check out *Tommy Moe's Winter Extreme: Skiing and Snowboarding* (by Super Nintendo Entertainment System), *NHL '95* (Sega Genesis and SNES) and *World Series Baseball* (Sega Genesis).

Of course, the ultimate adrenaline rush is yet to come. Software developers tell us the industry is hard at work on the next step in video gaming—merging sports with virtual reality. Imagine strapping on a helmet and finding yourself in the outfield of a major-league ballpark. You can see the ball launched from the batter's box, hear the roar of the crowd as you make a diving catch, and feel the wet, cold stickiness of the beer that gets dumped on you by a fan in the bleachers.

Experiencing that fantasy is a few years away, but the future is now for head-to-head video-game play via modem (see the Xband modem under "Cool Sports Gadgets"). You can also enjoy 18 holes of virtual-reality golf, in which you use an electronic club controller to strike an imaginary golf ball (and then watch it slice to the right on your television screen). Or use the Batter Up baseball bat controller to take a swing (or two or three) at some Nolan Ryan heat.

Down the road, communications leaders such as ABC and TCI plan to bring interactive gaming to television. Instead of going to the video game store to pick up the latest sports titles, you'll have them delivered directly to your TV via cable or satellite.

Technology aside, another appealing aspect of sports video gaming is that it lets you take control of your favorite team's destiny. No lockouts. No contract renegotiations. No overpriced tickets, concessions or parking. Who knows—it may be just a matter of time before a debate on the merits of, say, John Madden's *NFL* versus Joe Montana's *NFL* is sharing airtime with discussions about the real thing on jock-talk radio. (We're bailing out fast when hotshot video-game players start looking for agents.) So grab a control pad and get ready for some rock 'em, sock 'em, in-your-face armchair action.

Best Jean-Claude Van Damme imitation by a basketball player

•*Shaq Fu*: NBA megastar Shaquille O'Neal as a bruising, brawling street fighter. Would you want to face him in a dark alley? (Sega Genesis and Super Nintendo Entertainment System) •*Bill Laimbeer's Combat Basketball*: Ex–Detroit Piston bad boy Laimbeer is commissioner and star player (yep, it really is fantasy) of this pseudobasketball simulation set in the year 2030. For added fun, players are armored, and there are weapons and mines. (SNES) •*Michael Jordan: Chaos in the Windy City*: Is Jordan versatile or what? First basketball, then baseball—and now, kicking bad guys' butts in an adventure game. (SNES)

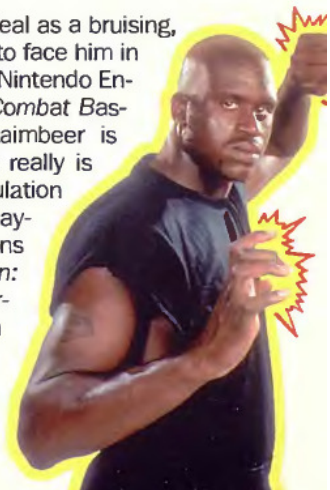


ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

Great game tricks

Those crafty video-game programmers. They build all kinds of sneaky functions into their software, but you can't access them unless you know the secret commands. Here are a few of our favorites:

•*NBA Jam*: Use the following codes and take to the hardwood as President Clinton or VP Gore. See if you can compensate for their tendency to go to the left. For SNES, choose yes when asked if you want to enter initials for record keeping. Next, type ARK (for Clinton) or NET (for Gore) and leave the cursor on the last letter (K or T). Then press and hold the top right, top left and start buttons simultaneously along with button X (for Clinton) or button A (for Gore). For Sega Genesis, duplicate the SNES trick by typing ARK or NET and leaving the cursor on the last letter. Next press start and button A simultaneously for Clinton or start and button B for Gore. •*NBA Jam Tournament Edition*: November 1990 Playmate Lorraine Olivia and Playboy model Kerri Hoskins grace the screen as cheerleaders during *NBA Jam*'s "attract mode." Play B-ball as either Kerri or Lorraine by typing in the following codes: for Kerri, KER and the date October 10; for Lorraine, LOR and February 20. (This trick applies only to the arcade version of *NBA Jam Tournament Edition*.) •*Virtua Racing*: Any gamer can drive a car forward, but with this trick you can zoom in reverse, too. When the Sega logo appears on the TV screen, press and hold buttons A, B and Up (on the Genesis control pad), then press start. Release the buttons and go to the Mode Select screen. Choose AUTRIV GNICAR and buckle up. •*John Madden's NFL '95*: Play as one of the new expansion teams, the Carolina Panthers or the Jacksonville Jaguars, by pressing the button sequence BACAC at the options menu. You'll know you input the code correctly when you hear Madden say "Pow."

Video game endorsement curse

Joe Montana: Shortly after the ink was dry on his licensing deal with Sega, Montana suffered a season-ending elbow injury. •James "Buster" Douglas: Douglas lost his briefly held title before the video game bearing his name hit the shelves. The game is called *Buster Douglas Knock-Out Boxing*. Perhaps *Knocked-Out* would have been more appropriate. •Mike Tyson: Iron Mike starred in a hit boxing game for Nintendo. Now he has all the time in the world to play video games—assuming the warden lets him have a Nintendo in his cell. • David Robinson: The Admiral starred in a mediocre basketball game by Sega, then his season ended prematurely because of an injury. •Ken Griffey Jr.: Junior endorsed Nintendo's most recent foray into sports at the beginning of the 1994 baseball season—and, well, you know the result. •Evander Holyfield: Holyfield was the star of a good Sega boxing simulation, but he lost his title belt shortly after the game was released.

Big names, lame games

•*Pat Riley Basketball*: Unrealistic, with no actual NBA players, this 1990 release gives you the ability to dunk from almost anywhere past half-court. If Riley had been able to get Ewing to do that, the Knicks might have beaten the Rockets. (Sega Genesis) •*Mario Lemieux Hockey*: A player this good deserves a hockey game that's up to his abilities. This one definitely isn't. (Sega Genesis) •*Jerry Glanville's Pigskin Footbrawl*: Bizarre football hybrid from one of the strangest coaches in NFL history. Glanville is probably working on a sequel called *Glanville's Broadcasting Mania*. (Sega Genesis and SNES)

Who says video games aren't like real life?

•*Bases Loaded*: Hit a key batter late in the game and you'll trigger a bench-clearing brawl. And just like in real baseball, none of the players knows how to throw a punch. (SNES) •*Boxing Legends of the Ring*: A blackout option in this realistic simulation causes your fighter's vision to grow hazy and dim if he takes too many shots to the head. (SNES and Sega Genesis) • *World Series Baseball*: This title features every major-league pitcher from the 1993 season and each video representation is faithful to its real-life counterpart. That means Nolan Ryan and Roger Clemens throw heat and Charlie Hough throws mean knuckleballs that flutter and float. (Sega Genesis) •*Slam City With Scottie Pippen*: You go one-on-one with a variety of street players in this interactive movie. Everything is shown through the eyes of your player. Your opponents will swat your shots back in your face, steal the ball from under your nose and verbally abuse you with such taunts as, "Boy, I'm going to dunk on you like milk!" (Sega CD)

Best reasons to hit the mute button

•*Dick Vitale's "Awesome, Baby!" College Hoops*: Vitale's nonstop ranting accompanies a pretty good college-hoops simulation. Luckily, there's a control to cork him. Now that's awesome. (Sega Genesis) •*Mike Ditka Power Football*: A bad game filled with annoying sound effects, including players who bark like rottweilers. (Sega Genesis) •*Mutant League Football*: "Mutant" coaches rant and babble in this bizarre football parody. On weekends they probably hang out with Buddy Ryan. (Sega Genesis)

Do we really need a video game about . . .

•Bass fishing? Sit for hours trying to catch video fish that you can't eat, can't mount on a trophy wall and can't pose with for pictures? Right. (*Bassin's Black Bass With Hank Parker* for SNES and *Bass Masters Classic* for Sega Genesis and SNES) •Rugby? The Rugby World Cup may be the fourth largest sporting event in the world, but it doesn't translate well to TV. Perhaps it has something to do with the ball getting lost in a sea of flailing bodies. (*World Cup Rugby* for Sega Genesis) •Wrestling? A fantasy product for a sport that isn't based on reality? (*WWF Raw* for Sega Genesis and SNES)

Cool sports gadgets

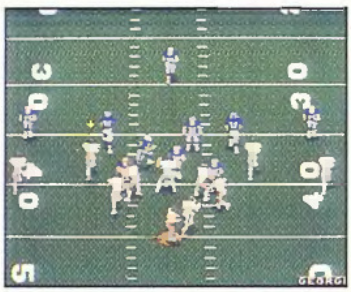
•Xband modem: Hook your phone line to the Xband modem and then reach out and pound somebody. Just like a computer modem, the Xband lets you go on-line with video gamers across the country to challenge them to real-time games such as *NHL '95* and *NBA Jam*. (Catapult Entertainment for Sega Genesis and SNES) •Tee V Golf and Batter Up: A miniature golf club and foam baseball bat that connect to your Genesis and SNES machines, letting you control the swing of your on-screen player in a variety of golf and baseball video games. (Sports Sciences) •The Sega Activator: An octagon that you put on the floor and stand in. When you move your arms, legs and body, the motion is translated to the screen. Although specially programmed games such as *Greatest Heavyweights* and *Best of the Best: Championship Karate* are fun, the gadget has yet to take off with video gamers. (Sega for Sega Genesis) •EA Sports 4 Way Play: A gadget that lets you hook four controllers to your game system so you have the option of playing two against two, one against three or four against the computer. (Electronic Arts for Sega Genesis)

Scoreboard

our top picks in the sports game categories, plus some great runners-up

Baseball: *World Series Baseball*—If there were ever a game in which you could simulate standing in against a Randy Johnson fastball, this title is the one. Complete major-league player rosters, play-by-play announcing, a full-screen batter's-box view and a battery to save your statistics are just a few of the reasons why *World Series Baseball* is a grand slam (Sega Genesis). Honorable Mention: *Tecmo Super Baseball* (Sega Genesis and SNES), *Hardball '94* (Sega Genesis) and *La Russa Baseball '95* (Sega Genesis).

Football: *NFL '95*—This one offers complete NFL rosters, the all-important battery to preserve statistics and track the season's progress and the option to play schedules from the 1994, 1993 or 1992 seasons. There are also player injuries, roster management and the ability to see 65 yards downfield on the passing plays (Sega Genesis). Honorable Mention: *Madden NFL '95* (Sega Genesis and SNES), *College Football's National Championship* (Sega Genesis) and *NFL Quarterback Club* (Sega Genesis and SNES).



Basketball: *NBA Live '95*—Basketball was a weak category until this game hit the shelves. *NBA Live '95* features a TV-style court perspective, full NBA rosters, player trading and a special five-player mode on the SNES version (four-player on Sega Genesis). The action is fast-paced, with alley-oops, monster dunks and quick behind-the-back passing. Honorable Mention: *NBA Jam* (Sega Genesis, Sega CD and SNES), *Slam City With Scottie Pippen* (Sega CD) and *NCAA Basketball* (SNES).

Hockey: *NHL '95*—The game that sets the standard by which all other sports games are judged. *NHL '95* has it all: NHL players, teams, a full season and playoffs, player trading, injuries and hard checking. All that plus smooth animation and easy-to-learn game play. A must for any sports fanatic (Sega Genesis and SNES). Honorable Mention: *Brett Hull Hockey '95* (Sega Genesis and SNES), *NHL '94* (Sega Genesis, Sega CD and SNES) and *ESPN National Hockey Night* (Sega Genesis, Sega CD and SNES).

Golf: The best golf simulations can be found on your computer, but many companies are creating respectable conversions for gaming machines. We recommend *PGA Tour III*. The *PGA Tour* series has been a staple in the diet of Genesis duffers for many years. The latest incarnation features ten U.S. courses, PGA Tour golfers and easy-to-learn controls (Sega Genesis). Honorable Mention: *Golf Magazine's 36 Greatest Holes Starring Fred Couples* (Sega Genesis 32X), *Links* (Sega CD) and *PGA European Tour* (Sega Genesis).

Racing: *Road Rash*—A motorcycle game in which you race down the interstates and avenues of northern California, dodging pedestrians, parked vehicles and fellow competitors. Of course, you can also run them off the road or pound them with a club. Loaded with live action and a rock soundtrack, this game is not for the faint of heart (3DO). Honorable Mention: *Virtua Racing* (Genesis 32X), *Newman/Haas Indy Car Racing Featuring Nigel Mansell* (Sega Genesis and SNES) and *Kyle Petty's No Fear Racing* (SNES).

Boxing: *Boxing Legends of the Ring*—Features eight of the greatest middleweights of all time, including Sugar Ray Leonard, Rocky Graziano and Marvin Hagler. Choose your favorite and enter the battle of the legends, create a fighter and try to work your way to the top of *Ring Magazine*'s fighter chart, or attempt to last a few rounds with Graziano or Roberto Duran (Sega Genesis and SNES). Honorable Mention: *Super Punch-Out* (SNES), *Prizefighter* (Sega CD) and *Boxing's Greatest Heavyweights* (Sega Genesis).

Other Sports: *FIFA International Soccer*—There were a slew of soccer sims that were released to coincide with last summer's World Cup, but the FIFA game was the Brazil of the bunch (Sega Genesis, SNES and 3DO). *IMG International Tour Tennis*—Features 32 past and present pros (Sega Genesis). *Tommy Moe's Winter Extreme: Skiing and Snowboarding*—Damn-fast downhill and slalom game (SNES). *Championship Pool*—Simulates eight ball, nine ball, rotation and more (Sega Genesis and SNES).

THE GURU AND THE GADFLY

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A BEST-SELLING WRITER, A NEW AGE SPIRITUALIST AND A VERY RICH CONGRESSMAN

How could it have come to this? Peter McWilliams and John-Roger's best-selling *Life 101* series of books was the sort that could make a nation of self-help addicts bounce about in weepy hugging frenzies. *You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought*, with its uplifting aphorisms for health, happiness and harmony, had sent Oprah's audiences into book-buying rapture. The authors even adorned their *We Give to Love* tape package ($19.95) with painted hearts and the question: "If you were arrested for kindness, would there be enough evidence to convict you?"

But kindness was probably not among the accusations McWilliams and John-Roger were slinging at each other in the parking lot of the Hollywood municipal court one warm morning last autumn. John-Roger, a twitchy-faced cherub with a stylish perm, was probably not thinking positive thoughts as reporters poked microphones through the window of his Lexus. And McWilliams—who had devoted more than 15

ARTICLE BY BOB SIPCHEN

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN OROSZ

HUFFINGTON
for
SENATOR

years and given perhaps $1 million to John-Roger and who had worshiped him as a friend, a father, a hero, as the only living man whose calls God himself returned—did not look particularly blissful as he charged across the lot disheveled and sweating.

"Get your hands off that camera!" McWilliams shouted at John-Roger's frequent companion of late, a doe-eyed young actor who had slipped in behind a cameraman and was apparently trying to unplug his audio jack. The cameraman glared, the actor backed off and John-Roger—J-R for short—did one of those embarrassing slink-off-with-microphones-in-your-face exits, leaving a triumphant McWilliams with the cameras all to himself.

A cantankerous libertarian who had built his small Prelude Press into one of the most successful self-publishing enterprises in the country, McWilliams had believed John-Roger's claim that he anchored an awesome spiritual force known as the Mystical Traveler Consciousness. He had believed J-R when he promised to use his cosmic connections to keep McWilliams healthy—as long as he kept putting J-R's name on the books McWilliams now says he alone wrote.

Then John-Roger started demanding royalties and McWilliams started taking Prozac and quicker than you could say LOVE 101 (the vanity plates on the Lexus McWilliams gave J-R in the ultimate act of postmodern devotion), the two were squared off in litigation. Threatened with financial ruin, McWilliams reverted to coping mechanisms he knew best. He spit out another book—*Life 102: What to Do When Your Guru Sues You*. And he countersued.

As it happened, another longtime devotee of John-Roger's, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington, had recently taken a high-profile role in her husband Michael's race for one of California's Senate seats. McWilliams saw an opportunity and launched a barrage of acerbic press releases that riddled the political landscape like cluster bombs. Arianna—beautiful, rich, cunning—fought back in style.

The camera crews had arrived at the Hollywood court after receiving anonymous tips that McWilliams faced a misdemeanor hearing for assaulting a meter maid—charges McWilliams contends are vastly overblown. John-Roger and several associates showed up to watch McWilliams squirm. But their appearance backfired—the reporters seemed more interested in hammering J-R about his ties to Huffington. J-R split in disgust. And there stood McWilliams, an undisputed media master, calmly telling reporters that John-Roger was a manipulative cult charlatan who had used him—and was still using Arianna Huffington—to infiltrate the highest levels of power.

Power, politics, Prozac and Lexuses—if ever there was a tale for the Nineties, this was it.

•

John-Roger was born Roger Delano Hinkins to Mormon parents in the tiny mining town of Rains, Utah on September 24, 1934. As a boy he played tennis at North Emory High, read Napoleon Hill's *The Laws of Success* and attended Mormon "mutual improvement" meetings. About the only thing that set him apart from his classmates, he would later say, was his ability to spot colorful "auras" around people.

Eventually, Hinkins moved to Salt Lake City and earned a bachelor's degree in psychology at the University of Utah. In 1958 he headed to San Francisco, and then on to Los Angeles, where he landed a job at Rosemead High School as an English teacher. In 1963, doctors hospitalized Hinkins for kidney stones. During his stay he slipped into a coma, as the result of what might have been a sedative overdose. When he awoke, he says, there was another entity within him. It identified itself as "the Beloved" but later said, "You can call me John." Hinkins put the two together: John the Beloved. "When I opened my eyes," he says, "I remember my mother sitting there saying, 'Who are you?' and the voice said, 'I am John.' She said, 'Is Roger there?' The voice said, 'Yes, he's in here too.'" Hinkins began calling himself John-Roger, living with the knowledge that he had been handed the keys to the highest powers in all universes, the Mystical Traveler consciousness and Preceptor consciousness.

Back at Rosemead High, Hinkins remained teacherly. He wore nice ties and corduroy jackets and swept his brown hair back from his high forehead in an average-guy wave. But his classes weren't exactly normal. Often, he'd pull down the shades, turn off the lights and lead his students on imaginary excursions through forests and along shores, creating scenes so vivid that some teens were knocked out of their chairs.

It was in 1967, on a trip to Disneyland, that Hinkins decided to break the news of his life changes to one of his colleagues, a young gym teacher. The two ate frozen bananas, wandered through rides in the Magic Kingdom and blasted away in the shooting galleries. Then, as they chugged through the forest on the park's Santa Fe Railroad, Hinkins casually revealed that he had been given a special dispensation to serve humanity.

"He spoke of how so many people were 'sleeping,' unaware of the 'Light,' unaware of their own divinity," the teacher subsequently wrote. "He spoke of the work he would be doing to assist people into awakening and said that it would be 'big.'

"I remember thinking clearly—some hours into our talk—that either this man was completely crazy or I was privileged and honored to be at the beginning of a wondrous adventure."

Eventually, Rosemead's new principal caught wind of Hinkins' unorthodox teaching methods. One day, the principal went to Hinkins' third period class, slammed on the lights and jarred the kids out of their reverie. "Mr. Hinkins . . . I never want this sort of nonsense to happen again," he said. Soon, the school and Hinkins decided to part ways. But Hinkins didn't leave alone. Twenty-five years later, that gym teacher and at least one former student remain devoted to the Traveler.

After leaving Rosemead High, John-Roger had developed a small following of "votaries" who would make three-dollar "love offerings" to hear this spiel: that the Traveler and Preceptor worked within an individual to help him break free of the cycle of reincarnation and achieve soul transcendence.

Over the years, some cynical followers labeled John-Roger "the human Xerox machine" for what they termed his propensity to use material from other sources ranging from Eckankar to television evangelist Gene Scott. Some people found J-R's teachings an impossible hodgepodge. For many, the mystery of the Traveler was that he didn't get pelted with overripe fruit and sent back to teaching *Our Town*.

No one seems to have found John-Roger charismatic in the traditional sense. But even those who initially sneered at J-R found themselves returning to seminars to stare into a cup of water, which was said to absorb their pain, to gaze at the flame of a candle until they saw the Traveler, to sing, share their feelings and chant "Ani-Hu," which J-R called the sacred names of God.

By 1971 John-Roger had incorporated his budding organization into the Church of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA—pronounced "Messiah"), thereby not only making it tax-exempt but also exempting its financial records from public scrutiny. Soon he and his staff of handsome young men—called "the guys"—were touring the country, charging up to $60 for such MSIA services as "light readings," "aura balances," "polarity

(continued on page 136)

"Oops! Pardon me. My mistake."

20 QUESTIONS

JON STEWART

the clown prince of slacker talk tells how he survived a broken home, why he abandoned a career in medical waste and why his comedy is pain-free

He is so determined to distinguish his show from the glut of talk programs that he stripped to his underpants for a publicity poster that appeared on walls all over New York. Jon Stewart admits the parody of a Calvin Klein underwear ad was embarrassing ("I'm not exactly buff"). And in it, the man who confesses to preferring women who look like Cindy Crawford posed with a waif model, no less. But the talk show experience hasn't been too painful for Stewart. Crawford herself appeared on "The Jon Stewart Show," which debuted on MTV in the fall of 1993 and was syndicated nationwide—and expanded to a full hour—on broadcast television last September. Stewart's hallmarks include cutting-edge bands and guests who relax on a bench seat salvaged from a car. Shortly before his move from MTV, the furniture was upgraded to classier British Rover bucket seats. And Cindy Crawford has returned.

Stewart was reportedly in contention for Conan O'Brien's job as NBC's late-night host. NBC passed but MTV gave him a second chance after he bombed on the channel's viewer-scripted show "You Wrote It, You Watch It." Stewart had worked his way around the comedy-club circuit for seven years—he admits to making a living from stand-up for about five of those years. His live dates ranged from a New Jersey Division of Mental Health Christmas party to Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Appearances on HBO and Letterman followed.

Warren Kalbacker met with Stewart a couple of times. Kalbacker reports: "On one occasion Stewart announced he had a date with the model who had created a sensation in New York with her bus stop ads for thigh-high stockings. He placed a strict limit on how long we could talk. I glanced uneasily at his office clock. Then he admitted his 'date' was for taping a segment to be used on his show. Our other meeting, fortunately, was a long, open-ended conversation."

1.

PLAYBOY: *The Jon Stewart Show* features a monolog, musical guests and celebrities plugging their latest projects. How did you come up with such an innovative format for late-night television?

STEWART: I have no idea. Originally, I wanted to do a syndicated show about lifeguards, but apparently there's one of those shows already. We are not shocking anybody. Originality, boy, I wish. I wish there were people—maybe there are—in America who'd think, Wow! This guy is a genius. How did he invent this? We're probably running in certain markets where the general manager of the station has absolutely no idea what kind of show this is. For all they know it could be an infomercial. Initially, we weren't going to do a monolog. We were going to do something different. So we tried it without a monolog in run-throughs and, boy, there's a reason for the monolog. If you just come out and start, people get confused. Is this a game show? Is someone going to win something? We did research. I watched a bunch of Carson's and Leno's and Letterman's old shows and thought, Let's flatter these fellas.

2.

PLAYBOY: On one cable show you told Cindy Crawford that you carry your penis on the right side of your pants' crotch. We've noticed that since you've moved over to broadcast television, the word hand has been bleeped from a reference to a hand job and you've mentioned pubic hair, but not the penis. So have you had to tone it down?

STEWART: Those are the distinctions. Those are the lines we draw—penis and pubic hair. Those are the battles we fight in the boardroom—a bunch of guys sitting around yelling at one another, "What do you mean we have to drop the 'hand' out of 'hand job'?" In general we're still on late enough at night so that the content is not particularly prurient. We don't really do that kind of show anyway. I don't come out in a G-string, though I would. Anything for the ratings. Daytime TV is far more prurient than what we do at night. To have a whole show centered around goats that have sex with sheep—to me that's far more lurid than using the term hand job in context or mentioning the penis. People use these words in conversation. On network television, you can only hint about where your penis is. On cable you can actually point to it. By the way, Cindy was talking about how she posed as a man and had to tuck a sock in her pants to give the illusion of a penis.

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any unpleasant encounters with the men in suits from Standards and Practices?

STEWART: There are times when I'll be in rehearsal and I'll say something and I'll hear footsteps. Somebody will walk out and say, "If you could just tone down that Long Dong Barney thing." The oddest subjects will set them off. We had a simple little skit called Great Moments in Pot History. Tremendous problems. We couldn't use the word great because that was deemed too kind to pot. So we changed it to Moments in Pot History. Apparently that was OK. Who knows where the line is? You never know until you do it. My basic concern is what's legal. Tell me what we'll get sued for—will we have to pay money if I say this?—and I'll stop before I get to it. But don't tell me what you think isn't funny or what isn't in good taste.

4.

PLAYBOY: The topic of dating supermodels surfaces regularly on your show. Would you care to comment on your fascination with these women?

STEWART: Recently we did this skit in which Jon goes out with a supermodel, and in Jon's head he has to realize that this is a bit on the show. The reality is that I've never gone out with any of them. I merely talk about it. People confuse that issue all the time. A friend called me and said he wanted me to get Cindy Crawford's autograph for a friend of his. I said, "I don't know Cindy." I've talked with her a couple of times and we've hung out. I think he had the idea that all I had to do was roll over and say, "Cindy, this guy needs your autograph." I don't even know where she lives. It's hard to separate TV reality from reality reality. Models talk to you for six minutes and they're very nice and they say thank you and then they go off to the larger European men they actually have sex with.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do you deny that you are worried about *(continued on page 124)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS III

OUR MULTIMEDIA ADDICT SIFTS THROUGH THE DIGITAL DIN FOR THE PERFECT DISC

CD-ROMS: HIP OR HYPE?

I'LL ADMIT IT: I am suspicious of anything that touts itself as the technotoy of the future. When I hear the words interactive or multimedia, a little red flag ripples in my peripheral vision. So when a bunch of CD-ROM publicists bombard me with raves about how much fun I'm going to have with their products, I purse my lips and squint suspiciously at the telephone receiver.

I identify with the hero of a certain lyric poem, a character beset on all sides by temptation and sophistry. The poem to which I am referring, of course, is that cornerstone of contemporary culture, Dr. Seuss' *Green Eggs and Ham*, in which Sam-I-Am, a demonic hard-sell salesman, mercilessly foists chartreuse high-cholesterol breakfast food on his unwilling victim. But Sam-I-Am is an Avon lady next to the CD-ROM flack whose voice blasts through the telephone line, all the way from the Silicon Valley:

"You'll want to play them in your house!

"You'll want to play them with a mouse!

"You'll want to play them on a screen!

"You'll want to play them in your dreams!

"Try them! Try them! You will see!

"Try them! Try them! Try them free!"

And, secretly, as these packages speed toward my mailbox, I harbor doubts.

I will not like these CD-ROMs.

•

The initial offerings meet or even fall below my dismal expectations. These discs seem to have no purpose other than to prove that you can put lots of stuff on a CD-ROM. (*Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous Cookbook*, anyone?) Most fall prey to the kitchen-sink syndrome. ("Damn thing ain't full yet? Throw in some more! Yeah, more Quicktime videos, that's the ticket. Who cares how it relates? That's what hypertext is for!") Fascination with the medium for its own sake is rampant, and software developers overcome by multimedia hype have released some really bogus products. Hence the term shovelware, Silicon Valley slang for a product slapped together without much thought or content and flung onto store shelves in hopes that hype will carry it.

Case in point: *Woodstock*, the 25th anniversary CD-ROM. "It's an even better trip on CD-ROM!" yells the packaging. An op art button announces that a Groovy Paint Feature is included. Little peace-sign icons call attention to other features: "Dig previously unpublished Festival images! Paint your screen with psychedelic designs! Sing along with on-screen lyrics!" I continue reading the label with an air-sickness bag close at hand:

"Woodstock Lives Forever!" (Like MTV and Pepsi would let us forget.)

"It's never the same twice—no matter how much you tune in, turn on or drop out. It changes, man, far out! Do your own thing! Pick your favorite performer. Check out the headlines of the times. You're in control!"

Sorry, but anyone who is sitting at home in front of a computer screen mouthing Woodstock karaoke off a CD-ROM is anything but in control. But then, obscuring the line between life experience and computer screen is *Woodstock*'s modus operandi: "Maybe you didn't make it to Woodstock. Or just don't remember

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

being there. It doesn't matter." Of course it doesn't. It's an even better trip on CD-ROM!

Hmmph. I turn up my nose, leery as ever.

I will not like these CD-ROMs.

•

But then I see discs that have, oh yes, a point. A purpose. Planning. Some directorial vision. Actual thought, blessedly on the rise among CD-ROM developers, makes a tremendous difference. To illustrate, allow me to compare two titles that deal with the same subject, New York City.

Exhibit A: *New York, NY*, a Chamber of Commerce–style treatment of the Big Apple (Aris Multimedia) designed to let the armchair tourist "visit famous landmarks, stroll the avenues, shop for bargains without spending a dime and experience the hustle and bustle that makes New York the city that never sleeps!" Stops include Times Square and Rockefeller Center, and there's a jazzy soundtrack by the guy who scores *Baywatch*. It's an unmitigated yawn.

Exhibit B: *Hell Cab* (Time Warner Interactive), a whirlwind tour-cum-adventure game by Pepe Moreno, author of DC Comics' graphic Batman novel *Digital Justice*. *Hell Cab* begins in a hyperreal, comic-book rendering of Times Square, complete with illuminated billboards and Sony screen. A Raymond Chandleresque voice-over intones, "Welcome to New York, the Big Apple, the town where anything goes. You've missed your connecting flight and have time to kill. So why not hop in a cab and take in the sights? There's only one problem: You've just gotten into the wrong cab." The sky bursts into apocalyptic orange flames behind the Hell Cab logo.

The voice-over continues: "Maybe you didn't notice the 666 on the license plate. Maybe you didn't see the devilish gleam in the driver's eye. Either way, there's no turning back. You've just entered the Hell Cab." The Sony screen in Times Square comes to life with video footage of a landing strip viewed from an airplane window. It cuts to a frenzy in the baggage-claim area and a hellish rush through garishly lit airport corridors. Quick cuts and grainy hip shots convey an overwhelming sense of panic and claustrophobia. In other words, it's a typical New York airport experience.

My computer monitor fades to black; then yellow letters appear, announcing: JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NYC. THE PRESENT. And lo, there I am, in a sleek comic-book version of JFK, facing the exit doors and an automated teller machine. Instinctively, I head straight for the cash machine (amazing how survival instincts manifest themselves in virtual reality). After performing the comforting ATM ritual of punching in my name and a PIN code, I am rewarded with game instructions. The object of Hell Cab is simple, I'm told: Survive the Mephistophelian cabdriver's sight-seeing tour with my soul intact. Decisions at crucial points in the game either add to or subtract from my spiritual equity, which registers on the Soul-o-Meter in the lower right corner of my screen. My decisions can also get me killed, which is a no-no, for I have only the conventional three lives.

The cab rolls up and I get in. The driver's eyes glow red in the rearview mirror as he pulls away from the curb (I swear I've had this cabdriver before). When the taxi stops, the fare is more than I can pay—hence the "special deal" wherein I gamble my soul to escape the demon cabbie.

Now that's virtual reality.

•

Having nibbled at the edge of one green egg and not having keeled over with botulism, I decide to take another bite. The yolky part this time. And it's not bad.

Voyager's *Freak Show*, created by Bay Area rock auteurs the Residents, is by far the yolkiest CD-ROM out there. Resplendent in its viscosity, the disc is a surreal and thoroughly noir spectacle of sideshow mutants such as Harry the Head and Wanda the Worm Woman. Not content merely to view their bizarre performances, I make my way behind the carnival tent and invade their trailers to catch glimpses of their pathetic private lives. I watch Benny the Bump ease back into his Barca Lounger, his massive protuberance of excess flesh hanging limply from his chest as he channel-surfs through shattered sound bites of late-night blather. It would be depressing if it weren't so murderously funny (the screen within a screen delivers an extra jolt of irony). *Freak Show*'s illusions fall somewhere between the *Twilight Zone* and Salvador Dali: Flying eyeballs and rolling heads appear, then disappear into curtains and floorboards. The result is a mixture of charm and horror.

Likewise Interplay's *Battle Chess* CD-ROM, which takes a page out of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. It's your basic computer chess game, except that each piece is a medieval character who talks, walks and performs extended battle sequences with the opposing pieces. The game opens to courtly musical accompaniment and a view from your side of the marble chessboard, revealing the golden locks and shapely derriere of the Red Queen (half Mae West, half Raquel Welch, she complains about nail breakage after slaughtering her opponents). Among the pawns and knights, there is much bloodshed and decapitation. Knights lop off one another's limbs one at a time, leaving the designated loser hopping up and down on one foot before the winner finishes him off. As an added bonus, you can take back moves and replay the good parts. If you ever thought chess was overcivilized or pedestrian, *Battle Chess* is the way to go.

Other star contenders in the attack-and-destroy category are Lucasarts' *Rebel Assault* and Cyberflix' *Lunicus*. The former, based on *Star Wars*, splices scenes from the movie between segments of game play. In true George Lucas fashion, *Rebel Assault* pushes emotional buttons. Who wouldn't feel a pang of nostalgia when confronted with a black opening screen and the magic words, "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away," followed by a close-up of an Imperial Star Destroyer? Later, you also see the Death Star (it still looks exactly like the AT&T logo). Before I know it, I'm in the cockpit of Luke Skywalker's X-wing, saving the galaxy to the orchestral accompaniment of the London Symphony Orchestra. Hammy, yes, but satisfying.

Lunicus takes a similarly ballistic approach; namely, putting a gun in your hand and having you blow up everything in front of it. When the alien invaders loom in your sights, shoot. Play "Ahnohld," wreak wanton destruction and save the earth. Very cathartic, yah?

Jump Raven, another Cyberflix disc, succeeds on a more sophisticated (but equally violent) level, injecting twisted humor into the usual postapocalyptic scenario. The premise is this: In the wake of the second Clinton administration (Hillary's, not Bill's), New York Nazi skinheads have hijacked pods containing the last DNA samples of the earth's extinct species. Your mission: To pilot a craft through the Bronx, Brooklyn and Manhattan, blow up the skinheads and other bad guys and retrieve the DNA pods. In other words, you can justify wholesale destruction in the name of environmental protection. What's more, the gear in this game would reduce James Bond to a puddle of drool. Your vehicle, for instance, sports four 2200-horsepower Rolls-Royce turbofan engines, an impressive arsenal of bombs, rockets, missiles, lasers and machine guns, and a killer stereo.

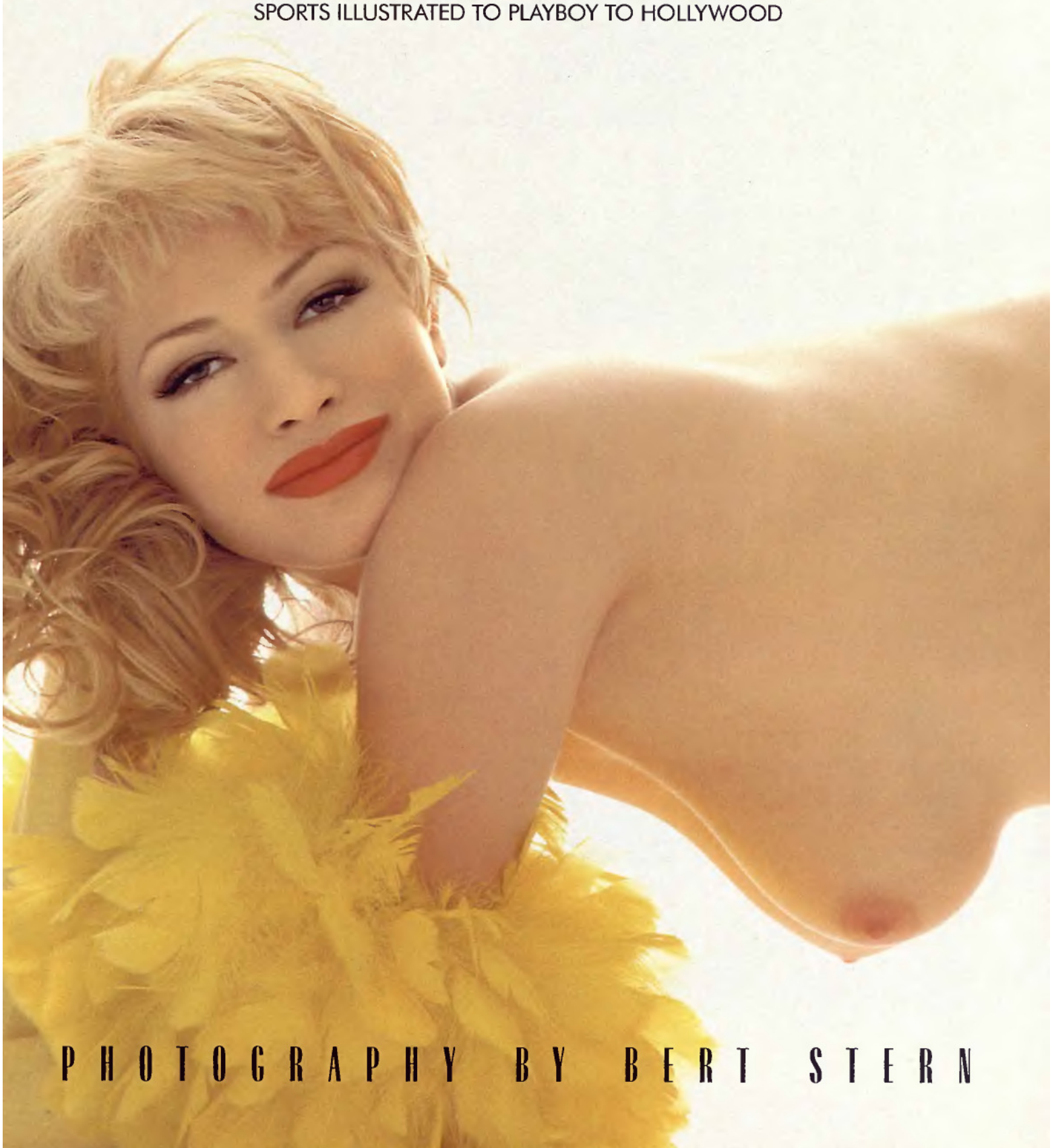
Jump Raven pulls no punches, and that's part of its charm. One of your options for background music is a fictional band called Planet Flannel,

(continued on page 155)

"Honey, I'll do my best."

HOT ON HOT

INCENDIARY SUPERMODEL AMBER SMITH ROCKETS FROM
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED TO PLAYBOY TO HOLLYWOOD



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERT STERN

SUPERMODEL AMBER SMITH bursts into the room and lands in a soft chair. She says, a little nervously, "I bet I have lipstick on my teeth." If so, we hadn't noticed. All told, she's wearing maybe a yard of gossamer curve-hugging silk. She calls it a slip dress—as if a name might make it more substantial. Add two wings and she could be a nymph. We are meeting at the Next Management agency in New York, a real-life version of TV's *Models Inc.* There's a herd of six-foot-tall men and women glamorizing the reception area. Set against the chill of their perfection, Amber throws off melting heat. In the competitive

world of modeling, that is her signature. A couple of years back, this now-22-year-old flamingo from Florida dyed her hair flame-red, put on 20 pounds or so and invaded Europe—tossing off tempests and tantrums wherever she went. If anything, her behavior added to her mystique. With her wild ways and feral looks, she vaulted onto magazine covers and fashion runways. Then came appearances in two *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues. She thereby joined the ranks of the models we call super. Using her global notoriety as leverage, she has begun to explore an acting career. Look for her in the thriller *Lowball* and in Paul Mazursky's new feature, *Faithful,* in which she plays Ryan O'Neal's mistress. According to one expert, the role is in her eastern European genes. "When Karl Lagerfeld found out that I am Hungarian," Amber notes, "he told me that

Hungarians make the best mistresses." Amber prepares for acting roles by sitting at home in front of the VCR, replaying and mimicking the performances of her favorite actresses. To prepare for her starring role in PLAYBOY, she covered her bedroom walls with posters of such pinup classics as Rita Hayworth, Jayne Mansfield and her all-time idol, Marilyn Monroe. ("If you walked into my room, you'd think I was a lesbian," she jokes.) Naturally, she requested that Bert Stern do the photography. He made history in 1962 by shooting Marilyn Monroe's last nude photo session. "Even though Amber doesn't really look like Marilyn, she reminds you of her because of her wonderful facial expressions," says Stern. Amber's ideas about her lipstick, nail color and looks frequently inspire catwalk cattiness—models are expected to be blank canvases. "When I

walk into a room I know some girls whisper to each other and say, 'She's so vulgar.' But you know, this is who I am." As Amber says this, she throws up her arms, setting off an alluring tremor through the slip dress. "For me to be sexy—and this is what I told Bert Stern—I need humor and playfulness. I can't do innocence," she says. And yet, her innocent enjoyment of nudity is a compelling trait. Amber recalls that "a friend in Paris called me 'My naked roommate,'" for her predilection for going au naturel. There is also a certain nakedness in her steady gaze. It is a personal projection she calls "hot on hot." Maybe this fire comes from her father, Russell Smith, a former running back for the San Diego Chargers. She grew up in a tough part of Tampa, and had to fight her way out of gangs of girls who hassled her at school. "That's where I got this," she

says, pointing to a charming imperfection on the bridge of her nose. She never lost a bout. Her ambition hasn't allowed for much relaxation. Incredibly, she claims she hasn't been on a date in a year and a half. "It's hard to meet people. I guess that's sad," Amber says. She looks forward to a planned move to Los Angeles, to further establish herself as an actress and allow some time to look inward. She says that while on the set of her most recent movie, "I felt my temper rising and it scared me. Movie people wouldn't put up with that. Some say I'm a 16-year-old child still. That's scary too." The time has come for Amber and her slip dress to move on. After a thank-you and a goodbye, she leaves the office. The agency's bookers raise their jaded eyes as she passes by. She is, indeed, someone to watch.

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

MAKEUP BY MARY GREENWELL
HAIR BY ROQUE FOR ORIBE

JON STEWART *(continued from page 109)*

You worry about ratings because if they suck, you have to leave. They say, "No one's watching. See ya."

the ratings battle with Conan O'Brien and Tom Snyder?

STEWART: Conan's not stalking me. I don't think a fistfight is going to happen. He is bigger than I am, but I'm harder to knock over. It would be a pleasure to get my ass kicked by Snyder. He is a legend in the broadcasting world. What's weird about syndication is that we are up directly against Conan in only 13 markets. In others we're on at various times, midnight or one A.M. And our lead-in every night is different, depending on where we're on. In some places it's *Top Cops*. In others it's that infomercial with the crazy blond guy who makes people cry when he predicts their futures. You worry about ratings because if they suck, you have to leave. They come in one day and say, "Guess what? No one's watching you. See ya." But in the sense of day-to-day worrying, you have to ignore it because it's such an abstract concept. They hand you a number and say, "This is your number." You don't have a feel for it. If we have a shitty show it seems that the same number of people watch it as when we have a good show. I did Conan's show. He's extremely tall. I was impressed by that. That always impresses me more than anything else. I'm five feet seven. Not that short. But for some reason the illusion on television is that you're larger, and so the comment I get most from people is: "You seem taller on TV." And richer and better looking and they all think I have a nicer apartment.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to create a viewer cult to distinguish yourself from older and taller talk show hosts?

STEWART: It would be nice. I prefer to create a show that is more niche-oriented. One of the things that's different about working for Paramount is that their idea of what we should do with the show and my idea are somewhat different. They would love for us to broaden out and embrace all that is out there, but my feeling is that's already out there. I would much rather make it an odder show, create something on television that people can't get other places. If you can see Clint Black on Leno and Letterman maybe you shouldn't want to get him on my show. Maybe you want to get Bad Religion or Compulsion or some other band on our show.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you want your viewers awake or would you prefer they tape your shows and watch the next day?

STEWART: I prefer they use a VCR because to me that's a higher level of civilization, one that I can't begin to approach. If they know how to program their VCRs to tape our show, these are bright people. These are good people.

8.

PLAYBOY: We noticed a recent mention of Joey Buttafuoco. Just how long will you talk show hosts invoke that name in an attempt to get laughs?

STEWART: We aren't allowed to mention Buttafuoco too much because that name is the intellectual property of David Letterman. I brought up Buttafuoco because Ralph Macchio was a guest. He's from Long Island and I wanted his take on the madness that seems to be exploding there. My hometown is right outside Trenton, which is the home of Champale and Trojan rubbers. You'd think far more scandal would come out of Trenton than Long Island, which is an aerospace community. Trojans and Champale is a recipe for trouble, but it never happens. We also played Clue to decide the O.J. Simpson case. We did that about two weeks into the new show. I thought we were breaking new ground.

9.

PLAYBOY: How hard do you work to plug a guest's latest film, TV show or CD?

STEWART: Not very. But we realize that's typically why they're there. It's not like anybody does the show because they really like me or really want to sit on a car seat.

10.

PLAYBOY: In one recent week, you mentioned the value of the U.S. dollar against the Canadian dollar, the Swiss franc and the Japanese yen. Are you trying to lock in the viewership of economics students who are pulling all-nighters?

STEWART: We're here to educate. A lot of our writers come from *The Wall Street Journal*. So we've done a lot of jokes about Paul Volcker. I have to cross Paul Volcker jokes off the list all the time. We are nostalgic. We don't go with Greenspan because Volcker is big, and if you're an economist and you don't have a cigar you're not worth shit. If nothing else, my vocabulary is expanding at an enormous rate. William Shatner taught me what desultory means. Last week I learned veracity.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you take time to visit with your guests in the green room before they appear on the show?

STEWART: I introduce myself so that when they come out they know who they should walk toward. On MTV, the green room was more like the waiting area between dressing rooms. Now we actually have a little area where people hang out and watch the show. I don't want to brag, but we've stocked it with much of New York's finest discarded furniture and we've upgraded the fruit plate and everyone gets sandwiches. It's a whole new world out there for us right now. We're not trying to chintz people. We want them to have a nice time when they come here. If you want coffee you can have it. We're unbelievable with the beverages. That's sort of our calling card. Your mouth won't go dry on our show, and that's how we pitch it to guests. Too many times they're parched on shows.

12.

PLAYBOY: Your parents divorced when you were young. Were you scarred by your experience with the breakdown of the American family?

STEWART: I am still bitter and hurt, and when I get big enough to criticize them on the cover of *People* magazine, the bitterness will come out. I'm sure at some point I'll be able to use it to my advantage, as the seed for my alcohol addiction or some sort of rehabilitation that I'll need to go through. Or maybe it was the catalyst for the pain that drove me into a shell of defensive humor, which led me to what I do now. I'm sure that if my parents hadn't divorced, I'd be totally different and you'd be interviewing me about my job at the State Department. My dad left my mother when he was about 40, and he married his secretary. I thought, Wow, that is so hackneyed. Dad, couldn't you come up with something a little more original, like marrying maybe a cheerleader? My dad had a kid when he was 50-something. I'm sure he's going to be like Anthony Quinn. He'll be 80 years old and he'll tell me, "Guess what? You have another brother!" "Oh, that's great, Dad."

13.

PLAYBOY: Analyze your publicly expressed ambition to be a veterinarian.

STEWART: I actually wanted to be Dr. Doolittle. I wanted to help creatures who can't help themselves. For some reason I always felt a certain romance—platonic, mind you—with animals. There was something about being able to communicate with them. But then you realize that, basically, your life would be putting your thumb up a cat's butt. And squeezing the anal glands of a ferret. Which is not so romantic as thinking, I'll heal horses. Then you think maybe you'd rather play a vet in a movie. Then you'd just get a stunt double—a hand model with a rubber glove—and make him take care of it.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've decried the lack of hot Jewish girls on television while you were growing up. Has the situation changed for the better?

STEWART: Now I don't think I care as much about it. It was all very much white America on TV when I was a kid. Blond kids. Except for *The Munsters*. But I don't think they were Jewish. Not that they would have had any sitcoms like *The Rothsteins*: "This week it's Purim. Betty dresses up like Esther." I grew up in an area that wasn't very Jewish. And we weren't very traditional. But I did know that it was an odd thing to be Jewish. And I went to college in the South, where it was an even odder thing. I met these guys from Danville, Virginia who were nice, sweet guys but who would just say, "So you're a Jewish fella. We've never met a Jewish fella like you before." They would always follow it up with, "You're all right." And they were trying to make me feel good: "Let me tell you, I saw *Yentl* and I enjoyed it. I really did. Saw *Fiddler on the Roof*. I love those songs you people sing. How about them bagels? How about 'em? Mmm-mmm. I love the way you control the media and banking." "Well, thank you, sir, I appreciate that."

15.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something surprising about Jewish mothers.

STEWART: Excellent dancers. The stereotype is that they're oppressive, but get them out on a dance floor and they're as light as a feather. They spin around. They lead and they won't allow you to lead.

16.

PLAYBOY: Why in the world did you want to leave the suburbs of Trenton, New Jersey?

STEWART: Trenton is a lovely area filled with—OK, I'm trying to think of what it's filled with—nothing. That's why I left. I don't think the comedy clubs in Trenton and the TV production that's done there would have allowed me to do what I'm doing. We do have the state capitol and the planetarium. I could have worked at the planetarium.

17.

PLAYBOY: You once worked as a lab assistant. Can the citizens of this country sleep better knowing that you no longer oversee the disposal of biomedical waste?

STEWART: Yes, they can. I wasn't very responsible. I was there for three weeks before I realized that I was supposed to wear gloves when I handled any of the materials. And oversee is the wrong word. It was more like clean up. I worked at a lab in New Jersey. The people in white coats were lovely and bright. They were working on a new cancer research test. I was basically busing tables at a biology lab. I'd throw away all the stuff that looked like it was glowing, and then throw the orange bags into the special radioactive bin. There was a reason why things were supposed to be handled with care, but I wasn't the most diligent at that sort of thing. I also made agar, the jelly stuff that they grow things in. I became very accomplished and had a recipe down, and I'd add certain touches that would make it special. I was proud of it.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is success at stand-up comedy a requirement for hosting a talk show?

STEWART: Good question. I don't know if stand-up is a requirement for anything in life. I feel weird that it's what I'm most trained for, because it's really the thing that's most useless in today's society. If this gig ever ends, I don't know if I can walk into the business community. At a job interview they'll say, "There's a hole in your résumé. Now, what did you do for seven years? Were you in prison?" "No, I was doing stand-up. I goofed around and distracted people and made them laugh." "Oh yeah, we need that in the office. Yes, we'll hire you."

19.

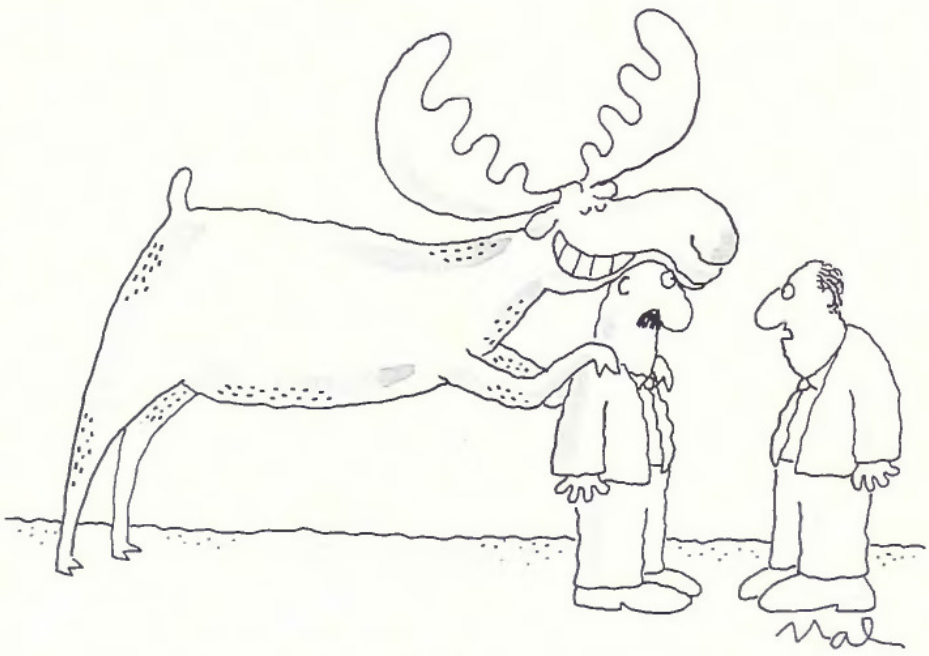
PLAYBOY: You performers from MTV may have a reputation for being hip, but don't you feel a little sorry that you missed the Sixties?

STEWART: Oh yeah. The comedians who came out of the Sixties had truly fought oppression. Richard Pryor and Lenny Bruce had amazing things to talk about. They really opened people's eyes. I don't think anything I could say would ever shock or amaze people. I have a very suburban background. My comedy doesn't come from pain. At times I wanted a pair of Keds and didn't get them, but it's hard to make a 20-minute stage routine out of that. I'm probably sillier than that anyway. People marched in the Sixties. Now we come up with ad campaigns against certain things. We're not marching, we're just cutting 30-second spots. We have Choose or Lose. We have Stop the Violence campaigns with really nice, cool music. Come on. We make a difference.

20.

PLAYBOY: Can any boy or girl in the U.S. grow up to be a talk-show host?

STEWART: I think so. Every channel will have its own talk show. I'm sure the Weather Channel will have a talk show. Al Roker will host. "What's your next project?" "Well, I'm working on Hurricane Bertha right now. It's very exciting and here's a clip. Let me set this up for you. What you're seeing is rain." The people will applaud. You know, I dread the day when there will be some sort of uprising. The public will say, "We have had enough. We don't want to know what the celebrity's next project is. We don't care. We don't want to take a look at the next clip." At some point the public's curiosity will end, and unless you actually bring the celebrity to their houses, unless Schwarzenegger comes to sit with them and tell them what he's doing, they won't care.



"Maybe you should consider using a cologne with a little less musk in it!"

Hester's Dream (continued from page 76)

He tickled her down inside her throat; she wanted to swallow him, to draw him in, drink him.

exist—there was only that single orgasmic moment in which she was borne to eternity on the tip of his tongue.

•

Coming back to reality wasn't easy. It was like trying to awaken from a deep sleep; she had no idea how long she had been in this room with billowing curtains. Had it been an hour, a day, a night? She was sitting in the armchair, her legs parted, the tiny white panties from Paris thrown over the armrest. When had he taken them off? She lifted up her head and looked around the room. Ricardo was standing by the window, a neat young man in a pressed shirt. He seemed untouched, almost cool, and was watching tufts of clouds chase across the sky. Shame ran through her like a sword. How could she have succumbed to it, surrendered to him? How could she have let herself be so degraded? He turned from the window and smiled at her. There was nothing triumphant in his gaze.

"We could take a walk on the beach. There are some shorts and T-shirts in the bathroom. You might find something comfortable."

She stayed in the shower a long time and dried herself carefully, avoiding the mirror. Her body wasn't built for these kinds of adventures anymore; the muscles in her arms were sagging, she had endured three pregnancies. Or maybe it wasn't that bad yet? Probably not, if she could attract a young man, and not just attract, but drive him to follow her around the world. Again it occurred to her that Ricardo might not be quite normal and that she might end up a corpse in some canal.

There were enough clothes in the dressing room to fit out a whole team of girls, everything white. The owner of this house is obsessed with innocence, she thought gloomily. Those tend to be the worst. She imagined everything that took place in the room with the billowing curtains had been closely observed by a voyeur, and this did nothing at all for her peace of mind.

They walked out. A flock of seagulls swooped toward them greedily and then, screeching in disappointment, disappeared again behind the trees. They padded through dark, virtually black sand, in which the mica glistened like rhinestones. She sat down and listlessly scooped sand up into her palm, along with the grimy seashells. She cleaned off one shell that had an elongated crack in it and stared at its pinkish lining. It was similar to a human mucous membrane, a woman's mucous membrane. A sheath. All at once she felt completely exhausted. Ricardo, as if sensing it, took her hand and walked to a restaurant where a row of white metal tables sat beneath striped umbrellas. A waiter brought espresso and two glasses filled with a liqueur that tasted almost bitter. She observed her hand in amazement as it held an empty glass. There she was, having a glass of liqueur with a man she barely knew, feeling as hungry and worn out as an alley cat.

The waiter covered a table with a white tablecloth and brought over a vase with a single white rose. Where did he get it? There were no flowers anywhere else. Or tablecloths either. She couldn't stand the silence any longer.

"I don't understand this at all. It's like a movie. A stupid Hollywood romance. Look——" She pointed to the beach, across which two young girls ran, wearing the tiniest bathing suits. They squealed with delight at their own perfection. Their long legs flew by like the stalks of succulent plants. "Why me?"

"I've wanted to be sitting with you here for the longest time." Suddenly, his tone was familiar. It caught her by surprise, but then she realized she had started the conversation.

"Whose house were we in?"

"Mine. I wouldn't invite you to a rented house."

"And if I had gone somewhere other than Rome?" She laughed uneasily.

"I would've bought a house somewhere else. I like hotels, but for some things one's own place is better."

"For what things?" she asked quickly.

"I wanted to seduce you," he replied in a conversational manner, and pushed the breadbasket toward her.

"But why me?" she groaned.

His eyes darkened, as they had when he had seen that she wanted him to touch her. For a minute she was afraid everything might happen all over again, here, on a public beach under a striped umbrella, at a table spread with a white tablecloth. And she'd give in like a lamb.

"Someday I'll tell you. Now let's eat."

He had proved to her that he, the young stud, could have his way with her, an aging mare. That night he would tell his friends about her in a bar, laughing about how blown away she was by it all.

"Hester," she heard his voice and she heard her name. "You have no reason to feel ashamed and no reason to be sad. Believe me." He caught her hand and with a comforting gesture placed it against his face. With a great effort she gained control of herself.

"Can we go?" she said and pushed away her plate. She wanted to be gone, to be home, to take the first plane back to New York, to put on Sibelius and forget Ricardo, completely forget all about him. She didn't wait for him to pay but walked quickly back toward the house, which now struck her as monstrously big. She avoided the main entrance and in a sudden panic ran down the path toward where the car was parked.

"You have your things inside. Your purse, your shoes," said Ricardo, panting slightly as he caught up with her. "You should clean up."

She ran back into the hall and stopped in front of a mirror on the wall. Could this be her, this bewildered creature in wrinkled shorts?

But his face was hardened with desire and the immense relief she felt brought her down to her knees. She grabbed his sides and pressed her head against him. She clutched him as tightly as a drowning person clutches a log. She awkwardly unzipped his pants and his penis popped out like a jack-in-the-box. It was velvety smooth and fragrant. She licked him like an ice-cream cone, sucked him like a pacifier. He tickled her down inside her throat; she wanted to swallow him, to draw him in, drink him, suck up all that sweetness and giddiness. How many pulls to victory? It won't take much more, the charging horse is almost there, already he is rearing his head so that he can burst through the finish line. She'll force him to surrender to her. Why can't I have you simultaneously in my mouth and in that chasm between my legs? Plug me from both sides and I'll explode like a keg of dynamite.

She forced herself to open her mouth and let him jut out into the open until she felt the flame of his impatience tickle her. I'm a fast learner, she thought in the back of her mind. By some mysterious trick she managed to stand up and slip off her shorts at the same time.

"No," he begged.

"Why not?"

She pulled him down to the ground and pressed herself against him.

"Why not?" she repeated, convinced that she was in charge of the situation, the queen bee, the mother of mothers.

"No," Ricardo called out and flipped over. She didn't know how he did it, but his lips glued themselves to her again. His tongue penetrated her crotch, forceful and commanding. Instead of triumphant victory she was overwhelmed by the sweetness of defeat.

"Why not?" she moaned as the cool tiles chilled her thighs. "Why not?"

He didn't answer.

The whole way back to Rome he remained silent and drove recklessly fast, as though he wanted to get the trip over

with. In front of the house, he kissed her hand and said he hoped to see her soon. Once back in the apartment she rushed to the telephone and ordered a ticket back to New York. The next morning she left.

•

The house was quiet, impeccably neat with just a few dishes left over from Steve's breakfast in the sink. Hester unpacked and threw her clothes in the wash, even the white panties from Paris. Her exhaustion manifested itself only in a vague feeling of irritability. She roamed around the garden, snipped off a few dry blossoms, weeded the flower bed and raked it. But the gardener had just been there and nature hadn't yet succeeded in undoing his work. She picked a handful of raspberries and swallowed them one by one. One was moldy and her mouth was suddenly filled with the unpleasant taste; she spit everything out and went back inside.

She climbed into bed between the flawlessly stretched sheets and pressed herself into the mattress. She pressed her body into it, but it didn't help, and she began to cry. She finally cried herself to sleep and woke up only when Steve gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Steve, I'm so happy to be home. The trip was awful. The flight was rough, I thought I'd be sick." She shut her eyes.

But he didn't notice a thing. He brought her robe, they sat down together in the kitchen and he made them tomato-and-cheese sandwiches, covered with mayonnaise, that they chased down with beer. Meanwhile he was telling her how busy work was, and that the kids had called. Alan needed money for a diving trip and Nicole was having problems with her mountain climber. Everything was soothingly familiar and she could calm down, forget about the ecstasy entirely unsuited to her age and position. They went to bed. Steve knew she was tired and held her for a while, then rolled over to his side of the king-size bed, where he breathed evenly in and out, her dear husband on whom she could always depend. The question was, could he depend on her?

•

It took Ricardo three days to get in touch. The joy she felt at the sound of his cloaked voice on the phone almost frightened her. Lazily he asked her how she was, and only after a minute of silence did he suggest they meet.

"When?" she asked.

"Now. I'm right in your area."

She quickly glanced at the mirror on the wall. She had to wash her hair, put on makeup, get dressed.

"Be here in an hour," she told him in a voice she hardly recognized. "Don't drive in front of the house, stay at the bottom of the hill."

She dried her hair and threw herself naked on the bed and masturbated, not for the sake of pleasure but because she wanted to steel herself for Ricardo, to stop the torrent of juices, to become a statue made of stone over which sex had no power. What a waste, she sighed, after her fingers finally drew out a tiny trickle of orgasm.

She dressed and got into the Cadillac that Steve had bought for her birthday and slowly, practically at a crawl, drove to the end of the street. Ricardo was there in a white sports car, she couldn't tell the make. It was a tiny, flattened car that made her feel ridiculous inside her huge bourgeois sedan. She drove to the shopping center, parked the car and marched toward Ricardo. The sun shone right into her face; let him see me, every wrinkle, every year, every wakeful night with the children, all the dull afternoons and lonely evenings. As she was getting into the funny little car, which was uncomfortably narrow, she broke out into a sweat. Could he possibly mean to do it in the car?

"I have to get home soon," she said quickly.

"How soon?"

She hesitated. She had loads of time. Steve wouldn't be back before seven and

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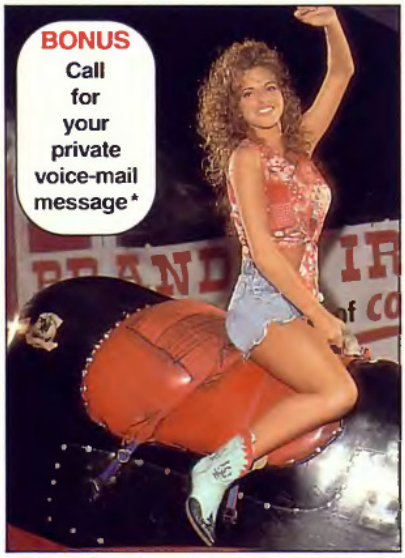

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dinner would take only a half hour to prepare.

"I wanted to take you to my place. I think I have one of the best views in Manhattan. Over the East River."

What do I care about wonderful views? she thought irritably. She was annoyed mainly with herself, because again she could feel the little snakes stirring inside her, deliciously stretching out, ready for the long trip.

"All right, let's go see your view. Afterward I can pick up my husband and go home with him."

He didn't answer and they were silent for the rest of the trip, an eternal half hour of racing along the highway, recklessly overtaking the slower vehicles. As he drove down into a garage and stopped at an automatic barrier, she felt the urge to get out and run away. Why was she heading straight for another dangerous situation? He could murder her just as easily in this elegant building packed with security cameras as in the villa in Ostia. But they were already on their way in the elevator, going straight to a private vestibule on the 38th floor.

They entered a hallway through which they passed to a spacious living room. Then they climbed some steps to another room, and went to yet another room. It was a nonsensical apartment, filled with antiques, a labyrinth in which she felt lost. She didn't believe Ricardo really lived here.

"So where's the view?" she asked. "Let me see the view."

"You'll see it," he replied awkwardly and pushed her through another door, into the bedroom. Finally a bed, she thought, finally something familiar. But he led her to the window and pulled open the blind. The river seemed to rear up aggressively, blindingly beautiful.

"Lean out," he said hoarsely.

A charge of excitement erupted in her, as if all she waited for was a lighted match. She looked down the 40-story abyss. If she jumped, those 40 stories would run through her body and at the bottom the concrete pavement would receive her with a loud splat. Ricardo put his arms around her. You don't have to jump to feel the vertigo of a free-fall, whispered his hands. We'll experience it together. You don't have to die to know fulfillment, you'll know it with me and you'll know it over and over again, soaring to the heavens and falling into hell. His body squeezed against hers like the palms of two hands, thumb to thumb and finger to finger. He was consuming her, fabric swished, she wished she had worn a skirt. Her lowered pants were confining her legs, but what did it matter, she wouldn't run away. Ricardo was holding on to her sides and then she felt him between her legs. The sirens of ambulances and fire trucks down below careened madly beneath them, the surface of the water undulated with the sounds, and he slipped into her. She bent over to let him in deeper, she stuck out her ass, incapable of hiding anything. She wanted him, she wanted to be ripped in two and shattered into a thousand pieces, threaded on his penis. She wanted him to destroy any barriers of shame that might still be left, any traces of chastity, any vestiges of prejudice, any shadows of vanity or trenches of fear.

"When you said once a year, and that I have to send you an invitation on coated paper, I thought you were crazy."

He chuckled with satisfaction. "I had to shock you somehow."

She moved uneasily. "But why with me? Why specifically me?"

"I don't know why it's specifically you. Why did you marry your husband and not another one of the guys who wanted you?"

"But we were suited to each other, we were compatible."

"Is youth everything? Smooth skin and a flat stomach? To me you are beautiful, you bring out the perfect balance of admiration and desire in me, of sex and worship. It might sound weird, but it's true. Among monkeys the oldest female tends to be the most desired one."

She gave an uncertain laugh and he carried her to the bed. After all that frustration she was finally in his arms, a small, ageless female.

•

It was too risky to go to any motel in the area. With a lump in her throat she decided to invite him to her home. She told herself that nothing would happen. She would show him the house, they'd sit a while on the patio and then leave. The patio was walled in with glass but was protected from the eyes of outsiders by a privet hedge. The tea was hot and already Ricardo was kneeling between her legs, doing what he had said he wanted to do once a year and now did every single day, his head hidden under the white skirt while she gasped that he mustn't. But how could he take her seriously when she didn't even have panties on so as not to waste time? She had often sat there imagining that this chair would be the perfect place for sex on the tip of his tongue, the fir trees swaying and the clouds blowing over their heads. There was no wind, but the firs moved anyway in the hot current of air, and the clouds, drenched with sun, formed psychedelic images in the sky. The wicker furniture was straining and she wished that he wouldn't put off her orgasm any longer—she wished the same thing every time and was always grateful that he paid no attention.

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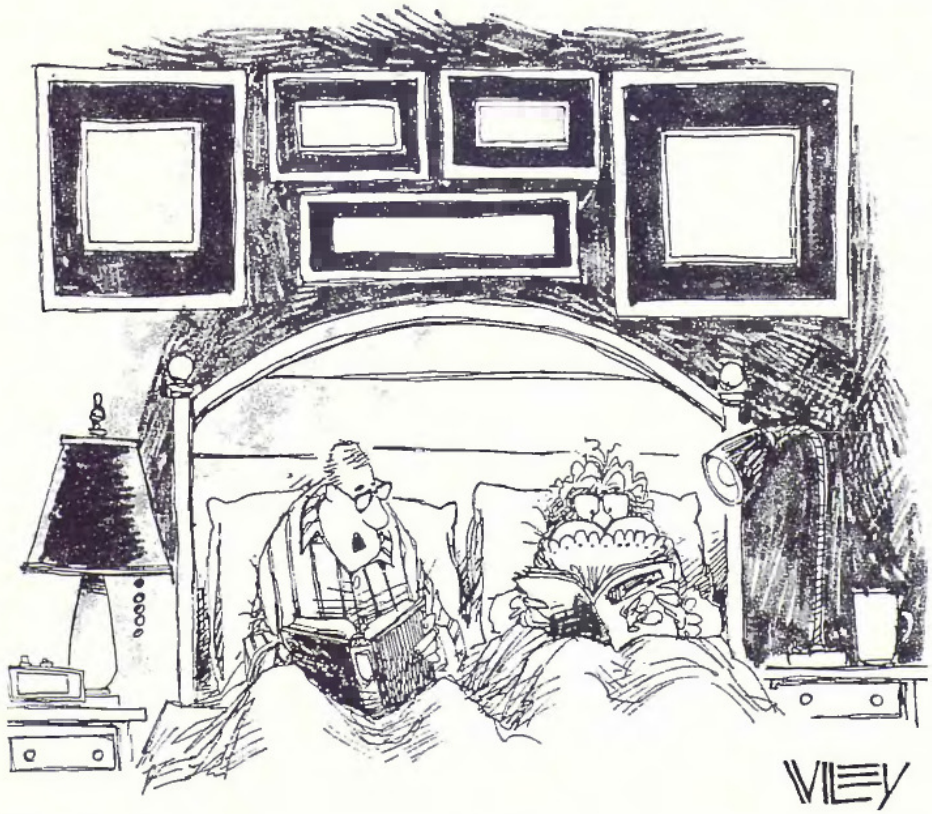
"Are you really sure you want to hear about my training?" was his response to her question.



"Maybe it would be easier to read if you took off your Wonderbra."

Hester nodded and felt her insides freeze.

"When I was 21, on the day of my 21st birthday, I met a woman. I backed out of a party my friends had planned for me and went to a motel with her, getting an education in sex. It was thorough training. It lasted almost four years."

"And then?"

"I got to be too old for her. I lost my air of freshness. After all those nights of fucking it was no wonder," he said bitterly.

Nights of fucking. And all she gives him is a few hours in the afternoon.

"The first few weeks, maybe months, I thought I'd go crazy. It was like losing an arm or a leg, or half of myself," he went on, though she had heard enough. "I ran all over the city looking for her. Then I tried sleeping with other women. Some were beautiful, but even if I made them wear white, wide skirts it didn't work. It's like when you're used to the ocean and then swim in a pool. Or in a puddle. Until I saw you. You remind me of her. You're not like her in appearance, but you move the same way, the same smile, the same mouth. I felt that if I could win you over I would feel whole again. And that's what happened," he concluded dryly.

She felt sad. An aging female monkey initiated a young male into the secrets of sex, which he was now passing on to another aging female monkey. Nothing new under the sun. But she had to put up with it because she didn't want to lose him. That's the problem with relationships: They come as complete packages and we can't just pick out what suits us. Who was this boy actually, with a name straight out of a Mafia movie? Where did he get the money that let him buy villas in Rome and duplex apartments in Manhattan?

"Did you ever work?" she asked.

"I work all the time," he shot back and his muscles tensed.

"I mean were you ever employed? Did you ever work in an office from nine to five, like on Wall Street?"

"I hate Wall Street. For Americans it's normal for a person to make his life's goal making money. Such a vulgar occupation. That the focus of life could be love, a relationship in the most sensual sense, is inconceivable to them."

"You are American, too," she said adamantly. "And what's between us isn't love."

"How do you know? You squirm with pleasure when I lay one finger on you and you neglect your responsibilities so that you can spend as much time as possible with me. How do you know it's not love, and that what goes on between you and your husband is?"

She wanted to cry. It was not possible that she loved Ricardo—if she loved him her world would go to pieces, it would explode into the air and with it her three children and Steve, none of whom ever did anything to hurt her.

•

"You look nice," said Steve when he got home that night. "You seem to be getting younger these days."

"I do what I can," she said with a phony laugh.

"It's criminal the way I neglect you, but it'll be over soon. The kids will be on their own. I'll stop working so hard."

"I always thought you worked hard because you enjoy it, or don't you?"

"Right now I'm enjoying you," he whispered and pressed her close to him. "When was the last time we slept together?" He pulled off her robe and began kissing her breasts. "You smell so good, what if we went into the bedroom?"

Hester lay back on the bed and watched him roll down his socks and shove them into his shoes. Aroused as he was, he didn't forget to fold his trousers along their pleats. Finally he was naked. A robust 60-year-old man, perhaps a bit on the stocky side, with a gray growth of hair on his chest and on his lower belly, below which hung his half-hardened penis. His scrotum sagged and looked shriveled, as though worn out, and she was overwhelmed with pity. She stretched out her arms toward Steve, but he smiled apologetically and moved toward the bathroom, where he let the water run for a long time. The excitement that had begun, ever so slightly, to swell up inside her was insulted and disappeared. Steve slipped in next to her and placed into her hand his organ, which now, after the thorough cleansing, had shrunk and gone limp. He grabbed her breast and squeezed it hard.

"Stroke me," he begged.

She slipped down his stomach and licked the tip of his penis. Then she opened her mouth and let him in. He choked her and, with each wrong move, made her retch. She could feel Steve's excitement coming dangerously to a head. She moved away from his groin and rolled over onto her back. Steve got on top of her and tried to force his penis into her, but he was impatient. He was shoving it into her like some GI in the back of a bar. Irritated, she hissed, but he did not notice. He managed to get it in and puffed away, working at it like a hydraulic piston.

"Ready?" he asked after a few strokes. "Can I?"

"Yes," she whispered, because she felt his semen welling up and knew he couldn't hold it back, no matter how he tried. He cried out and with one spasmodic burst he spurted into her. He then still went on pumping feebly for a few strokes, perhaps as a vague way of apologizing for his haste.

"Did you have it?" he whispered and she kissed him and snuggled up to him,

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the devoted wife, content with everything. "You got me so excited with that mouth."

Afterward they took a bath together and lingered over dinner, sipping wine and talking, a happily married couple, safe from any calamity.

•

Having asked Ricardo over once, she brazenly continued. She chose Nicole's bedroom because it was furnished all in white, with white curtains, and a fabulous bed with a firm mattress and a door onto the garden. She would wake up at night and be incredulous that she, a respectable lady, an organizer of cultural events and a member of countless charitable organizations, a devoted wife and the mother of three children, was letting a lover, young enough to be her son, in through the garden and spending hours with him in her daughter's bed.

It was a hot summer and their lovemaking was accompanied by the droning of the air-conditioning, as if there were a giant bug buzzing in the room with them. The sound was regularly punctuated by the ringing of the telephone. The answering machine would record female voices, politely concerned about how she was and where she had disappeared to. She complained about it to Ricardo, who during their next encounter abruptly stuffed wax earplugs into her ears and then wrapped her head in a velvety towel. All at once she was in the dark—she heard nothing, saw nothing. She felt slightly suffocated and it occurred to her what a beautiful death it would be. Her belly was bloated with pleasure, she was like a Thanksgiving turkey, stuffed with the most exquisite delicacies. Her blood was pounding until it rushed to her head. It pounded in time to Ricardo's pumping, yes, now he was in her, he slipped into her vagina but it wasn't enough for him, he broke into her womb and from there permeated her entire being, forcing her to give him everything that up to then had been stashed away, her deepest fears and misgivings, which he wrenched out of her as if he were disemboweling a fish. Then he coiled his way up her spine into her brain, where he set off a thousand fires in the gray matter. Then, with a giant injection, shot the final dose into her heart, which set the rocket off.

At that moment someone pounded on the door. Hester heard it through her earplugs, ran disoriented into the front hall, and through the frosted glass recognized Nicole. The key was on the inside, her daughter couldn't get in, she went on ringing for a while, poking about in the lock, then walked around the house and aimed for her bedroom door. This door was locked, too, with curtains drawn. Ricardo, hastily dressed, stood by the front door, ready to leave the instant Hester let her daughter in the other door.

"What are you doing here?" Hester said and feebly tried to smile.

"I thought I still lived here."

"Sorry, I fell asleep," she apologized. She heard the soft click of the front door; Ricardo was gone, but the bed was still warm, rumpled up and most likely emanating a strange scent. "I was out in the garden and suddenly felt sick. It's probably the heat," she explained hurriedly as she straightened the bed. Nicole watched her sullenly, suspicious and unfriendly.

"I leave for a while and it's already like I don't belong here. What'll happen when I go to college? Will you throw out all my stuff?"

"What happened?" asked Hester, understanding at once that her daughter's mood was not stemming from the disheveled bed. "Was the weather bad?"

Nicole didn't answer and Hester came to the vague realization that over the next few days her daughter would be continuously home, half the time most likely in bed, in that wonderful bed with the hard mattress, which meant there would be no chance for Ricardo and herself. And she would mope about looking despondent and neglected, Nicole, her 18-year-old daughter with her whole life ahead of her, with countless possibilities for romantic adventure, miles of lovemaking in beds all over the world, while she, who had this one and only final affair, which could end as abruptly as it began, would have to comfort her, prepare favorite meals for her and act as a lightning rod for her despondent mood.

And as if Nicole's return wasn't enough, Steve came home with the news that he was taking off the next week and had already made a reservation at a small hotel on the Florida coast of the Gulf of Mexico, where there would be nothing but an empty beach, seagulls, pelicans and the sun on the horizon.

"You don't seem happy about it at all," said her husband, a bit offended. "We can stay home."

"I'll bet you already have the tickets," she said, smiling, and headed upstairs to call Ricardo from the guest room on the other side of the house.

•

Tampa welcomed them with a white glare, the air above the runway quivering as if it were made up of dozens of separate layers. Everything was humid, sticky and slightly annoying. When they went out the next morning, they were virtually the only ones by the sea. The beach, washed by the night's high tide and littered with scallop and conch shells, gleamed with freshness. White herons stood poised in gardens, delicate and rather unearthly, more like figures of birds, cut out of paper, than actual birds. A formation of pelicans glided above the ocean's rippling surface, sharp eyes scouting for breakfast. Small, modest sandpipers waited along the shore for a wave to stir up the sand, exposing tiny crabs and scallops. It was morning and everyone was hungry.

Nicole expressed doubts as to what they were going to do here for a whole week. After breakfast, she rented a car and drove to St. Petersburg, where she bought a bathing suit and a silk blouse, but the thing that cheered her up was spotting Ricardo by the hotel pool.

"Finally there's a guest who's not 100 years old," she said to her mother.

The sight of Ricardo in his blue-and-white striped swimsuit, sitting under an umbrella and reading the paper, gave Hester such a shock that she dropped the bowl of ice she was holding and the cubes rattled across the concrete. Ricardo kicked one of them into the swimming pool and politely smiled at her. He was pale, as though his skin had never been touched by the sun. And he was thin. Somehow she had never noticed how terribly thin he was.

Thoroughly bewildered, she returned to the front desk for more ice. She could vividly imagine what would happen next. Nicole, thrilled to have found a companion, would bring him over to her parents, and he would join them for breakfast, lunch and dinner and have long discussions with Steve about the stock market. She didn't want it to happen, she didn't want him going out dancing and to bars with Nicole. Am I jealous? She startled herself. Is my world so perverse that I'm worried about having to share my lover with my daughter?

After dinner, Nicole went to her own room and Steve stretched out on the bed, complaining that he had a sunburn. Hester smeared his back with lotion and mixed him a strong whiskey with milk, his favorite bedtime drink. At the last second, she slipped a sleeping pill into the glass, feeling like Lucrezia Borgia. By the time she emerged from the bathroom, where she had changed into something that looked more like a white evening dress than a nightgown, Steve had already let his book drop from his hands. She turned out the light, turned up the air-conditioning and walked out onto the lawn in front of their room. It was early. Their neighbors were still sitting outside, smoking, drinking wine and having a quiet conversation, separated from her by only a low wall. She spotted a lone figure on the beach, wading through the shallow water. That's my darling daughter, waiting for me to be in bed so she can parade herself out here, prey for sharks, except that a shark isn't what she has in mind.

Ricardo stepped out of a shadow and softly called to her. They slipped through the fence into the garden and ran down to the sea and along the beach,

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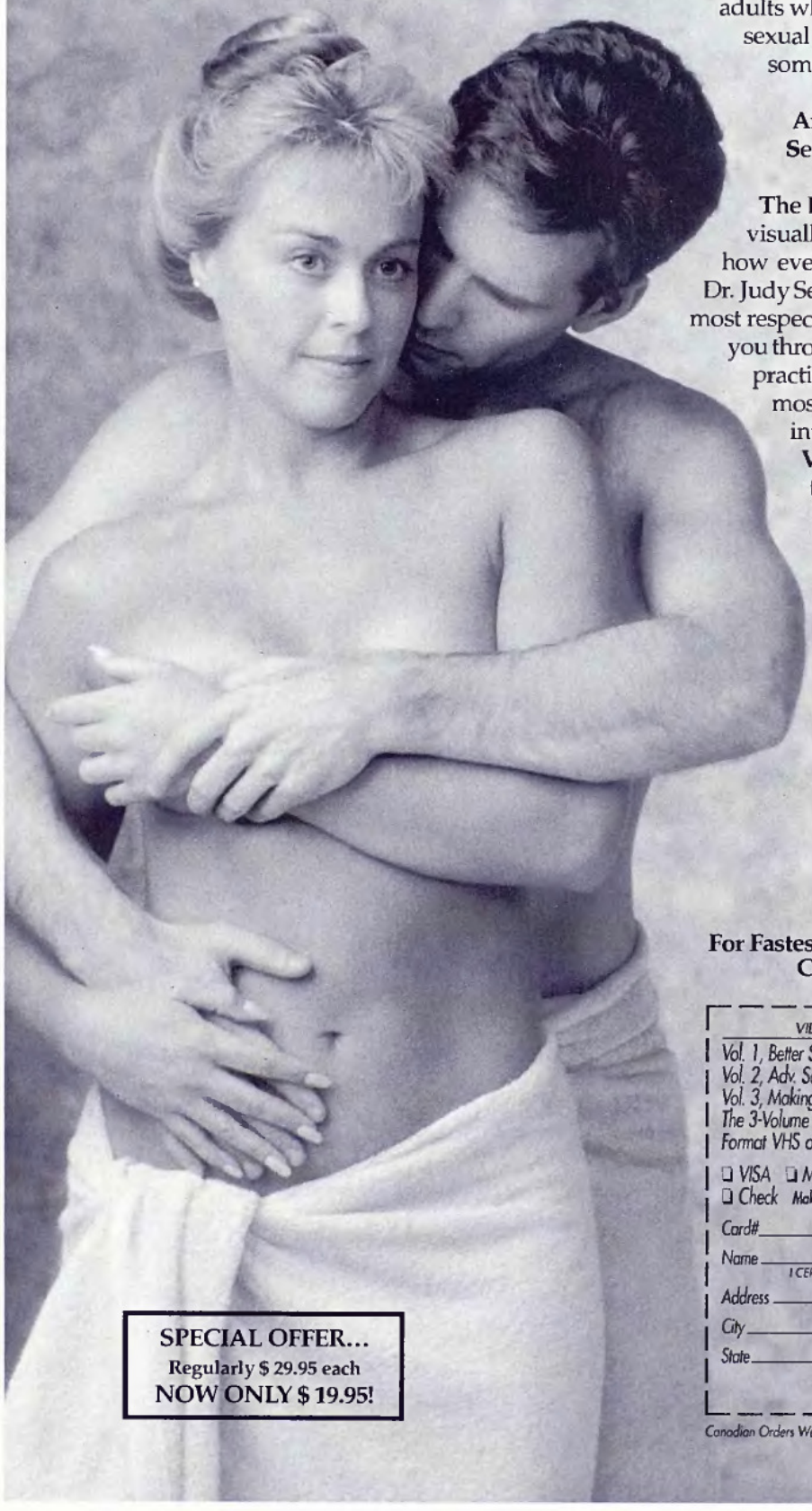

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away from the hotel. Were Nicole to turn around, she would see them; it seemed like an eternity before she was out of their sight. They fell into each other's arms. She felt Ricardo trembling all over and his trembling passed on to her—or was it her trembling reverberating from him? They lay down in the sand and held each other close for a long while without moving. She wanted nothing more than to feel his body and his hands, to rest in his embrace. The moon grew bright, it hung in the sky clear and close by, surrounded by stars. The dry leaves of the palm trees rustled benevolently, accompanied by the whirring of cicadas. She pulled her lacy gown up over her head and lay naked on the sand. He was naked, too, trying to slip his body under hers, to keep it from touching the cold sand. Their foreheads pressed together and their arms touched along their whole lengths. Their palms and fingers were entwined, their shoulders, chests, abdomens, thighs, knees, their shins and insteps—all had become one single being breathing with the rhythm of the sea below them, a slow continuous undulation like a ship rocking on the waves, forever buffeted by the salty, sweet, ardent surging.

But then Ricardo gave a start and sat up, staring in the direction of the hotel. She saw Nicole approaching, a slim girl with long hair, the moon shining into her face. She hadn't seen them yet but was drawing nearer every second. Hester froze with horror, unable to move. Ricardo pushed her until she rolled over and tossed something over her head. Then, naked as he was, with his belligerent organ sticking out, he marched toward Nicole. She let out a frightened shriek and ran in panic.

When Hester rushed back to the hotel, she was relieved to see the light on in Nicole's room and her silhouette against the curtain. Steve was asleep, puffing away loudly on his side of the bed, and when she lay down next to him he moaned. The room was icy cold, the air-conditioning rattling softly at full blast. She pulled the sheets about her and felt the sand on her body.

•

The beginning of September was chaotic. Alan and Bill came back from Europe and Nicole was getting ready to go off to college. There were so many things to be taken care of, heaps of sheets to be bought for college beds, piles of sweaters and shirts to be washed. She didn't have a minute of free time. She cooked, baked and fried, listened to stories of travel adventures and began to feel sad about Nicole's departure. Sometimes at breakfast she would gaze with pride at her two sons. They were both so handsome. Alan resembled Steve, a big, strong fellow with dark curly hair who liked to laugh out loud. Bill, fair and lanky, had taken after her, and was a slim young man with a bashful smile. She couldn't imagine them copulating with women, though she knew they did.

She hadn't seen Ricardo since their return from Florida. He didn't dare wait for her in her neighborhood now that Nicole knew him. She finally made it to Manhattan ten days later. Ricardo had explained a bit awkwardly that they couldn't go to the apartment that day, that his father had unexpectedly returned to New York and was staying there. Ricardo's father! If only she could meet him, then Ricardo would stop being a mysterious person without past or future, a paper doll of which she knew only one side. But he obviously had no intention of introducing them and, for the first time, they went to a hotel. For the first time, she had to endure the glances of porters and bellhops who would perhaps smirk over the age difference. The room was sumptuous, but she couldn't stop herself from thinking about the thousands of bodies that had left their imprints on the bed.

"I'd like to know your dreams, your secret fantasies," Ricardo said. He pushed her away when she tried to embrace him. She sensed today was going to be different, and not just because they hadn't been together in a long time.

"I have no more dreams because you have made them a reality," she said. But it wasn't true: Her tame dreams couldn't compare with what he had forced her to experience. And that was it: He had forced her, he had taken the time and hadn't asked her what she wanted, but had forced her to want what he was offering her.

"I want you never to forget me," he said with a faint voice that sounded as though it were losing all its strength. She was startled by how sad he looked. He obviously had not been thinking of their erotic obsessions. She felt embarrassed. Was he worried about something he couldn't reveal to her? She knew nothing of his problems. For the first time, it occurred to her that he might also long to hold the foremost place in her heart, that he might not just want her for an obliging lover.

"Hold me," he asked, suddenly more a child than a lover. When she put her arms around him he cuddled up to her, gently, almost meekly. She held him in her embrace and wished she were his mother, so that she would be linked with him forever as with her two sons. She would never have to fear the moment she would see him for the last time. They spent the rest of the afternoon in each other's arms in silence, comforted only by their harmonious, rhythmic breathing, until Hester had to get up and get dressed to join her husband. In the area just outside Steve's office sat a young woman whom she hadn't seen before, a redhead with a dreamy expression, just the type Steve liked.

"Who's the new girl in your office?" she asked at dinner and Steve furiously poked about in his fish.

"Which one do you mean?"

"You know exactly which one I mean. You always had a thing for redheads."

"Angela? She's not new, you just don't know her."

"Was she the reason you came back from Florida?"

"You're crazy."

Go ahead, admit it, say you're having an affair. I won't fall to pieces, I'll admit that I'm having one, too. But she knew that the time in their marriage when they would have been able to confess such things was long gone. She didn't want to hurt him and he didn't want to hurt her. They respected and liked each other, which was more than could be said for most other couples after 30 years of marriage.

"You look really good today. In fact, it's struck me how really good you've been looking these days. I can't wait to get home," said Steve suddenly, as he gave her knee a squeeze under the table. But by the time they got home he had forgotten all about it. He watched the news on television, took a long shower and was fast asleep before she had managed to take hers. She observed his ruddy face with affection, relaxed in sleep. Steve, her strongest ally and devoted partner. No matter what happened, they would never stop being friends. Sex isn't everything.

•

The children left, and the house was polished down to the last doorknob. There were new satin sheets on Nicole's bed, but Ricardo was nowhere to be found. There was no answer at his telephone number and no answer from the apartment overlooking the river.

She couldn't understand it. Something must have happened, he must be sick, feverishly calling out her name, or he'd got into trouble and was in jail, or in a car accident and in the hospital. Her head swam with terrible ideas.

She walked through the house, stopping to pick up familiar objects and examine them as if she didn't know what they were for, all those vases and candlesticks and crystal bowls. She stared at the paintings on the walls, ran her hands over the furniture, over the excessively decorated, opulent Persian rugs—what was this all for, for what purpose?

Then an envelope arrived, an envelope of the most expensive stationery, a bulging envelope containing a few meager sentences:

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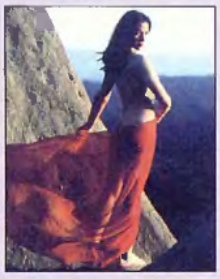

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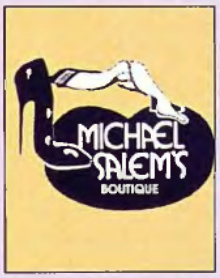

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you is unfortunately not available. I am terribly sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it, much as I would like to. I hope you are not very upset; after all, the world is full of paintings. I thank you for your patience and would be very happy to meet with you again sometime.

Yours forever sincerely,
Ricardo N.

She reread the lines several times over and after an initial sense of relief at his being alive and well, she grew angry. What are the unforeseen events that he can do nothing about? Why hadn't he come to her, why hadn't he called? How long had he known that the "painting" was not available?

She headed into town, for the apartment with the view of the river. She had never before been in the ostentatious lobby, with its brass light fixtures and plush seats. Ricardo and she had always driven into the underground garage and taken the elevator directly from there. The doorman looked as lifeless as the plants that lined the walls, and with icy courtesy made it clear that in this building no information about tenants was available, until a $20 bill broke through his reserve.

"Which apartment do you have in mind?"

"The rooms were in a row and they all had a view of the river."

The doorman nodded.

"That apartment belongs to a Japanese businessman who's been away with his whole family for about six months now. The cleaning lady goes up, but nobody's been living there."

He hurried off to accept a delivery and she was left standing there feeling miserable and embarrassed. What next? It was clear that Ricardo had been using the apartment secretly—who knows by what trick?—and the doorman had no inkling of it. It occurred to her that the garage was for tenants only and they were sure to remember his peculiar little car there. She walked out of the building and went to the garage entrance. At her ring, an older man in pressed overalls came out and glanced with interest at the bank note she held scrunched in her hand.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, but a young man in a white Lancia parks here. Have you seen him lately?"

"I remember you," he said and looked her over more impertinently. "You came here a couple of afternoons. But I haven't seen him since. I don't even know whose apartment he was subletting. It's not done much here."

"Do you remember his license plate number?"

"What good would that be?"

Ricardo should have pulled in then in his shiny sports car so that he could have seen what he had driven her to, how she was pleading with doormen and garage attendants. Should she hire a private detective? What would she tell him? That she had a young lover and lost him? It happens, dear lady, he would smirk, just as this man in dungarees now smirked. She walked along the street with tears pouring down her cheeks, not knowing if she felt humiliated, heartbroken or just confused.

I'll never see him again! she cried silently. He'll never hold me! And so what, it hadn't actually been love. She had tried to convince him of that herself, that it wasn't love. But sorrow trickled over her like a thick syrup. It seemed to her that the world was full of empty houses, empty hallways, empty beds—and her world would be like that now, probably forever.

She got drunk that afternoon for the first time in her life. When Steve got home she was in bed, pretending she had the flu. She spent half the night throwing up and it was only with difficulty that she persuaded Steve not to call the doctor. She spent the days that followed listening to Italian operas, music that Ricardo had given her. The voices of the tenors bore her away to places where not long ago she had walked with him. Her whole body ached with longing. Occasionally she would draw herself close to Steve, who patted her affectionately and turned down the knob on the stereo when the decibels exceeded a tolerable level. Every ring of the phone made her jump, every white car filled her with renewed anticipation.

•

She parked on the third level of the Lincoln Center garage. Heading for the elevators, she stopped dead in her tracks. Right by a column, three cars away from her Cadillac, stood a white Lancia. The color of the upholstery was right, the scrape on the door was from a collision with a truck near Glen Cove. Ricardo's Lancia, no doubt about it. The ticket behind the windshield indicated it had pulled into the garage at nine A.M.; now it was almost two. He should be getting back from lunch any minute, she thought, but she knew she would wait, even if he didn't show up until after dinner. The underground air was suffocating, the ventilation wasn't strong enough to clean out the exhaust fumes. Before long she had a headache.

At three o'clock a tall young man, taller than Ricardo, got off the elevator and headed toward the Lancia.

"Excuse me," she called.

"Can I do something for you?" he asked, a bit taken aback. "If you're having car trouble I'll send someone down."

"No. I, I know this car. And I know Ricardo."

"Ricky? Yeah, I bought it from him."

"When?"

"It was about a month, maybe five weeks ago. Why?"

"Ricardo was a friend of my son's, they had some kind of a quarrel. My son feels very depressed about it," she said, piecing a story together. "Would you know where he is?"

"Same old story. Ran out of money. Now he's someplace in Italy. He has relatives there. It's a lot easier without cash in Europe than here."

"But I thought he was rich."

"He inherited something, but I guess it was less than he was counting on. He loves to act like a big shot."

Money! How could you leave me because of money? I would have given you everything I had.

The young man was watching Hester carefully.

"Are you all right? Did I say something wrong?"

"It's nothing. I'm glad I can give my son the news. He was worried that something might have happened to him."

He didn't believe a single word she had said. "But you really don't look well. How about if I bought you a drink?"

She was looking at the strong hand that he had placed on the half-opened door of the Lancia. Its skin was smooth and taut, without protruding veins. An attractive hand.

"Come on, I know a nice place close by. Is your car locked?"

She shook her head.

"Then go ahead and lock it," he said, laughing.

She returned to her Cadillac, got in and started the engine. His face appeared at the window.

"I thought we were going to have a drink."

She shook her head again and slowly backed up. It was a narrow slot and she could barely see through her tears, but she made it. The man stood there looking at her. He looked nice, healthy, American. The world is full of paintings, Ricardo had written. But not for me, she sobbed. For me, there was just one.

And then, all at once, she changed gears and pulled in again. The driver of a black Mercedes waiting for the spot blew his horn in annoyance. Hester turned off the ignition, glanced into the rearview mirror and wiped her eyes. What luck that she was dressed the right way, as if she were going to meet Ricardo.

"I see you change your mind quickly," said the young man when she got out.

"I'm just keeping you in suspense," she replied as she locked her door. "It makes it more interesting."

"That sounds like the right approach to life," he agreed, and together they headed for the elevators.

—Translated from the Czech by Veronique Firkusny-Callegari.

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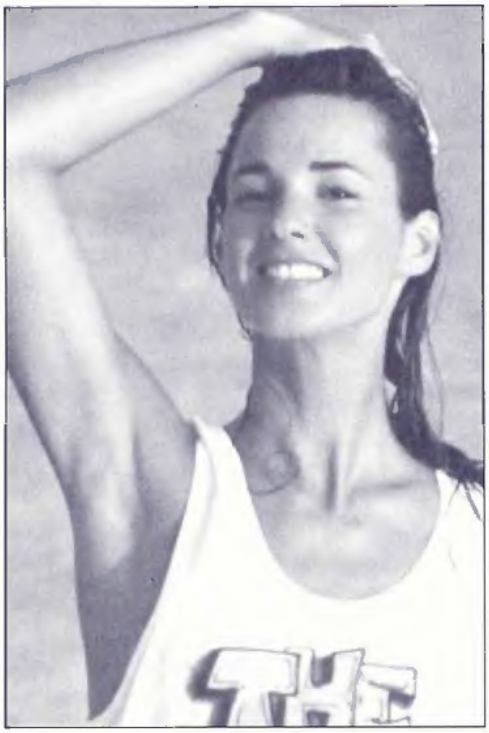

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THE GURU AND THE GADFLY *(continued from page 106)*

"It didn't take a brain-damaged garden slug to realize there was no divine order or energy in MSIA."

balances" and "inner phasings." Several followers were so smitten with the teachings of the Traveler that they turned over large inheritances. One woman donated a house and property overlooking Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains. The church bought a 6000-square-foot estate in the fashionable Mandeville Canyon area, and it purchased the Busby Berkeley mansion in Los Angeles, naming it the Purple Rose Ashram of the New Age. A holistic-style health center followed, along with a publishing company and the Kor-E-Nor University, later named the University of Santa Monica. Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys, actresses Sally Kirkland and Leigh Taylor-Young and assorted low-profile but high-income benefactors were drawn into J-R's fold. With the help of eager young followers, "Light Centers" opened in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Berkeley, as well as in Paris and London. John-Roger and staff added new training sessions and seminars at an impressive clip.

But the lure of mysticism had started to fade as the age of disco flourished. Self-improvement and self-analysis replaced satori as seekerdom's quest du jour. So it was something of a godsend when a young man who had been a trainer with John Hanley's controversial Life Spring organization came to John-Roger with an idea. Their meeting of minds created Insight Transformational Seminars, a multisession workshop that fused aspects of group therapy with high-pressure self-improvement. The first year alone (1978), the program brought in plenty of new souls and more than $1 million.

Soon, ruling the spiritual realms seemed insufficiently ambitious for J-R. In 1983, his ministers decided to create something called Integrity Day, to be held on John-Roger's birthday. Over the next several years, the nonprofit John-Roger Foundation presented Integrity Awards to high-profile heroes at black-tie galas. The press flocked, as J-R, now described as "an educator and humanitarian," posed with such figures as Jonas Salk, Ralph Nader, Lech Walesa, Desmond Tutu and Mother Teresa.

•

At the age of 29, Peter McWilliams had already written and published several books, made a fortune and lost it on a greeting card company, experimented with a panoply of enlightenment peddlers and several times sunk into despair. In 1978 he came across an advertisement for an Insight seminar and signed up.

During the first part of the intensive training, facilitators flogged participants with negativity, forcing each to confront the wretched facts of their pathetic lives. Then, when the room was a quivering mass of raw emotion, the trainers shifted gears, revealing each seeker's inner beauty, rebuilding their self-esteem. McWilliams was hooked.

John-Roger had appeared only briefly at that training. But as McWilliams continued down the Insight path, he learned that all roads eventually led to MSIA and the Traveler. "It didn't take long for even a brain-damaged garden slug to realize there was no divine order or energy in MSIA," McWilliams would later write. "Alas, I lacked such intelligence. More accurately, whatever intelligence I had was short-circuited by the Insight process." Within the year, he had completed advanced Insight. A photo taken at graduation shows him with a frizz of curly hair and a lobotomy grin.

Soon McWilliams became an MSIA minister, an Insight facilitator and an aggressive recruitment hound, going so far as to drag his own mother to events—a phenomenon Mary McWilliams, who considered herself a devout Catholic, still recalls with mild bewilderment.

If McWilliams had grown up in California's San Gabriel Valley, he might have been class clown in one of Roger Hinkins' post–Beloved English classes. Instead, he launched his convoluted spiritual search in the equally unlikely environs of suburban Detroit, where his father ran a drug store's cigar section and Mary stayed home to raise her boys.

While Hinkins led students on virtual field trips, adolescent McWilliams dropped LSD and chased psychedelic visions through his own inner cosmos. He contorted into yogic pretzels and grooved on Bob Dylan and the Jefferson Airplane, he got into sensitivity training and got popped twice for marijuana possession. When the Beatles came home from India with praise for Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's transcendental meditation movement, McWilliams latched on to that too, eventually becoming one of

the white-haired guru's elite inner circle.

But McWilliams' quest didn't keep him from skipping in the mainstream of suburban creativity. "A playbill from that period has my name on it an embarrassing number of times," McWilliams recalls in *Life 102*. The credits, he says, went on endlessly, including: "Program written, designed, typed and printed by Peter McWilliams."

Such preternatural confidence didn't sit well with everyone. The priest who baptized him, McWilliams says, later became his teacher. One day in catechism, the good father got fed up, threw McWilliams to the floor, kicked him and said that if he had known how Peter was going to turn out he would have drowned him during baptism. ("I must admit," McWilliams writes, "I was a behavior problem.") Peter, who had received his first typewriter at the age of seven, learned that writing well is the best revenge, and his mother recalls one time that Allen Park High sent him home for satirizing teachers.

It was never a secret that McWilliams was attracted to his own gender. "Come on," says his younger brother, Michael. "When you listen to the soundtrack of *Gypsy* at nine?" At 17, Peter fell in love and began writing verse. It's easy to envision the poet sitting in a suburban coffee shop at dawn, scribbling such lines as:

I must conquer my loneliness
alone.
I must be happy with myself
or I have
nothing
to offer.

Soon McWilliams' entrepreneurial instincts gave his creativity a kick in the pants. While still in high school, he produced several books of love poetry, printed them in his basement and distributed them to local bookstores. Inside, readers found such verse as this:

Why must I
always fall for
chicken shits
on
ego trips?

But poetry ultimately took a backseat to McWilliams' other passion of the moment: transcendental meditation.

"I was captivated with TM and wanted everyone everywhere to learn it," he writes. McWilliams even wrote a best-selling book on the subject. But by 1977 he had drifted away, cutting his final ties when the Maharishi's Sidhi Program promised to teach students to walk through walls and levitate. During his TM days, McWilliams had also studied religious science. After religious science he dabbled in Stuart Emory's actualizations and Werner Erhard's est. Then he found Insight.

McWilliams' early involvement with Insight and MSIA preceded a second burst of success he achieved with *The Personal Computer Book*, a witty paperback endorsed by William F. Buckley that persuaded many people to buy their first Kay-Pro or Commodore PC. McWilliams became a pro-PC talking head on TV and wrote numerous articles—including some for PLAYBOY—on the joys of home computers. So he was rather preoccupied when the MSIA had its first major collision with controversy.

While planning the first Integrity Awards gala in 1983, a few staff members had broken the MSIA taboo against expressing negativity. Quietly, they discussed the myriad shortcomings in integrity that they had witnessed, from John-Roger's wild outbursts in private—during which he'd claim to be under assault by negative forces—to what they saw as his squandering church funds on losing stock ventures and get-rich-quick schemes. They wondered why someone who was supposedly "aware of all levels at all times" recorded phone calls and, they said, used a sophisticated network of microphones to listen in on conversations in the Insight building in Santa Monica. Someone even suggested that, given the way J-R and his staff lived, their vows of poverty might be seen as hypocritical. The most stunning revelation, however, was that two of the young men on the staff—both heterosexual—said that John-Roger had persuaded them to have sex with him, assuring each that he alone was receiving that spiritual honor.

John-Roger has denied these charges. But as the accusations spread, at least 50 people left the movement, many saying they were emotionally devastated and claiming to have realized on leaving that John-Roger had brainwashed them. After the exodus, several key defectors received bizarre and intimidating letters and phone calls. Their tires were slashed and paint thinner was thrown on their cars. They said John-Roger had threatened them, though he publicly denied it and was never charged.

J-R did, however, remind those who stayed in the movement about a powerful, vaguely satanic force known as the Kal Power or Red Monk, which affixes itself to people who get caught up in negativity. Forewarned, the MSIA faithful fled to the other side of the street or dashed out of supermarkets when someone who was said to be possessed by the Red Monk approached.

Most of MSIA's 3000 to 5000 initiates, ministers and discourse subscribers remained loyal, dismissing the accusations against John-Roger as rumors. The teachings spread to South America and Australia and even took root in parts of Africa. By the 1987 Integrity Awards, the movement had gained such momentum that J-R announced a self-esteem program called Ace that was about to push into the public schools—in a sense,

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taking the former teacher full circle. In the next year, an army of volunteers persuaded 47 states and 200 cities to declare Integrity Day on John-Roger's birthday. Senator Alan Cranston even introduced legislation that would have declared a National Integrity Day. But in August 1988, the *Los Angeles Times* published a two-part series that outlined criticisms that former MSIA members had leveled against John-Roger. The Integrity gala was canceled, National Integrity Day collapsed, at least one school district backed away from the Ace program and another wave of followers left MSIA.

But again, most of J-R's admirers remained loyal. Instead of an Integrity gala, the faithful threw John-Roger a birthday bash and presented him with the "symbolic gift" of a $750,000 house near the foundation's new 140-acre ranch in Santa Barbara.

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Joshua Tree National Monument park in California is nearly a million acres of eerily anthropomorphic cacti, sculpted boulder piles and howling coyotes. It's the sort of place where visionaries have their visions, where the wind speaks in tongues. In late 1988, John-Roger found himself being driven across this landscape by an anxious Peter McWilliams. Earlier in the year, at least in part to help diffuse the pending bad publicity, McWilliams claimed he had collaborated with J-R on the first book in the *Life 101* series, *You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought*, and released it through his own Prelude Press.

The volume's subtitle was "A Book for People With Any Life-Threatening Illness—Including Life." But since its publication, McWilliams had begun to wonder if his own life weren't at risk. A dear friend of his had died from a rare strain of tuberculosis, with McWilliams at his bedside. McWilliams was concerned he might come down with the disease. As he and J-R drove across the desert, listening to U2's *Joshua Tree*, McWilliams asked the omniscient Traveler if McWilliams had TB. "Yes," he recalls J-R saying. McWilliams pondered his own mortality. Then J-R offered a release. As McWilliams tells the story, J-R said: "If you keep writing and publishing the books, I'll handle the health issue for you."

McWilliams seemed perfectly healthy, yet he took to writing books as if his life depended on it. In each volume the formula was the same: The wisdom of John-Roger and McWilliams alternated with upbeat, inspiring, sometimes merely quirky quotes from famous folks on a facing page. The book *Do It!*, for instance, offers these words from R.A. Dickson: "Love your enemies just in case your friends turn out to be a bunch of bastards."

Long before such sentiments took on resonance, McWilliams and J-R took to the airwaves to promote each new volume. Among the callers to various *Larry King Live* shows were former MSIA staffers who called J-R a guru and his organization a bizarre cult.

McWilliams usually defended his messiah with aplomb. In one less graceful moment, a TV posse from Geraldo Rivera's *Now It Can Be Told* show swept into a bookstore where the two were signing their latest collaboration. The subsequent exposé on MSIA featured classic cornered-weasel footage of McWilliams' straight-arming the camera, giving America a close-up of his palm.

Running interference was the least a man could do for someone he felt was holier than Jesus; beyond that, McWilliams proselytized like a televangelist on Christmas Eve. Mary McWilliams took the Insight trainings her son shoved down her throat in stride. "I was surprised," she said, "that so many people seemed to have so much bottled up inside them, so much pain and hurt." But McWilliams' younger brother, Michael, had felt the pressure of brotherly persuasion since childhood and wanted no part of Insight or J-R. Frustrated, Peter tried every trick to get him to attend. Finally, Michael says, "He told me that if I didn't take Insight, I was going to die of cancer."

Michael, a television critic for *The Detroit News*, feared he had lost the brother he loved. He offers this explanation: "I think a lot of people in cults see parts of themselves reflected in the leader. It's a narcissistic thing, a mutual admiration." What Peter saw, Michael believes, was the charming and manipulative facet of his own personality—"that kind of barely concealed lust for power over other people." Not that power-mongering is Peter's dominant trait. "But art is ego. It is self-gratification. It is manipulation of the audience. Maybe Peter's writing wasn't enough and he saw in John-Roger a perfected version of what an artist is. In a way, J-R's art, his power, is the manipulation of human souls."

Not every soul, however, is equally malleable. The history of MSIA is littered with tales of people whose psyches were frayed when they stumbled upon the Traveler. Some say John-Roger and the MSIA-aligned organizations helped them to heal. Others didn't do so well.

In 1971, Stephen, a 21-year-old senior at the University of California at Santa Barbara, was introduced by a friend to John-Roger. Recently heartbroken, upset about Vietnam and money, his mind still reeling from bad drug experiences, Stephen eased into the group and began attending seminars, studying the discourses. Within months, the university counseling center diagnosed him as schizophrenic—a condition that in all likelihood would have emerged with or without MSIA.

According to a doctoral dissertation titled "Schizophrenic and Spiritual States," Stephen believed the MSIA suggestion that John-Roger was assisting him "on the inner levels." When he finally wrote to John-Roger, asking that he stop "working with his mind," J-R agreed. A psychiatrist involved with the movement referred him to medical professionals. But the image of the Mystical Traveler had burrowed deep into Stephen's brain. "I thought John-Roger was saving me from all my suffering," Stephen told the dissertation candidate. "Little did I know he was creating it. The devil came before me in spirit—Mr. Hinkins. They say the devil appears as an angel of light. I could see his eyebrows and his hair, all glowing different colors. He said, 'I will give you anything you ask for.'"

For 11 years, this vision of John-Roger played a tormenting game of hide-and-seek in the young man's mind. Finally, at the age of 32, Stephen hanged himself in his bedroom.

Given the fine legal lines they sometimes walked as counselors and purported healers, MSIA ministers were always concerned about potential liability. "The game is 'hot potato,'" an attorney affiliated with MSIA once wrote in the movement's newspaper. "Try to do your best to assist the troubled individual and then place the liability elsewhere, where it belongs, with those licensed individuals who society thinks can best handle the problem."

But with John-Roger's own university cranking out counselors, that line sometimes blurred. In November 1993 a young man accused Chicago's Cardinal Joseph Bernardin of sexual molestation. For months, Bernardin lived with the humiliation of scandal. But in February 1994, the man dropped his charges after critics questioned the credentials and techniques of the Philadelphia hypnotherapist who had dredged up the memories—now widely regarded as spurious. She had received her master's degree, it turned out, from the MSIA-aligned University of Santa Monica.

•

With the *Life 101* series singing along, McWilliams decided it might be fun to put aside self-help for a while and take on a meatier subject. J-R wanted no part of the topic, so McWilliams went solo, writing an 818-page tome called *Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do: The Absurdity of Consensual Crimes in a Free Society*, a chapter of which was excerpted in PLAYBOY.

Given subsequent events, two themes are of particular interest. For one, McWilliams argues that the impulse to repress alternative religions as cults is similar to the impulse that attempts to quash prostitution, pornography and

homosexuality. As an example, he uses the case of the Reverend Jim Jones and his followers, who were driven from America, says McWilliams, by religious persecution. McWilliams describes the arrival in Guyana of Congressman Leo Ryan, who had brought along several "concerned relatives"—members of families upset that their loved ones had traipsed off with Jones. McWilliams offers an interesting take on the victim-victimizer relationship:

"One can only imagine Jones' feelings," he writes. "Ryan—uninvited and unwelcome—had used threats to enter Jonestown and brought with him relatives who had been central in taking away several of Jones' 'children.'"

Before the confrontation ended, Jones' followers had murdered Ryan and his group, and another 912 men, women and children swallowed cyanide-laced grape Kool-Aid and crumpled dead in the dirt. "Most people who died believed sincerely the murder of their children and their own suicide was a religious and political act," McWilliams emphasizes. "That they were brainwashed into believing this is a given. That—for whatever reason—they chose to take part in this brainwashing is the important fact."

Another way Western culture restricts religious freedom, according to McWilliams, is through its taboo against peyote rites and similar drug-induced spiritual visions. "The irony," he writes, "is that most intense religious experience is based on a chemical change. Sometimes the chemical comes from outside oneself, and sometimes it is produced by the human body in response to a mental, emotional or physical change."

John-Roger had always preached against recreational drug use, and, like many followers, McWilliams was convinced that even prescription mood-altering drugs were taboo to the Traveler.

But by 1993, as readers thumbed the *Life 101* books for answers to their woes, McWilliams remained unfulfilled. All in all, he says, the series had paid MSIA more than $400,000. McWilliams says he also gave the church more than $600,000 and bought the ashram a grand piano. And gave J-R that new car.

But his latest collaboration with John-Roger, *Wealth 101*, hadn't done well. And MSIA wasn't pleased with their profit-sharing arrangement. As it happened, McWilliams' search for selfhood was about to loop back on itself. In despair over money and other matters, McWilliams turned to a previous collaborator, a mainstream psychiatrist named Harold Bloomfield. "You're suffering, Peter," Dr. Bloomfield said. "You ought to consider that you have depression." The doctor suggested he start taking Prozac.

A few years earlier, the antidepressant Prozac had been saddled with a burgeoning image problem. Stories of Prozac-fueled suicides began appearing in the media. Most reports were later discredited. But the drug, which had rocketed to unprecedented psychopharmacological stardom, had fallen from its pill pedestal.

Then, in 1993, Dr. Peter Kramer published *Listening to Prozac*, which did as much to rehabilitate that drug's image as the *Life 101* series had done for John-Roger's. "Prozac," Kramer wrote, "was transformative for patients in the way an inspirational minister or high-pressure group therapy can be—it made them want to talk about their experience. And what my patients generally said was that they had learned something about themselves from Prozac."

McWilliams popped the pills and within three weeks began feeling better—feeling, as Kramer's patients put it, "better than well."

"I also began feeling spiritual for the first time," McWilliams wrote. "I felt connected to God in a solid, unpretentious way. The discovery of this connection was no great 'hooray, hooray, I found God' but a slow clarification—like watching a Polaroid picture develop. It all seemed so natural—and simple. It had nothing to do with John-Roger's intricate cosmology I had so carefully memorized."

In March 1994, with MSIA demanding payment of past-due book royalties, McWilliams wrote to John-Roger and told him he no longer believed him to be a direct link to God. He no longer thought the Traveler and Preceptor had the power to keep him healthy. In another letter, he warned that if MSIA pursued the money it said he owed, he'd "make John-Roger more popular on Court TV than the Menendez brothers."

MSIA went ahead and sued, demanding more than $407,000 in royalties and past-due promissory notes, which were secured, in part, by McWilliams' sprawling Laurel Canyon home and his new Lexus. So McWilliams pulled out his tape recorder and began spelling out his epiphany: that John-Roger had programmed him to believe J-R was a spiritual power greater than Jesus. On the title page of *Life 102: What to Do When Your Guru Sues You*, McWilliams, as usual, put John-Roger's name above his. Then he slashed it out and scrawled "Not!"

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Ever since the disintegration of Integrity Day, McWilliams had felt that he and Arianna Huffington were engaged in an unspoken competition to win John-Roger's approval; it was a sibling rivalry of sorts. For instance: John-Roger's Institute for Individual and World Peace was planning to build a retreat on its 140-acre ranch above Santa Barbara, using its 46 horses—mainly expensive Egyptian-Arabians—to take

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students on mounted visualizations, or horse awareness trainings, as they were called. From 1990 to 1992 Arianna gave $35,000 to the institute, while McWilliams contributed more than $54,000.

As McWilliams worked on the *Life 101* books, Arianna—who had written best-selling biographies of Pablo Picasso and Maria Callas—researched *The Fourth Instinct*, a treatise on the notion that the need for spirituality is right up there with the need for sex, survival and power.

But Arianna's role within MSIA differed from McWilliams'. Throughout the Seventies and Eighties, Arianna—once dubbed "the Sir Edmund Hillary of social climbing"—took it upon herself to introduce John-Roger into each social echelon she conquered. In 1986 she married Michael Huffington, the son of a Texas oil wildcatter, who was himself worth about $75 million. From the start, the couple had political plans, and it soon became apparent that Arianna's links to the Traveler were best kept out of the limelight. Michael Huffington moved to California and spent a record amount to win the Santa Barbara congressional seat. By 1994, when Arianna published *Instinct*, he was running as the Republican candidate for Democrat Dianne Feinstein's Senate position.

Although John-Roger is pointedly not mentioned in *Instinct*, the book is rife with MSIA code words and nods to the Traveler. While lucid in places, *Instinct* suggests that Arianna's fine Cambridge education atrophied under the influence of Aquarian Age numskullery. At one point, for instance, she gives a sober account of the "researcher" who scraped cells from a former Navy pilot's mouth, transported them to another laboratory and somehow strapped the cells and the pilot up to polygraph machines. The pilot was shown videos of a dogfight. And seven miles away, Huffington writes breathlessly, the cells in the petri dish squirmed in unison.

The book's big premise is that, as the millennium nears, humanity will reach the "critical mass" needed to create a new era of spirituality—"the Reign of the Fourth Instinct," as Arianna calls it. When this New Age notion became a central theme of her husband's Senate campaign, a strange alchemy occurred. "It is absurd to ask religious believers to check their convictions at the door of democracy," Arianna declared. And the religious right agreed. Hurt by Huffington's record-demolishing campaign spending, Feinstein's lead in the polls began to wither. Huffington's handlers, however, had not counted on the wrath of McWilliams.

When news of the lawsuit between MSIA and McWilliams leaked out in June 1994, the *Los Angeles Times* stuck the story inside its Metro section—mainly because it had the misfortune of running the day after O.J. Simpson's freeway escapade. By October, however, the Simpson case had entered the protracted jury selection phase, and the media turned to politics. Because one chapter of McWilliams' *Life 102* charted Arianna Huffington's alleged effort to plant the Traveler's teachings in the Senate, and then the White House, reporters had a story they could sink their teeth into. For a few wondrous moments last autumn, even radio talk show hosts shoved aside O.J. to cheer on this violent collision between California's odd world of metaphysics and its even more peculiar political realm.

The *San Diego Union-Tribune* called McWilliams' book "a kerosene-soaked rag in search of a flame." *Newsweek* dubbed the affair "Gurugate." When, in early October, 53 followers of the Order of the Solar Temple committed suicide in Switzerland, McWilliams was quick on the trigger: "Is MSIA's cult leader John-Roger capable of leading his followers into a mass suicide?" asked his faxed *Gurugate Gazette*. "You bet your Dixie Cup of grape Kool-Aid."

As media scrutiny intensified, Arianna spouted contradictory dates and denials: She hadn't participated in MSIA activities since 1987, she gave up her ministerial credentials in 1986, being a minister meant nothing, she never understood all that Traveler and Preceptor stuff. Finally, she declared herself a born-again Christian. The media reacted to her waffling like pit bulls to a meowing cat. The *New York Times* labeled Michael Huffington "the Manchurian candidate." A sampling of Arianna headlines from England would have to include this one: THE PUSHIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

McWilliams' little blaze turned into a fire storm, generating its own weather patterns. Reports of Arianna's MSIA baptisms and accounts of what she said at seminars whipped talk show hosts into a fervor.

In 1988, actress Sally Kirkland had made J-R her date for the Oscars when she was nominated as best actress for her role in *Anna*. Now she hit the talk shows to defend J-R, the Huffingtons and religious freedom. Alas, talk show hosts insisted on edging the conversation to Kirkland's sexual appetites and lust for rubber dresses. After lampooning Arianna's MSIA ministry for a week, the *Doonesbury* comic strip ended with the right-wing character muttering: "It's getting too weird to be a conservative."

But the weirdness had just begun. Huffington and Feinstein debated on *Larry King Live*, and mid-debate, King pulled out a letter from John-Roger in which he said he was a Democrat and that Arianna was merely a friend. King never mentioned that he himself has touted *Nobody's Business*, or that Rama Fox, a recent love interest with whom he is now battling in the courts, was a disciple of John-Roger's.

At one point in the media madness, McWilliams arranged a "telephonic press conference" in which former ministers would gather to discuss, among other topics, which of them would have chugged Kool-Aid had J-R offered it. A reporter from a Christian journal pointedly asked McWilliams, "Are you a practicing homosexual?" "Absolutely," he snarled. "I practice as much as possible!"

In *Life 102*, McWilliams claims that Arianna called him during Michael Huffington's congressional race and asked him to phone a radio show to divulge dirt a private detective had dug up on the opponent. Arianna herself went on another show. When McWilliams called in to challenge her, she lashed out, alleging that the LAPD found "all the evidence of a pedophiliac" in a search of McWilliams' home. "He needs help, and the press and the media should stop exploiting a very sick man and allow him to find help," she said. Meanwhile, someone had anonymously faxed around police records showing that McWilliams' home had been searched after he hired a masseuse for an underage male he had photographed. No charges were filed (nor has McWilliams ever been convicted of child molestation).

As the election drew near, the whole affair wobbled madly, taking on a life of its own, becoming the sort of odd multimedia psychodrama that seemed so perfect for the Nineties. Then, with only two weeks left in the campaign, the *Los Angeles Times*' Dave Lesher turned up evidence that the Huffingtons, who had taken a hard-line stance against illegal immigration, had employed an undocumented nanny in their Montecito mansion. Abruptly, the media left John-Roger and McWilliams in the dirt as they chased down Nannygate.

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On November 8, as election results trickled in, Feinstein versus Huffington turned out to be the closest race in the nation.

McWilliams, sick with the flu, stayed home to watch the returns on television and pored over Huffington's published statements about him, preparing to file a new lawsuit. Sometime before dawn, the newscast sputtered out and McWilliams drifted to sleep. It was almost two weeks later that Feinstein finally was able to accept victory, winning by fewer than 200,000 votes, in a contest that had cost Huffington more than $27 million of his own money.

Nannygate had apparently been the deciding factor. But the vote was close enough that McWilliams could take a certain pride in the outcome. Even before the campaign ended, a woman who had been a follower of J-R's said, "My God. I'm glad Peter's not mad at me."

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KILLER MOGUL (continued from page 84)

On weekends, Katzenberg sees movies at the Century City shopping mall, where he buys huge tubs of popcorn.

competitive with each other."

Katzenberg was stunned.

"Michael, how can you possibly say that?" Katzenberg asked him. "We don't compete with each other. You invented me, you created me, you taught me, guided me. Everybody knows that. I am your creation. You're the parent. How can you think that anything I do doesn't accrue to your stature?"

Three months after Wells died, Eisner—52 years old and facing obvious strains about the future of his company—was taken to the emergency room of Cedars-Sinai Medical Center for quadruple heart bypass surgery. Eisner was registered under an assumed name and the surgery was kept secret for several hours.

It was by total coincidence that Katzenberg called Eisner's home early the next morning to discuss the weekend grosses of some Disney films. Eisner's wife, Jane, promptly told Katzenberg about her husband's heart surgery.

Katzenberg, who had donated more than $1 million to Cedars-Sinai, said that he was on the board of the hospital and would do whatever was necessary.

"Michael is really concerned that it be kept quiet," said Mrs. Eisner.

"Well, Jane, you can't keep this quiet very long. Tell me who knows."

She proceeded to reel off the names of eight people who had been called, most of them executives from the studio, plus Michael Ovitz, the powerful agent who had chilly relations with Katzenberg.

Katzenberg was taken aback. He hung up the phone and turned to his wife, Marilyn.

"It's over," he said, referring to his association with Eisner. The fact that he wasn't phoned by the man he considered an older brother was the death knell of the relationship.

On August 24, Katzenberg was called into Eisner's office to present his boss with a memo of proposals on Disney's future. Instead, Eisner shocked Katzenberg by presenting him with a four-page announcement about staff changes at the company, including the fact that Katzenberg was quitting.

Within a few days Katzenberg was ousted from the extraordinarily successful movie and television company that he had helped build.

Eisner's offhand dismissal, which included telling Disney employees they could not throw a farewell party for Katzenberg at the studio, informing Katzenberg he was unwelcome at the London opening of *The Lion King* and asking him to leave his office quickly, left Katzenberg dismayed. And furious.

Katzenberg was immediately offered lucrative jobs at CBS and other entertainment companies. But the dream of owning his own company obsessed him. Katzenberg wanted to control his professional life and future, and he yearned to make Eisner profoundly regret the decision that many in Hollywood, even those who don't especially like Katzenberg, viewed as a serious blunder.

"For Jeffrey, the bottom line was that you can devote this much of your life to a company and have it be so unappreciated by the guy for whom you've worked for more than 20 years," says Geffen. "In the end Jeffrey realized that no matter how talented you are, no matter how hard you work, no matter how effective you are, you end up working for Michael Eisner or Rupert Murdoch or Martin Davis. You end up with the sticky end of the lollipop. It was inescapable for Jeffrey: He wanted to own his own business."

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Organization and control consume Katzenberg. As a studio executive, he used to schedule two breakfasts, one lunch and two dinners to meet writers, agents and directors. (His 5′7″, 128-pound frame is kept in shape by an intensive early morning workout during which he manages to read several newspapers.) He once read 14 scripts while on a four-day vacation in Hawaii. He drives a black Mustang convertible because, he says, a Jaguar or Porsche would make him feel too adult. (He recently bought an extra Mustang, one of the last of its kind, and placed it in storage.)

His message to the staff in his first days at Disney was: "If you don't come in Saturday, don't bother to come in Sunday." He scheduled marketing meetings on Sunday mornings. Once, when trying to reach Sam Cohn, a prominent New York agent who wouldn't return his calls, Katzenberg had his three secretaries call Cohn's office every ten minutes until the agent yielded. He has phone lists of people to call once a week, once every two weeks, once every three weeks. A newspaper reporter who had a dinner meeting with him at Locanda Veneta, one of Katz' favorite restaurants, got three calls from Katzenberg's office: He's ten minutes late, he's on the way, he's about to arrive. A joke in Hollywood is that Katzenberg and his wife, Marilyn Siegel, a former kindergarten teacher in New York, had twins, a boy and a girl, 11 years ago because it was more efficient than having children one at a time.

Like the Thirties moguls Louis Mayer, Jack Warner and Irving Thalberg, Katzenberg's up-from-the-streets style is without pretension. In many ways, he has the tastes of ordinary people. On weekends, he sees movies at the Century City shopping mall, where he buys huge tubs of popcorn. He's a compulsive junk food eater and often takes his kids—or friends such as Spielberg—to McDonald's. In his heyday at Disney, he once referred to the studio as "the McDonald's of the film industry" and meant it as a compliment. Katzenberg added, "I love McDonald's. I don't look down on it. It's the cleanest. It's accessible to the masses. Hamburger taste is American taste—not the lowest common denominator but the highest common denominator." Some rival executives said that the McDonald's analogy underlines Katzenberg's lack of judgment about films.

His rivals admire Katzenberg's executive skills. "No one works harder and no one is more tenacious," says Thomas Pollock, chairman of the MCA/Universal Motion Picture Group and head of Universal Pictures. Robert Daley, chairman of the board of Warner Bros., says simply, "A fabulous executive. He has a tremendous knowledge of the business, understands it. And he's very, very aggressive. A lot of this business is follow-through and, God knows, Jeffrey follows through." Barry Diller, his onetime boss at Paramount, says, "He's as good an executive as exists in the entertainment business. He's willful, he's committed to succeed. Pound for pound, he's the best there is."

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Beneath the business veneer, however, the question that even his friends sometimes ask is, Does anyone really know Jeffrey? (No one in Hollywood calls him Mr. Katzenberg.) Katzenberg himself refuses to speculate on what, really, makes Jeffrey run.

Asked several years ago what motivates him, Katzenberg paused. "I'm not having a shy attack," he said. "I'm just lousy at self-analysis. I'm great at analyzing other people. I know whether I can get the best work from someone by putting him in a straitjacket or leaving him alone."

His personal life is remarkably private. He rarely gives or attends parties and he lives in a sedate home in Beverly Hills with his family. Less sedate is his lavish home in Malibu and a ski house in Deer Valley, Utah. He and his family spend two weeks every Christmas in Oahu, Hawaii, but they are often accompanied by a gang of friends from Disney

that includes Laurence Mark, a movie producer.

"Because Jeffrey lives and breathes his work, he's often thought of as someone without a personal life," says Mark, who has known Katzenberg for 25 years. "But that's an unfair description. He just happens to keep his homelife separate from work far more than other people here."

Marilyn Siegel Katzenberg, a private, funny, unpretentious woman who was raised in the Bronx, is usually described as a voice of reality for her husband. "Marilyn's a real person. She lays it out like it is and is not a Hollywood wife," says Press. "She doesn't care about the trappings. She's a very basic, down-to-earth person who hasn't forgotten where she came from."

Nor, for that matter, has her husband.

Although he grew up on wealthy Park Avenue, Katzenberg was definitely a kid of the New York streets.

A lousy student at the exclusive Fieldston School, Katzenberg has said he never dealt well with "rigid, institutionalized situations." Even as a boy Katzenberg had a solid entrepreneurial streak. He sold lemonade on the street and shoveled snow. When he was 14 and attending Camp Kennebec in Maine for the sixth tiresome summer in a row, Katzenberg claims he got himself thrown out by organizing a poker game for M&Ms.

So instead he spent that summer as a volunteer in John Lindsay's first campaign for mayor—and stayed by Lindsay's side for seven years. They were, he now says, the most formative years of his life.

Lindsay's associates fondly remember Katzenberg as a tenacious pit bull they called Squirt. "He was always there, even at two in the morning, taking in everything," says Richard Aurelio, who became deputy mayor in Lindsay's second administration. "You couldn't satisfy his intense desire to know every scheme, leadership trick, management technique and strategy."

While his friends were protesting the Vietnam war or smoking dope, Katzenberg was, indeed, part of the establishment serving the mayor of New York. "I was out there being an adult," he says. "I never had a normal high school or college life."

At the behest of his parents he enrolled at New York University. "I went there for about 28 seconds," he says. "I think there was a police strike right in the middle of exam week." Katzenberg says his experiences with City Hall, traveling around New York from the time he was 15 until he was 22, altered his life. "I learned things about growing up, the fragility of people and what it is to have and not have things," he says.

"It was better than college," he says. "I was in a structured environment. I worked. I had responsibilities. I learned about people and had the most extraordinary experience in my life."

At the time, Katzenberg grew friendly with David Picker, a United Artists executive and later an independent producer. He was also befriended by Daniel Melnick, a producer. Both men suggested that Katzenberg get into the entertainment business, and he soon landed a job as an agent at a talent agency called IFA. But Katzenberg didn't like the notion of servicing people and representing them as an agent. "It didn't work for me," he said. "Wrong rhythms."

Picker hired Katzenberg as an assistant. In 1975, Barry Diller, the newly appointed chairman of Paramount, hired him as a personal assistant. Soon Katzenberg was ordering Diller's staff around, and there were threats of revolt. "He was so aggressive and impossible, he ruffled so many feathers, that I couldn't keep him," says Diller, who in 1977 shipped Katzenberg to Paramount's marketing department on the West Coast "to see if he could survive those vicious people."

Shortly before Katzenberg left for Los Angeles, Geffen met him for the first time. "I was coming back from Europe with Barry Diller, and this kid got us through Customs and took care of our bags in a second and it was like a whirlwind," recalls Geffen with a laugh. "It

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was like being met by a hurricane. Who is that masked man? So I asked Barry who he was, and Barry said, 'That's Jeffrey Katzenberg.'"

At Paramount, Katzenberg caught the eye of Michael Eisner, president of the studio, who eventually asked him to oversee the transformation of *Star Trek* the TV show into *Star Trek* the feature film. If Katzenberg lacked a certain polish and tact, he made up for it in his restless ambition and work habits. What many executives overlooked, though, was his steel-trap mind and his ability to focus on one project, then move on with the same intensity to the next.

The eight-year Diller–Eisner run at Paramount, with Katzenberg rising rapidly, was a golden era that produced such hits as *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Saturday Night Fever*.

By 1984 Eisner had left Paramount to run the Disney Company and brought along Katzenberg to oversee the studio's film and television divisions.

Katzenberg's strategy was unusual: placing hungry movie and television actors in high-concept comedies that were developed in-house rather than purchased for millions of dollars from agents such as Ovitz. Everything was done on the cheap. Katzenberg went out of his way to find actors—including Richard Dreyfuss, Bette Midler and Richard Gere—whose luster had faded. (Robin Williams joked that Katzenberg spent most of his time hanging around outside the Betty Ford clinic.) The result was a string of early comedy hits that revived Disney: *Pretty Woman*, *Outrageous Fortune*, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, *Ruthless People*, *Three Men and a Baby* and *Good Morning, Vietnam*.

But the Eisner–Katzenberg team's arrogance and indifference to writers and directors, the studio's cheapness, Katzenberg's habit of meddling in scripts and casting, and the cookie-cutter films made Disney less than alluring to many performers and directors. Alec Baldwin, after his disastrous 1991 film *The Marrying Man*, said of Katzenberg, "He's the eighth dwarf—Greedy."

Movie stars such as Dustin Hoffman worked with Disney once and vowed never again to return to the studio. So did many writers and directors. Robin Williams was especially angry at Disney's stinginess. Having paid him about $75,000 for his speaking role as the genie in *Aladdin*, Disney proceeded to use the character in the hugely successful merchandising efforts that were tied to the film—despite a promise not to. Williams, who ordinarily earns millions for his film roles, angrily complained that Disney exploited him. He promised never again to work at Disney's studios in Burbank. (As soon as Katzenberg's successor, Joe Roth, former chairman of Twentieth Century Fox, took over, he apologized to the comedian.)

•

Whatever Katzenberg's flaws, he does not seem so consumed with accruing huge sums of money as, say, his two partners. "I don't care about money," he said several months ago. "It's not the measure of anything I deal with." He has told friends that he has enough money for his wife, his two children and some nice homes. But beyond that, Katzenberg insists that accumulating wealth is not an issue for him. Of course, he has been offered jobs with salaries reaching into the millions.

Katzenberg, in an uncharacteristically reflective mood, once remarked about money, "People wear it differently. Some people wear it for show, some people are quiet about it. Some are phenomenally generous with it and use it as a social tool to accomplish good, and some are incredibly selfish with it. There's no question that it can be a narcotic and that it can tempt people off their natural course. And when that happens it's horrible to watch."

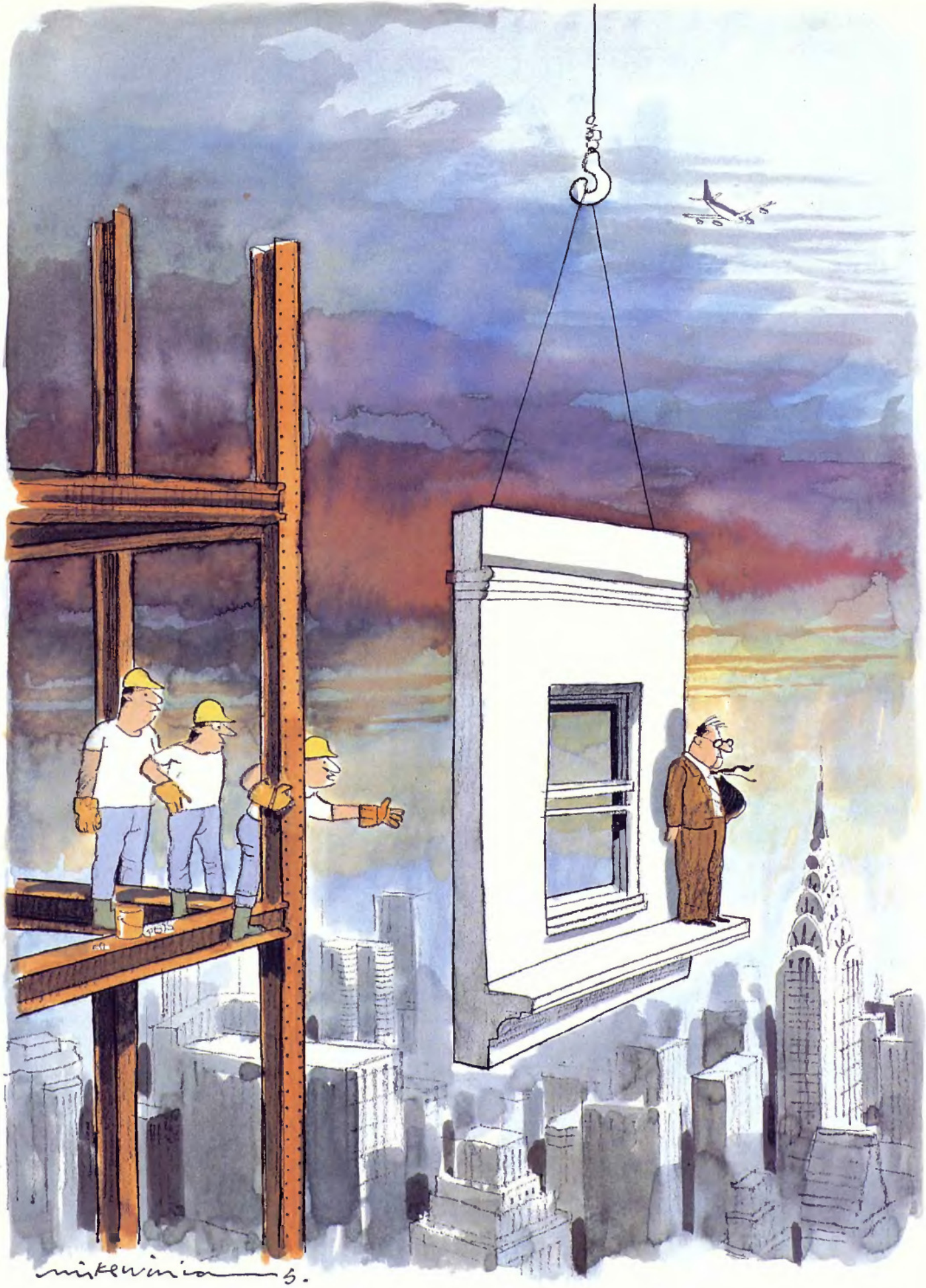
Whenever Katzenberg speaks now—to reporters, to close friends or to associates—a hint of self-analysis, even melancholy, shadows his comments. Several close friends have died, some from AIDS. He has recently seen friends' marriages disintegrate. While he has the optimism and energy of a teenager, Katzenberg is aware that, as a man in his forties, he's facing an unpredictable future despite the hoopla about what he has called "the dream team."

Over the past few years he has veered away from his obsessive work habits and reached beyond the studio. He has raised millions of dollars for AIDS charities and has donated millions more to hospitals in Los Angeles. He has contributed so heavily to the Democratic Party that President Clinton invited him to the White House.

But what has changed him irrevocably—what has darkened his mood, according to friends—is the realization that his 20-year bond with his mentor, Michael Eisner, was nothing more than a sham.

Seated in his temporary offices, Katzenberg makes it plain that having turned the corner on 40 and witnesssed the deaths of several friends, he's gazing at his future with, for the first time, a certain tentativeness. Yes, he has read all the books about the Hollywood moguls.

Asked if he resembles any of them, Katzenberg pauses. "I have no idea," he finally says. "I have yet to meet a single person who can look in a mirror and objectively critique what it is and who it is that they are looking at. And that includes me."



"So, the rumors are true about us being over budget."

IN OUR GENES?

(continued from page 66)

The problem with the feminist movement is that it's fighting human nature. It's like communism.

study showed that if you haven't had sex with your wife for a week, your sperm count will depend on whether you've been able to monitor her during that week. If you've gone out of town, then after that week you will pump more sperm into her than if she had been by your side the whole time. That suggests that throughout evolution females have sometimes been unfaithful. You pump in more sperm because you are trying to make up for the possibility that she's storing another man's sperm—it's a counter weapon. The sperm are trying to nose one another out, and the more troops on your side, the better your chances. If you have no fear of your mate straying, you don't need to send in as many troops.

In primates, testicle size is a reflection of that situation: The larger the testicles, the more semen a species has. Female gibbons aren't promiscuous, so male gibbons have small testicles. Female chimps, on the other hand, are sex machines. The males have developed extremely large testicles so they can pump in as much sperm as possible in the hopes of being the one to impregnate her.

PLAYBOY: And humans?

WRIGHT: Our testicle size tells us that human females are mildly to moderately promiscuous.

PLAYBOY: But both sexes don't merely feel lust. They also feel love.

WRIGHT: Love is determined by evolution, too. A man's love for a woman does many things. It keeps him around during the period of her impregnation long enough for him to be sure he's the father of the offspring, in which case it makes sense for him to invest in the offspring. When he's infatuated, he spends all his time with her—he can't stand to be away from her. That means no other men will be near her. After the baby is born, his love for the woman helps keep him around to care for her so that she can care for the baby.

PLAYBOY: Then why do people fall out of love?

WRIGHT: It may be your genes' way of telling you to discard a mate. It's interesting that one common situation in which people fall out of love is when they have sex for a long time and, because of contraception, do not have children. During evolution, if a man had sex with a woman for a year and she didn't get pregnant, it meant that they were both wasting their time, because one of them wasn't fertile. It made perfect sense that one would sour on a mate after a lot of sex without offspring. I'm not advocating it, but the impulse may make sense.

PLAYBOY: What is the cost of attempting to keep our natural impulses at bay?

WRIGHT: The discrepancy between the environment we were designed to live in and the environment we live in accounts for a lot of suffering. There are many examples. The human mind was designed to live in small groups with people we have known for a long time, many of whom are related to us. In a modern environment, in which we live among people we don't know, it's a recipe for going nuts. Suburban housewives are in especially bad shape, and it is understandable that feminism gained momentum in the late Fifties and Sixties. The classic Fifties husband was living a life that wasn't that different from a hunter-gatherer, really. He went away, hung out with men, did his job, came back, said hi to the kids, loved them but wasn't with them all the time. The woman, on the other hand, was living nothing like the life she was designed to live, which was one where she had a job that was smoothly integrated with child-rearing and where she was with a large group of other women. But modern feminism has made it even more difficult for women.

PLAYBOY: How?

WRIGHT: At some point feminism adopted the dogma that men and women are by nature identical and that any observed differences between them are the result of cultural warping. It's ridiculous. You would not expect males and females in any species to be identical. The biology of reproduction steers the evolution of minds in different directions. The women I know who are mothers of young children and work full-time seem extremely conflicted about it. It's because we have not yet managed to integrate women's careers with child-rearing. There is an evolutionary basis for the fact that women can't go off to work and not feel guilty about it and men can.

PLAYBOY: These days many couples share the parenting. Is that unnatural?

WRIGHT: Yeah, and a lot of men are finding that they're ill-suited to the task—they lose their tempers more quickly with kids, they get irritated more easily. After 15 minutes the joy goes out of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying we should return to the traditional roles?

WRIGHT: There's a certain amount of flexibility in human behavior. But for most people, trying to share parental responsibilities equally is a recipe for trouble.

PLAYBOY: What is the effect on the children?

WRIGHT: We don't know. My wife and I are putting our three-year-old daughter in preschool, and we're doing it in a very minimal way—a total of six hours a week. But even still, I wonder. Kids definitely weren't designed for that. When you take them to school on the first day and they freak out, that's no surprise. Kids weren't designed to suddenly, at three years old, run into all these kids they have never seen and be separated from their parents. It has to be traumatic. Whether it's worth getting over that hump is a hard question to settle empirically, but I worry.

PLAYBOY: Basically, your argument is that women should stay home with their kids.

WRIGHT: Not really. But child-rearing must be integrated into their careers. The problem with the feminist movement is that it's fighting human nature. It's like communism: You can be politically egalitarian, but you can't deny basic facts about human nature. Communism eventually collapsed by denying them.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that successful, childless career women who profess to be happy are lying?

WRIGHT: No. But I think in a lot of cases if they had kids, their perspective would change radically.

PLAYBOY: No wonder feminists hate you. You are basically saying that women are made for a single purpose, to make babies.

WRIGHT: The impulse is inside somewhere. Certainly people are not designed consciously to want to get their genes into the next generation. During evolution there was no contraception, so people didn't have to think about it. If you had lustful impulses, you wound up with kids. And once you have kids, you're designed to grow infatuated with them. But you're not necessarily designed to anticipate that. Upon childbirth, women release a hormone called oxytocin, which helps bond them to their children. It's not that women who say they don't want children are in denial. I don't think women are designed to anticipate wanting children. But it's common for women, when they have children, to report that their careers just aren't as important anymore.

PLAYBOY: If the natural impulse is to become infatuated with one's children, why are kids abused—and even killed—by parents?

WRIGHT: A lot of it turns out to make surprising sense in terms of evolutionary psychology. Two Canadian evolutionary psychologists, Martin Daly and Margo Wilson, were puzzled by headlines about men killing their children. They looked into the data, and it turned out that often it was stepfathers killing their children. Not parents. A child is 80 to 100 times more likely to be killed if he or she

is living with a stepparent. He or she is also considerably more likely to be physically abused.

PLAYBOY: How does that make sense genetically?

WRIGHT: A stepparent is not acting consciously, but that's the reason for an attitude that may range from indifference to the child's welfare to actual hostility. It makes no genetic sense to kill your child, but it does to kill a competitor's child. A male langur monkey, upon pairing up with a female, will try to kill her existing offspring. She'll fight him over it, but he'll try. It makes sense in that way. It would be interesting to see if a man who could closely monitor his wife for infidelity throughout the period when she got pregnant is later more devoted to the resulting children. You might imagine there would be a correlation; if there were, the feminists would die. It would lead to the idea that constraining a woman's freedom around the time of impregnation could help the welfare of the kids.

PLAYBOY: Your theory explains violence toward children, but not sexual abuse. If lust is designed to perpetuate the gene pool, wouldn't lust toward one's child be detrimental?

WRIGHT: Well, if a stepparent sexually abuses a girl who is 13 or 14, it makes sense. Any young woman who is approaching the age of fertility is a female with whom it makes strictly Darwinian sense to have sex.

PLAYBOY: What about when it's not a stepparent but the biological father?

WRIGHT: Well, it would be interesting to see if men who have those feelings toward a child also question their paternity, because there clearly is an incest diversion in nature.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain sexual abuse of younger children, even infants?

WRIGHT: I can't. Clearly there is a kind of evolved impulse that gets derailed and warped. That applies to many behaviors—to people actually going nuts. It's pathological even from a Darwinian perspective. But a lot of things that we call pathological aren't. Extreme violence from a stepparent may have developed because it is an unnatural situation for people. There is no precedent in evolution—no stepparents, no divorce—because a man's wanderlust, or his desire to acquire another mate, was satisfied through polygamy. That kept him in touch with his previous children, and it didn't turn the children over to another man.

PLAYBOY: Why are there so many fatherless families in America if fathers have a stake in staying around and raising their children?

WRIGHT: First of all, it makes Darwinian sense that if a woman cannot find a man to invest in her children, she will have children anyway. It would not make sense for women to respond to a shortage of devoted husbands by just giving up in the genetic sweepstakes altogether. They do the best they can.

PLAYBOY: What about the men? What happens to the impulse to follow through with their part of the bargain?

WRIGHT: Actually, the men who are leaving may not know who their kids are. They engage in what is in effect a situation of serial monogamy—it's just that they often don't get formally married. The ones who know who their kids are often don't have much to invest. That may be part of the impulse not to take on the responsibility.

PLAYBOY: You indicated that low-status men won't find sex partners because of guys like Johnny Carson.

WRIGHT: The black underclass and middle-upper-class white societies are distinct populations; it's not like Johnny Carson snatched a woman from the clutches of an underclass black man. There isn't much interchange of women between those groups. The way to analyze it would be within a discrete population. Let's look at an underclass neighborhood and see who's winning by virtue of the high degree of what is effectively polygamy. I think you'll find that it's the high-status guy with the car and the nice clothes who gets the best of it. With any distinct world, the guy on the bottom of the ladder is not doing so well.

PLAYBOY: Does that also explain all the deadbeat dads? Have they gone off in search of other families?

WRIGHT: They are investing their resources elsewhere, though maybe not in kids. They are probably investing them in sexual opportunities that could lead to kids.

It's important to remember, though, that in the environment of evolution, you did not have to leave your children to go with a new wife. You didn't have to make that choice.

PLAYBOY: So it's not just that men are naturally pigs——

WRIGHT: Depending on how you view it. And, by the way, you could say that when women are piggish, they are doozies, even though they're less often pigs. Cuckolding a man is, in Darwinian terms, the greatest catastrophe that can befall him, one that causes extreme anguish upon discovery.

PLAYBOY: Is that what jealousy is all about?

WRIGHT: Oh yeah. It's also the reason that jealousy differs between men and women. What most threatens a man's genes is sexual infidelity on the part of

the woman. That's why men are less possessive of a woman as she ages. You don't find men staying up at night wondering how their postmenopausal wives are spending their time. There may be some residual jealousy, but it's been shown that men most fiercely guard young, highly fertile women.

On the other hand, what most threatens a woman's genes is emotional infidelity—or the budding attachment of a husband to another woman, which may signal a future diversion of resources away from the first wife's children. Men are most outraged by strictly sexual infidelity and find it very hard to forgive a mate. Women don't like sexual infidelity in their mates, though they find it much easier to forgive. But not emotional infidelity. When a man is emotionally going toward another woman, many women are happy to forgive his sexual infidelity whenever the guy's willing to be forgiven. It's tragic when you see a woman try to win a man back even though he's complete scum.

PLAYBOY: But it certainly happens the other way around, doesn't it?

WRIGHT: It happens less often. If it's a case of sexual infidelity, a man is less inclined than a woman to want to win back a mate. Presumably, it's a sign that he can never again be confident that she will be carrying his genes. If he does win her back, you will probably find he's going to monitor her more closely. We have reason to believe that if O.J. Simpson had won his wife back, he would not have thereafter followed a laissez-faire policy in terms of how she spent her evenings.

PLAYBOY: Does evolutionary psychology explain why a guy is attracted to a particular woman?

WRIGHT: It depends on whether he's interested in a long-term relationship or just sex. If it's a long-term relationship, there are factors such as trust, worthiness and the ability to be a good parent.

PLAYBOY: What if it's just sex?

WRIGHT: If it's for sex, the fact that she's a member of our species and isn't male is enough—especially if she is a young and robust specimen.

PLAYBOY: How do we know who would make good mothers for our children?

WRIGHT: We don't know, though there are theories. One of the theories is that we choose people who are in some ways similar to us, perhaps even related. Although mating with a close relative is likely to lead to genetic pathology, when you get beyond close relatives it may be efficient to mate with someone relatively close to us—it means that your kids will have slightly more of your genes than they otherwise would. Now that we live in a much larger world than the ones in which our ancestors lived, it may be more likely that we would be attracted to people who aren't related to us but who trigger the same impulses. You can imagine situations that psychologists would explain differently—where a woman is attracted to a man who somewhat resembles her father. It may be why people often seem to be attracted to people who look like themselves. It may even explain why they're attracted to people who are temperamentally like their parents. Of course, the attraction depends on whether one is looking for sex or for a mate.

PLAYBOY: How do we respond differently depending on what we're looking for?

WRIGHT: That's where the Madonna-whore complex comes from. Men dichotomize between women they want to have sex with and women they might fall in love with. What one thing seems to put women in the sex-only category? A reputation for extreme promiscuity. Although we like to have sex with those women, we don't often want to marry them. The obvious Darwinian reason is that extremely promiscuous women make very bad wives in genetic terms, because you may spend your life rearing kids who may not have your genes. It may explain why men often lose interest in a woman who has sex with them on the first date. If you see that as part of her general pattern, then you think, Whoa, I don't like a woman who can't control herself around men, not as a wife, anyway. It may be an innate part of the male mind. Therefore, women should listen to their mothers: He won't respect you in the morning.

PLAYBOY: The recent University of Chicago sex survey of Americans contradicts the picture you paint. It says that 94 percent of married people surveyed said they had been faithful the previous year.

WRIGHT: First of all, a lot of faithful spouses probably didn't have a choice in the matter. They didn't face any easy opportunities to be unfaithful. But it also may be that people are admirably imposing moral order on their lives. It may be that they are finally realizing that infidelity often leads to trouble for the people they love, including their kids. They may have learned that you're kidding yourself if you think you're going to do it only once. Sex in general is designed to be addictive, and that would include infidelity.

PLAYBOY: What impact have sexually transmitted diseases, especially AIDS, had on people's behavior?

WRIGHT: There could be an evolutionary response to these diseases, but there hasn't been enough time. Therefore, we have to fight it culturally, and we do. You can see that diseases certainly have an impact on behavior.

PLAYBOY: What about the impact of contraception?

WRIGHT: It short-circuits the Darwinian logic, but it doesn't change the impulse much. Lust is still lust.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't contraception make it safer for men and women to have sex outside of a stable relationship?

WRIGHT: Maybe, but it may also lead to a kind of absurd perspective on life: men feverishly looking for adulterous opportunities because of lustful impulses to get their genes into the next generation, but the logic is derailed by contraception.

PLAYBOY: How does evolutionary biology explain other conditions, including low self-esteem and depression?

WRIGHT: Minor depression is your genes' way of getting you to change course in life. But in a modern environment, lacking a natural social and familial network, a productive depression can slide into an extreme depression.

PLAYBOY: Well, there's always Prozac.

WRIGHT: There's debate over whether Prozac does people a disservice. I have not seen the evidence that it does, but the fear is that it will alter behavior that makes sense. In a company, for instance, you'll be interrupting your boss very self-confidently and eventually get fired. Variable self-esteem seems to have evolved as a way for people to negotiate status hierarchies—we are designed to live in a status hierarchy.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that some people in the corporate world eventually accept that they're not going to be the boss because they're not good enough?

WRIGHT: In a sense. There's a point after which aspiring to greater things is a waste of time. The psychological manifestation would be low self-esteem, and one of the biological corollaries of that seems to be your serotonin level. That's what Prozac fiddles with. It may also be a good thing. It's probably good for a lot of people who were too acutely sensitive to social feedback to begin with.

PLAYBOY: Are corporate cultures ruled by Darwinian logic, too? Is that what the pecking order is all about?

WRIGHT: Yes. I think men often pursue that more fiercely than women do. That makes perfect sense in evolutionary terms because men have historically competed over the scarcer sexual resource, women. You see this in chimps. In the process men make fools of themselves. For this reason, you could argue that an enlightened corporation might try to push women toward the top because women are less likely to be ruthlessly self-serving. Men often sacrifice the interests of their employer to their own self-interest. Mergers and takeovers are good examples: People like Barry Diller and his rivals wage testosterone battles and waste huge amounts of resources. Women are less likely to get into these ego wars.

PLAYBOY: Aren't women designed to compete with one another for the men, if nothing else?

WRIGHT: Yes, they are, but not so single-mindedly. They are innately more

concerned with nurturing. It's the way they ensure that their genes survive.

PLAYBOY: If it's all about passing on our genes, why has natural selection determined that a percentage of the population will be homosexual?

WRIGHT: That's a little bit of a mystery. Bisexuality isn't so much a mystery. Chimps are bisexual. Their bisexuality seems to be a form of social bonding, and their heterosexuality is, of course, vital in Darwinian terms.

PLAYBOY: Why would male bonding involve a sexual attraction?

WRIGHT: Because of our evolution, males find ejaculation to be an inherently gratifying act. That could be why men are aroused by whatever could lead to ejaculation, including a male-male relationship.

PLAYBOY: And does that also explain masturbation?

WRIGHT: Right. The impulse can be diverted to masturbation or bisexuality. Prison is a good example: Men will settle for what they can find because the male sexual impulse is so strong and indiscriminate. Homosexuality might be explained in that all humans may have latent bisexual tendencies, but for most people they never get aroused. Perhaps for some, the bisexual part gets aroused and the heterosexual part gets subdued. That's a possibility. There are more farfetched explanations, but I really don't think there are any good theories about homosexuality.

PLAYBOY: If evolutionary psychology cannot explain homosexuality, perhaps it is flawed in other important ways.

WRIGHT: We may not understand the full picture. It could be any number of things. It may be explained by a social phenomenon that we don't understand.

PLAYBOY: What does evolutionary psychology tell us about gays serving in the military?

WRIGHT: There are no obvious Darwinian reasons that gays shouldn't be in the military. There are, however, reasons for excluding women. You may occasionally find a woman who would make a great fighter, but women aren't designed to fight the way men are. The fact is, men are designed to fight over women. Putting one or two reasonably attractive women in the midst of a hundred men is a fairly reliable way to make it harder to achieve cohesion. I'm not saying that it settles the debate of women in the military, but let's be honest about the cost. We tend to move forward without examining the cost, and as a result we find ourselves in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Why fight at all? If you get killed, your genes certainly won't be passed along.

WRIGHT: We do a lot of things that may be destructive to the species. In fact, there are evolutionary bases for organized group aggression. It's a dangerous vestige of evolution, particularly in a world with nuclear weapons. Men fight because, on balance, fighting has been good for the genes. In some cases, warfare was a way to obtain mates. In others, it was survival—to win crucial resources. You can still find societies such as the Yanomamo in South America in which the men raid other groups and abduct the women and keep them. You hear about rapes in the course of war. Some of it may just be the pursuit of females by the biggest male in the hierarchy, and that sometimes means warring on another hierarchy. Once you understand evolutionary psychology it can change the way you look at life—at your own behavior and everyone else's.

PLAYBOY: Change it how?

WRIGHT: It's as engrossing and encompassing a worldview as a religion, though it differs from a religion in that its tenets are susceptible to scientific analysis. I find it amazing that we turned out as well as we did.

PLAYBOY: What would you expect?

WRIGHT: Though we tend to deploy our consciences in a self-interested fashion, we don't always and we don't have to. If the whole idea is to forward your own genes, why would we have attributes such as compassion? If you were going to try to anticipate evolution, you would probably not predict that an animal would be capable of altruism and guilt; you would not predict that those animals would evolve. It's a testament to human malleability that even the strongest impulses can be subdued by a combination of legal and moral sanctions. This compels us to have our moral and legal norms. What happens to a man who becomes known as a wife-beater? In almost all sectors of society he loses status. And men pursue their social status as ardently as they pursue women. The primary tool of effective moral systems is a person's social status. If a man walks out on his family, he is ostracized. That's the way you keep men from walking out on their families. A robust moral system is a harsh moral system.

PLAYBOY: Can we assume that we will adapt to the society that we have created—that the human mind in the future will be adapted to monogamy, for instance?

WRIGHT: There's no hope. We're stuck with these minds for millennia. But maybe it's good. If we were evolving rapidly, it would probably be toward an even worse human nature. Urban anonymity gives you chances to be subtly deceitful in ways that one could not have been in a hunter-gatherer society—and in ways that people still usually aren't. We don't go around taking every opportunity to cheat. If we evolve long enough in an urban environment, we probably will. We should be happy we're not so bad after all.

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VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY *(continued from page 62)*

I become calm by the sound of a woman choking on her tears. Such suffering! This pleases me.

many problems. Mankind gets more depraved, the environment gets more polluted, a new generation is maturing faster and doesn't have what it needs. That's why conflicts will intensify.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you admire more, Lenin or an outsider like Trotsky?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I can't feel as if either one were real, alive. It's complicated. Both were good orators, very expressive. But they made mistakes. And what were they seeking? When they seized power, why did they need to destroy the army? The Russian empire had a great army. They should have moved the army against the Germans, to destroy Germany and, together with the entente, split the world.

And why did they have to create the republics? Nobody asked for them. Things were cheaper and more economically profitable before that, and they made it worse. And Trotsky. What was he doing in America? How could all of them have appeared there? If they were following someone's order, they did a good job destroying the Russian empire.

[*Gestures to Sergei, a bodyguard, 20, who sits quietly by the door*] Here is another one waiting to participate. They're ready already. I am also. [*To Sergei*] Jennifer is ready for the two of you—you and Vitaly. Vitaly alone is not enough.

SERGEI: [*To Vitaly*] I will always come to help you.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Jennifer, when will we start?

PLAYBOY: After the interview.

ZHIRINOVSKY: After the interview they'll be too tired.

PLAYBOY: What do you value most in the world? What makes life worth living?

ZHIRINOVSKY: My university thesis was on human rights. They should be respected. Just to say "There will be no war" isn't enough. We may not have war now, but human rights are being violated in the Baltics, Yakutiya and Chuvashiya. That's why the individual should dominate Russia, so that discrimination won't occur.

PLAYBOY: Outside of politics, what do you enjoy? What kind of music do you like? You improvise so much in your speeches, maybe you like jazz?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No, I'm not really attracted to jazz. I like the musical pieces from my childhood. I've memorized a melody from a polonaise by [the Polish composer Michal Kleofas] Ogiński. Then there is the first symphony of Tchaikovsky. I listened to it while it was raining.

[*Drifting*] The rain started. On Monday the rain started in Budapest. I was trying to seduce a young Hungarian. She was 20 and I was 20. When you're abroad, you always want to enter an intimate relationship with a representative of that country. That way you get to know the country better. Back then I was able to do this. Now I don't need to.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to listen to music when you think?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Rarely. I'm better by myself, without any music. Any noise irritates me. I love silence, silence. I become calm by [the sound of a] woman choking on her tears. She is like . . . such suffering! This pleases me. But I don't love when a woman talks during coitus.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It should be holy. There should be silence. She could cry, cry, cry. But to say that her legs are freezing, and to ask for a blanket. . . .

I remember one girl in Vilnius. I had just finished my coitus and she told me, "Oh, you're finished. So dismount me." Like from a horse: to dismount. It's monstrous.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever——

ZHIRINOVSKY: Will you say the same thing right now, Jennifer? Jennifer loves warmth.

PLAYBOY: How would you know that?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I feel it. She is sultry, hot. She loves hot chocolate, 250 grams of liquor.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a lot of liquor.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Sergei, pour her less—250 grams is too much. Just 50 grams.

[*There is no liquor.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's possible to bare your soul to a woman, or can you do this only to a man?

ZHIRINOVSKY: If you mean spiritual, then of course I say a man, because a woman is too earthy. She has a concrete life, a family, a child. She is interested only in this person—a man—she is rarely concerned with the problems of humanity.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever opened up to a woman?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No. Something sexual always gets blended in there. If the woman is elderly—I have a doctor of philosophy, she edits my books—then I can talk with her, because I almost don't perceive her as a woman. She's 75.

PLAYBOY: What do you hope to accomplish before you die?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Peace for my fellow citizens. For war never to happen again. No reforms for ten to 15 years. To live without any special problems. For everyone to have a place to live. Food. For kids to study. For everyone to take vacations. To have some kind of garden, to work the land. For life to flow smoothly, quickly.

Jennifer, that's all! You have already ripened. Two males are sitting here. They are not able to do anything but sexual things, nothing else. Their upper heads don't work, only their lower heads.

PLAYBOY: Are you tired?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I'm tired of questions. I want to cry a little bit. You laugh too much, and they will make you cry. And this will be ecstasy.

PLAYBOY: You think so?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It rains, and you'll see how great it is. And I'll be together with Masha.

MASHA: Don't you want to ask me first?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Hmm. I said beforehand that even if you won't like it, I won't persist because I'm a kind man.

PLAYBOY: May we do one more interview before we go tomorrow?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Through there. [*He points to his sleeping chambers.*] We'll just pop by my cabin for half an hour. Then tomorrow, probably, we'll have something.

PLAYBOY: You're terrible.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Why terrible?

MASHA: It absolutely can't happen. Maybe she's a puritan.

ZHIRINOVSKY: So what? [*Gesturing to his bodyguards*] They will be very gentle. It will be like classical music. Very smooth, quiet, no rudeness. Let's go.

[*Zhirinovsky ends the interview and motions for us to follow him to his private cabin, two doors down. Vitaly unlocks the door. Zhirinovsky enters, along with Vitaly and Sergei; Masha and I stand at the entrance.*]

ZHIRINOVSKY: Jennifer, here, Jennifer. Come in, come in, come in. Otherwise we're finished: Tomorrow in Balakovo, a tiny city, you'll have to get off the boat and take a small boat to get to Saratov. Let's go, let's go. Jennifer, look at my place. Look how nice it is here. [*It is a small, stark cabin, yet double the size of the other cabins on board.*] Look, Jennifer. Masha, what are you afraid of?

MASHA: I'm not afraid of anything.

[*Masha and I enter.*]

ZHIRINOVSKY: Come in, come in. A little bit of chocolate, a little bit of liquor. Sergei, lock the door. Sit down, sit down, sit down. Pour some liquor for the girls. Give them chocolate, sweets. Have you locked the door, Sergei? Or someone will peep in and Jennifer will be embarrassed. Jennifer, me and the Bible for the night. And one yogurt.

PLAYBOY: A Bible, why?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, it's a Bible. Oh, faster, bring the girls liquor.

[*Sergei pours, we click glasses. It is some sort of brandy. Zhirinovsky again shows us the book about the Tatars. Vitaly hands us chocolates from a large box.*]

Give them the box. They have to take them themselves. Oh, greedy Vitaly. Now, sit down and caress her legs. Excite her. Work on her. Drink, drink, Jennifer. Drink, drink, drink. Relax, relax.

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you drinking?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Vitaly, pour me a little bit. I'll drink just a little bit. [*None of us drink from the glasses in our hands.*]

PLAYBOY: You like only sweet things. Yesterday you poured tea into a jar of jam. Do you need that sugar energy?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I've loved sweet things since my childhood.

[*An awkward silence fills the room.*]

PLAYBOY: So, do you like boats?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Huh? No, I am getting tired. I prefer traveling in more dynamic ways, like driving in a car.

[*I sit on a sofa with Masha. Zhirinovsky squeezes in between us. I slip out and move to the wall, where I lean on a radiator. There is no place else to go.*]

Masha isn't afraid. We'll sit together. Oh, what a small couch. Why are you leaving, Jennifer? Sit, Vitaly, sit. Embrace the girl. [*Vitaly sits at my feet.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you want all this in the interview?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Interview, what interview? [*He laughs.*] Hmm, hmm. [*He turns to Vitaly.*] What are you doing there?

SERGEI: [*Sitting on a narrow cot at the end of the room*] What does puritan mean?

ZHIRINOVSKY: A pure girl, totally pure, who doesn't want anything and doesn't know how to do anything. [*To Vitaly*] Embrace the girl, embrace.

PLAYBOY: He's scared. For good reason.

ZHIRINOVSKY: He's fearful, very fearful. Look how shy he is.

VITALY: I'm silently suffering.

ZHIRINOVSKY: If he doesn't kiss Jennifer he will hang himself in Saratov. Embrace the girl, Vitaly.

[*Zhirinovsky has begun to speak more forcefully, as if he were trying to hypnotize the young bodyguard. He is also becoming visibly excited. More silence.*]

PLAYBOY: Is this what you do every night, when everyone thinks you're sleeping?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, yes, otherwise I can't fall asleep.

PLAYBOY: What time do you go to sleep?

ZHIRINOVSKY: At eleven. And I wake up at seven or eight A.M. I sleep for three hours in the afternoon. I sleep eleven hours every day.

PLAYBOY: That's a lot.

ZHIRINOVSKY: I like to sleep a lot. What can you do? Otherwise, so many things bother me. I don't see anyone. It's quiet here, like a monk's cell in a monastery.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Nature is outside the window. Yesterday there was a storm. The boat almost turned over. Drink, Mashinka. Yes, Jennifer, good. [*No one drinks.*]

PLAYBOY: This is all rather unorthodox, yes? Vitaly is sweet, but he's too young for me, no offense.

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's good. The youth, the energy. He has so much energy, so much blind passion.

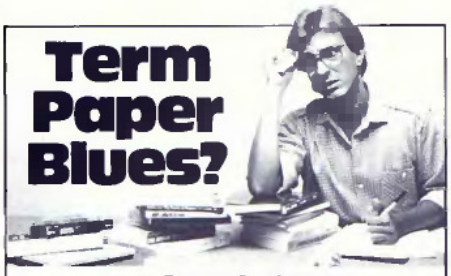
PLAYBOY: Do you think of these guys as your sons?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes. My nephews.

PLAYBOY: How many nephews do you have?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Fifty. I have lots of relatives. Here on the boat I have two sisters, a brother. They also have kids. [*Vitaly begins to paw my leg like a puppy. I move away suddenly.*] Oh, Jennifer. Are you leaving? What's happening? Look, Masha, you see how Jennifer is. She's a fanatic. Work, work, only work. She's not able to relax.

[*I take out my camera and turn to take a*



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picture of Zhirinovsky as he puts his head on Masha's shoulder.]

Picture! Compromise! Look how Jennifer wants to work, Vitaly. You'll have to excite her so she'll stop working.

VITALY: She will still continue to work.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Fanaticism, Jennifer.

MASHA: Do you have young female admirers?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes. They send me letters. Young people. Young lovesick souls.

MASHA: Do you want to become a Russian sex symbol?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Sure, why not? But I'm very restrained, very modest.

PLAYBOY: In what way are you modest?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Every way. I can't just undress a young lady.

MASHA: Is this from your teenage years?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes. From my youth. I'm very shy.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem shy at all.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yeah, I'm basically shy, and it always hinders me. I might have gotten much more joy from life if not for my modesty. I was never persistent. Some women like a man to be spontaneous. Caress, caress—they love to be caressed. Vitaly knows how to do this.

PLAYBOY: And you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I'm more of a talker. I work with my upper head. I talk all the time. But women love hands, warm hands. They love when someone whispers in their ears, words that tell them how a man is losing his mind, how he has dreamed his whole life about her. But I never knew how to deceive this way.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say deceive?

ZHIRINOVSKY: A woman likes to be told she's the best—beautiful, kind.

PLAYBOY: Men don't like to tell them that?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Some men could say it right away; it's easy for them. But I've always been a very honest man.

[*To Vitaly*] Work, Vitaly. Look at this young passion, Jennifer. Do you want him to throw himself into the cold river water of the Volga? Where is your kind feminine soul? Start, Vitaly. Oh, please me for a little while, so I can fall asleep well. There are four of you here. You have to show me love for four.

PLAYBOY: Why?

"After spending all day in the throne room, coming back here is always something of a letdown."

ZHIRINOVSKY: Four hearts should start to beat together. To see the flow of life.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it better to experience passion yourself?

ZHIRINOVSKY: But I can join you later during the process. For me it's a way to get excited.

PLAYBOY: Is this something that has interested you for a long time?

ZHIRINOVSKY: For the past several years.

PLAYBOY: Why? Do you get some rush of power? [*Zhirinovsky laughs.*] No, really, it's not such an ordinary desire.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yeah, it's not that ordinary. But, for me, it's this instead of drugs or alcohol. To see real life here, to look, to see lots of emotions.

PLAYBOY: But emotions will always be there. Isn't this the type of thing that's best kept between two people, so you can feel a genuine closeness and love?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I don't see myself. And when I see the others, I——

PLAYBOY: Besides, this isn't about love. This is about power.

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's an observation of the process of life.

PLAYBOY: What kind of observation?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Start, and I will tell you. You can't understand this way. During coitus, I love to lecture.

PLAYBOY: You are making us feel quite uncomfortable.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Why?

MASHA: We're slightly frightened.

ZHIRINOVSKY: We'll turn off the light.

PLAYBOY: No, it's the situation.

MASHA: Yes, the situation isn't pleasant.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Intimate, separate, I enter an intimate world. To observe how people drink, smoke, this is not interesting. But to see you during coitus, these young bodies all intertwined, a woman starting to cry, all of you changing your positions, her screaming and telling him, "Again, again, I want it again!"

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were alone with one woman?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's hard to say. I don't know. My friend came to me once and brought me a lady. When was that? A month ago, maybe? I've already forgotten her. But I remember the last time I was a witness, an onlooker. I like this more. When I'm with a woman, I give her everything and feel horrible afterward. But when I observe. . . .

PLAYBOY: But when you can be alone with one person, that's love.

ZHIRINOVSKY: I can't love just one particular woman.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's too narrow. It constricts you.

PLAYBOY: But you're missing out on the most important thing in life.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, I am losing something. But I'm getting something else.

PLAYBOY: We don't understand. It seems like no matter what your reasons are for wanting power—opportunistic or

altruistic—it ends up all warped and twisted.

ZHIRINOVSKY: I help people. [*He points to Vitaly.*]

PLAYBOY: But they'll never be able to have a real relationship with anyone. If they are acting like this at 20, what do you think they'll be like at 40?

ZHIRINOVSKY: We'll understand one another better if you undress right now. Masha also. You will lie on these little beds, and these boys will caress you. And I will be listening to you and continue talking myself.

PLAYBOY: I could never do that, and neither could Masha. We're not like that. It's simply outside the realm of our personal experience. It's just impossible. It's not even an issue. I'm really just trying to understand you, and I can't.

ZHIRINOVSKY: But you have already had coitus probably 250 times.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you had sex?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Let's see, probably 500 times, or maybe more. I've had more than 200 women, and with every woman I've had it several times. And if you add masturbation, I've climaxed probably 10,000 times. I started when I was 15. Now I'm 48. How many years is that? Almost 35? Thirty-five years, 100 times per year. Multiply: 3500.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in love with anyone?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, yes. When I was 17.

PLAYBOY: Who was it?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I wanted to rape her so much. [*The bodyguards laugh nervously.*] I was dreaming we were driving in a truck, such a narrow truck in the back. I dreamt she was naked and I was naked and she couldn't escape. Her name was Alichka, Alla. She was tall and skinny. I was ready to rape half of my class.

PLAYBOY: That frightens me.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Why?

PLAYBOY: Rape.

ZHIRINOVSKY: It was when I was 17 years old, 30 years ago. But I say rape in a good sense. In Russian, rape is one word—it means to enter into coitus. It will take time to explain it to you. It's in a good sense.

PLAYBOY: None of this has anything to do with love. It's all about power.

ZHIRINOVSKY: But a virgin can't just give herself up. There should be an element of violence.

PLAYBOY: Why? Women are people. They can decide for themselves what they want and don't want.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, that's right. That's why I never raped anyone.

PLAYBOY: So it's all just talk? Fantasy?

ZHIRINOVSKY: You asked me if there was anyone who I really wanted, and I explained to you that those who I wanted were all virgins.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but is there anyone specific you want?

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 17, 22, 78–81 and 157, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 17: "The Two-Step": **Shoes:** By *Kenneth Cole*, for information, 800-KENCOLE. By *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Barneys New York*, at all Barneys New York stores. By *Massimo Sole*, for store locations, 714-453-1300. By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at all Salvatore Ferragamo stores. "Mood Indigo": **Jacket** by *Victor Victoria*, at Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Shirt** by *Alexander Julian*, available at fine department stores nationwide. **Parka** by *Robert Comstock Endurance*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's stores nationwide. **Pants** by *Island Trading Co.*, at Island Trading Co. stores in South Beach and Miami, for information, 800-261-0195. **Sweater** by *Assets London*, at Assets London, 485 W. Broadway, NYC, 212-982-4136 and 464 Columbus Ave., NYC, 212-874-8253. "Hot Shopping: Santa Barbara": *Plastic Passion*, 805-965-5050. *Gary Paul*, 805-966-0080. *Channel Islands*, 805-966-7213. *A Skater's Paradise*, 805-962-2526. *Galeria del Mar*, 805-963-4777. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 166 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-4000 and Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Suits** by *Calvin Klein*, at all Calvin Klein stores. **Boots** by *Frye*, for information, 800-826-FRYE. "Trooping the Colors": Tween Time touch-up crayons available at Sally Beauty Supply, 800-284-SALLY.

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ZHIRINOVSKY: Very few. I wanted only one percent of the women I had sex with. Only one percent.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been satisfied by just one woman?

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, yes. She had such great skin. She would caress me and I would become so mellow.

MASHA: How old were you?

ZHIRINOVSKY: This was 11 years ago.

PLAYBOY: It's sad.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Yes, sad.

PLAYBOY: Yet you don't seem to care.

ZHIRINOVSKY: That's why I sometimes compensate this sad side of my private life with these orgies.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with anybody about this?

ZHIRINOVSKY: With whom?

PLAYBOY: Like a doctor?

ZHIRINOVSKY: What for? These are young men. Here sit men. They do everything without thinking. I'm at least thinking.

MASHA: Doesn't it scare you that the people around you don't think?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's normal. It's the right thing.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it this kind of attitude that produces fascism?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I haven't yet reached the state that I can do whatever I want. It's not convenient for you to sit? It's not convenient for me, either. Let's go to another room. Oh, and Masha is also getting bored. [*He tries to touch Masha.*]

MASHA: Oh, no. You've promised.

ZHIRINOVSKY: What promise, Masha?

MASHA: That if I don't want something, you won't try anything.

ZHIRINOVSKY: But Sergei is waiting.

MASHA: I don't like blonds.

PLAYBOY: Besides, we're not like that.

ZHIRINOVSKY: You're not those types of girls?

MASHA: Don't you see how modest the two of us are?

ZHIRINOVSKY: So modest? [*Gestures toward bodyguards*] But look how modest they are. Such modest, quiet boys.

PLAYBOY: They're not so modest. We've seen them for seven days. They're not so modest.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Aren't you violating their rights? Can't they have a desire to enter into coitus?

MASHA: But it should always be a mutual desire.

ZHIRINOVSKY: But if it doesn't happen, what should I do? Should I choke with sperm?

MASHA: There is always masturbation.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Look how selfish you are. You say to go and see a psychotherapist. Yet you are two healthy women and you don't want to enter into a healthy relationship with two healthy men. You push them toward war by not letting them enter an intimate relationship. Today all Chechnya is in an uprising. If each Chechen would have a woman there would be no war. That's why you're the source of war on the planet. That's why I never fall in love that deep, for you not to be able to control me, for me not to perish as an individual.

PLAYBOY: Others say women bring love, humanity, nurturing and warmth to the world—only positive things.

ZHIRINOVSKY: That's an eternal ideal. You want it to be like this, but it never happens on this planet. Never. There is war on the planet and you are the main source of it. Men take bribes because of you. They don't need money themselves. They need it for expensive presents, and you make them take bribes.

PLAYBOY: Are you serious about this, or are you just trying to shock us?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I'm telling you about real life. [*Addresses Masha*] Why doesn't Jennifer want to do it with him? She really wants it. She would love to enter into coitus with him. She's just shy of me. If I weren't here she would have done it a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: It's because I know what I want. So tell us, what made you this way?

ZHIRINOVSKY: It's a form of relaxation.

MASHA: By violating the rights of others?

ZHIRINOVSKY: [*Gesturing toward his bodyguards*] But you are violating *their* rights. He, having gotten angry, will offend another woman. These are the vices of life. We hinder the lives of others. Vices, vices, vices, everywhere. Fraud, fraud, fraud, everywhere.

She will never write anything good about me. Always filth. She will write that I'm a sexual maniac. It will never happen in this room, but she'll write that we raped her and then she'll get more money for this article. [*At this point, Masha and Zhirinovsky begin talking with each other in rapid-fire Russian.*]

Oh, Jennifer, look, you're flushed.

PLAYBOY: I'm nervous.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Don't you want your naked body——

MASHA: Don't you see she's scared and nervous?

ZHIRINOVSKY: For you not to be nervous you have to lie down. Then these young hands will caress your body.

PLAYBOY: No.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Why no? She's fluttering. One may think she's a virgin. She's violating the rights of the young men. He's just entering life. He has a right——

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel bad about doing this?

ZHIRINOVSKY: But what about these two sitting here? Look. They are deprived of an opportunity to enter normal sexual relationships. Why do you mock them? Look. See how he suffers. Why? Find the harmony of relationships. You may not love him and he may not love you, but five minutes of coitus and then forget. In five minutes, forget about all this.

MASHA: But Western women want to respect themselves afterward.

ZHIRINOVSKY: Why? [*To me*] You have to do it for the sake of your profession, to get to know better the person you are writing about.

PLAYBOY: But I have told you that I don't want to.

ZHIRINOVSKY: But during the coitus I would talk more.

PLAYBOY: I don't care. I don't want a story that bad. No story is worth making someone do something she doesn't want to do.

ZHIRINOVSKY: If I were sure that she didn't want that——

PLAYBOY: I'm sure. So maybe we should finish tomorrow.

ZHIRINOVSKY: [*Brusquely*] Tomorrow we won't finish anything. Tomorrow at eight A.M. in Balakovo you will leave the

boat and take a cart over a bumpy road—150 miles. In a week, you'll get to Saratov. On your way you'll be attacked by bandits. They'll rape you. Then you'll get to Saratov, with great effort, all scratched up, without any money. They will destroy all your cassettes. There are bandits everywhere on the road.

MASHA: You will send the bandits?

ZHIRINOVSKY: No, they are all around the roads here.

MASHA: Would that make you happy?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I will have forgotten you by that time.

MASHA: How could you ever forget us?

ZHIRINOVSKY: I will forget you two minutes after you step off the boat in Balakovo, unless you give me joy here. Let me hear the pulse of life. I have to feel it. I have put you all together here. Such passion. It's like war, a little war.

PLAYBOY: That's crazy. [*The bodyguards laugh wildly.*]

ZHIRINOVSKY: Look at him. [*Points to Vitaly*] He is crazy. He wants it.

MASHA: But she doesn't.

ZHIRINOVSKY: So a compromise should be found. Why should we destroy him, put him in prison, into the mental hospital? Where should we put him? What should we do? He is a biological mess. You torture him and think you are something.

MASHA: Why are you trying to deceive them and yourself? You're the one who wants to get pleasure.

ZHIRINOVSKY: So let the two of them get pleasure, too. My presence here won't disturb anything. Anyway, in this sense, she's also violating my rights. She alone is violating the rights of three people—three people! Is that any better? It's like the way the white race usually dominates the whole world, and then the world uprises, uprises against that.

PLAYBOY: Let's finish tomorrow.

[*Masha unlocks the door. We leave the private quarters and enter a bar by the lobby. There is silence as we walk in. "Are you satisfied?" asks an older aide, chuckling. "Have you gotten everything you need?" He is Zhirinovsky's chief of security. He used to work for Brezhnev.*

"Do you protect just him or everyone on the boat?" I ask.

"Everybody, of course," he says.

"Do you agree with and respect everything he does?" I respond.

"Not everything, of course. But it won't affect his presidency."

At eight A.M. *the next morning, Masha and I leave the boat, hire a car and drive four hours over the bumpy roads to Saratov, the nearest town with an airport. On our way, we stop by Zhirinovsky's rally that day to say goodbye. I jump onstage, shake hands with a surprised Zhirinovsky, and leave. Contrary to his predictions, our journey back to Moscow is uneventful.*]

CD-ROMS

(continued from page 112)

"the official band of the Grunge, an independent tribal society centered on Washington's Puget Sound. The Grunge practice a quasi-religious belief system known as the Cobain." One of your potential co-pilots is Rush Limbaugh's great-grandson, and he's black. Another co-pilot candidate is Chablis, a California bimbo who speaks Marcia, a street language that consists of Seventies sitcom references. When I interview Chablis for the co-pilot position, I ask her to assess her combat performance, and she squeals, "Like, I'm rilly, rilly lucky!" She also loves to shoot the pretty lasers.

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Of course, no discussion of games would be complete without mentioning *Myst* (Broderbund). The software equivalent of a box-office smash, *Myst* is the best-selling title in CD-ROM history (history, in this case, meaning the past three years). The game's premise is this: Player lands on an abandoned island and has to find out what the hell happened. (*Wired* magazine called *Myst* "a kind of puzzle box inside a novel inside a painting—only with music. Or something.") Unlike most computer games, there's nothing to kill and no risk of death, but playing *Myst* late at night with the lights turned out can be a freaky experience comparable to baby-sitting in a creaky house with the kids asleep upstairs and a *Twilight Zone* marathon illuminating a darkened den. It's that good.

Myst is probably the most significant piece of software programmed for CD-ROM, because it has shown consumers and developers alike the potential of the medium. For multimedia programmers, it's the city on a hill that spurs them to match an unprecedented visual and narrative standard. For consumers, *Myst* is what the Silicon Valley calls a killer application—a piece of software (Windows, for instance) that convinces an avalanche of people to buy a particular piece of hardware. People see *Myst* and think, What do I need to buy in order to play that? NEC, a leading hardware manufacturer, is now shipping it with all their Multi Spin 2V Deluxe packages.

On a more practical note, CD-ROMs have serious (read: nongame) applications as well as toy value. In fact, reference materials were initially the raison d'être for CD-ROMs. The medium is God's gift to reference because its capacity is immense. Consider such space-saving titles as Phone Disc's *Power Finder*, for instance, which cross-indexes every listed name and telephone number in America. (Now you can find a name to match the number scrawled on that napkin that mysteriously appeared in your coat pocket while you were busy carousing.) Similarly, DeLorme's *Street Atlas USA* is a CD-ROM containing every interstate highway, avenue, alley and residential cul-de-sac in the U.S., cross-referenced to area code and phone exchange. And the *Playboy Interviews* CD-ROM contains more than 300 *Playboy Interviews* in glorious hypertext with pictures and sound clips (such as Jimmy Carter's confession about lusting in his heart).

On one CD-ROM, you can have at your fingertips the *American Heritage Dictionary*, *Roget's Thesaurus*, the *Columbia Dictionary of Quotations*, the *Hammond Intermediate World Atlas*—but wait, there's more—the *People's Chronology*, the *World Almanac* and the *Book of Facts 1994*. It's the Microsoft *Bookshelf* CD-ROM.

And it comes with this amazing set of Ginsu knives.

Clicking through the atlas, I peruse maps with pop-up windows of national flags and sound files of pronunciations and national anthems. I discover that

"It may be of some comfort to you to know that this ticket is printed on recycled paper."

SO YOU WANT TO BUY A CD-ROM

There are a few criteria to keep in mind when purchasing a CD-ROM drive. First and foremost is speed: How fast does the sucker spin? Speed determines how quickly your drive can transfer data to the screen and how smooth your video will be, although, increasingly, speed can also be determined by software. The first CD-ROM drives transferred data at 150 kilobytes per second. This was adequate for text and sound but sucked for animation. Videos on single-speed drives were the size of postage stamps and played with a herky-jerky, stop-motion, Charlie-Chaplin-in-cyberspace effect.

Do not, repeat, *do not* let anyone unload one of these clunkers on you as part of an ill-advised value deal. And if you already own a single-speed drive, you're going to have to upgrade in order to appreciate the splendors of multimedia. Technology left 150-kilobytes-per-second drives in the dust three years ago with NEC's introduction of the double-speed drive, which processes data at the rate of, you guessed it, 300 kilobytes per second. This made full-motion video a real possibility, though it was far from fluid. Double-speed drives are the floor for multimedia applications. They're an inexpensive entry point for CD-ROM. But if you're going to use your drive extensively, you'll probably want to upgrade to the next level: the triple-speed drive. At 450 kilobytes per second, things start looking really cool. Video is smoother. Pauses, if they occur, are shorter. You have left the city limits and are cruising along the interstate, with the top down and your favorite song blasting on the radio. Life is good.

Quad speed is almost perfect, which is to say, almost television (television is, incongruously, the standard by which we judge all this technology that's supposed to make us smarter). By the time this article is printed, quad-speed drives will be the new standard, according to the Silicon Valley principle of More Better Faster Cheaper. If the automobile industry ran on this principle, we would all be driving Lamborghinis for the price of Geo Prisms.

You should be running a CD-ROM drive off a 386 or better, if you're using a PC; off a Mac II or higher if you're an Apple person. The rock-bottom RAM requirement is four megabytes. Eight will give you a bit of breathing room. Beyond that, it may not make a great deal of difference how fast your computer's CPU runs. When you start talking about Pentium versus Power PC chips, you're racing Ferraris on a golf course. It really doesn't matter. The speed of the CD-ROM drive itself and the software design are the limiting factors.

If you own an Apple, the CD-ROM installation process is relatively easy: Buy the drive, plug it into your computer and off you go. PC-compatibles are more complicated. You can buy a CD-ROM drive that has just an SCSI interface card. This is adequate if you're a doctor or a lawyer using the drive for database searches. But it doesn't give you sound capability, so you won't be able to do most of the fun stuff, such as hearing yourself being blown to pieces by enemy spaceships as an orchestra swells in the background. If you want that, you have to buy a sound card (you'll want 16-bit or better).

Of course, CD-ROMs are capable of putting out CD sound, so if you want the full-service Mission Control multimedia desktop, you can buy speakers for your computer. Apple makes a good set, as do Sony and Koss. If you're going to play combat-style games, you should also consider buying a joystick—it does wonders for *Rebel Assault*.

Once you have the hardware set up, CD-ROM is a fairly straightforward media toy: power button, volume control, eject, et cetera.

Run along and play. —J.C.H.

the national anthem of Tunisia bears a striking resemblance to *Pop Goes the Weasel*. It's a small world. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised to find that a minuscule island nation in the South Pacific has cribbed *It's a Small World* for its national anthem, prompting an international copyright suit and subsequent covert invasion by Disney.

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Books have also made the leap into multimedia. Some succeed and others fail miserably. The difference between the former and the latter is that good CD-ROM titles use the text as a jumping-off point, adding information that (a) is not in the printed version and (b) is actually worth knowing. At its best, CD-ROM allows an author to layer text, graphics, video and sound into a tasty, nutritious media torte. For example, Art Spiegelman's *Complete Maus* CD-ROM, published by Voyager, combines the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Maus* books with preliminary material, color sketches, audio samples of Spiegelman's father narrating his experiences in Nazi-occupied Poland, maps, documents and transcripts. Ultimately, this CD-ROM is about the process of producing the *Maus* books; it's not simply a translation of their content.

Voyager has produced good, highbrow multimedia books such as *Maus*, Marvin Minsky's *The Society of Mind*, Stephen Jay Gould's *On Evolution* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, which incorporates performance clips by the Royal Shakespeare Company. Hey, it's good for you. And it puts less stress on the tendons than *Jump Raven*.

CD-ROM is like Frosted Mini-Wheats that way: combat candy for the kid in you and "lit-rah-cha" for your adult side. The key is to build up a well-rounded bookshelf of discs so that your brain atrophy is offset by educational titles. Most CD-ROM drives come bundled with discs and the salesperson may offer you a choice from a selection of reference volumes, entertainment titles and games.

If I were buying a CD-ROM drive now, I'd try to sweeten the deal with Microsoft's *Encarta* (far and away the best CD-ROM encyclopedia out there) and *Bookshelf* for reference, *Jump Raven*, *Freak Show*, *Myst* and *Hell Cab* for entertainment, and Microsoft's film guide *Cinemania* for edutainment. (I'm a movie buff—your mileage may vary. *Sports Illustrated's Multimedia Sports Almanac* is the equivalent for athletics.) Beyond that, I'd go for *Rebel Assault*, Peter Gabriel's *Xplora1*, Microsoft's *Art Gallery*, Compton's *Jazz: A Multimedia History* and——

Oh, did I say something about not liking CD-ROMs?

You see, it all depends on how they're prepared. I'll take mine green.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GET THE PICTURE

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Sharp Electronics must be feeling good. Its Viewcam, a compact camcorder featuring a liquid crystal display viewscreen instead of a viewfinder, has inspired Sony, JVC and Minolta to bring similar products to market and reportedly has designers from RCA and Panasonic at the drawing boards as well. Available in compact-VHS, 8mm and Hi-8mm formats, LCD camcorders offer two advantages over viewfinder models: They make it easier to frame shots (what you see on the display is what you get) and they allow you and your subjects to enjoy instant showtime on the color screen. Sharp, JVC and Minolta even offer optional tuners for watching and recording TV shows when your own footage is a major snooze.

Clockwise from top left: Sharp's Hi-8mm VL-H410U Viewcam, $2500, combines a four-inch viewscreen, rotating lens section and a TV tuner, $320. JVC's Systemax GR-SV3 VHS-C camcorder, $1100, features a camera-type design with a three-inch flip-up screen and a TV tuner, $250. Sony's 1.4-pound Handycam Snap 8mm camcorder has a three-inch screen and point-and-shoot operations, $900. The Minolta Master C-513 compact-VHS camcorder, $1195, featuring a three-inch flip-up screen, doubles as a message center and a TV with a VTU-500 tuner, $250.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 153.

Glam Slam

Supermodel HELENA CHRISTENSEN makes a stunning impression. Whether she's strolling down a runway or hanging out with INXS lead vocalist Michael Hutchence, the camera follows. Not too many women can carry it off. Not too many women are Helena.

Very Berry

The CRANBERRIES are riding high with two albums on the charts: the double-platinum debut, *Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?,* and the follow-up, *No Need to Argue*. Catch their tour and get juiced.

Tatjana Mania

Model, now actress, TATJANA PATITZ had her screen debut in *Rising Sun*. Her character's murder was the movie's centerpiece. Now you can see her in Robert Altman's send-up of fashion, *Ready to Wear*.

Live From New York

It's JANEANE GAROFALO, lately of *Saturday Night Live* and sometime this spring of the movie *Bye Bye Love* with co-stars Paul Reiser and Matthew Modine. Is all this mirth giving her a headache?

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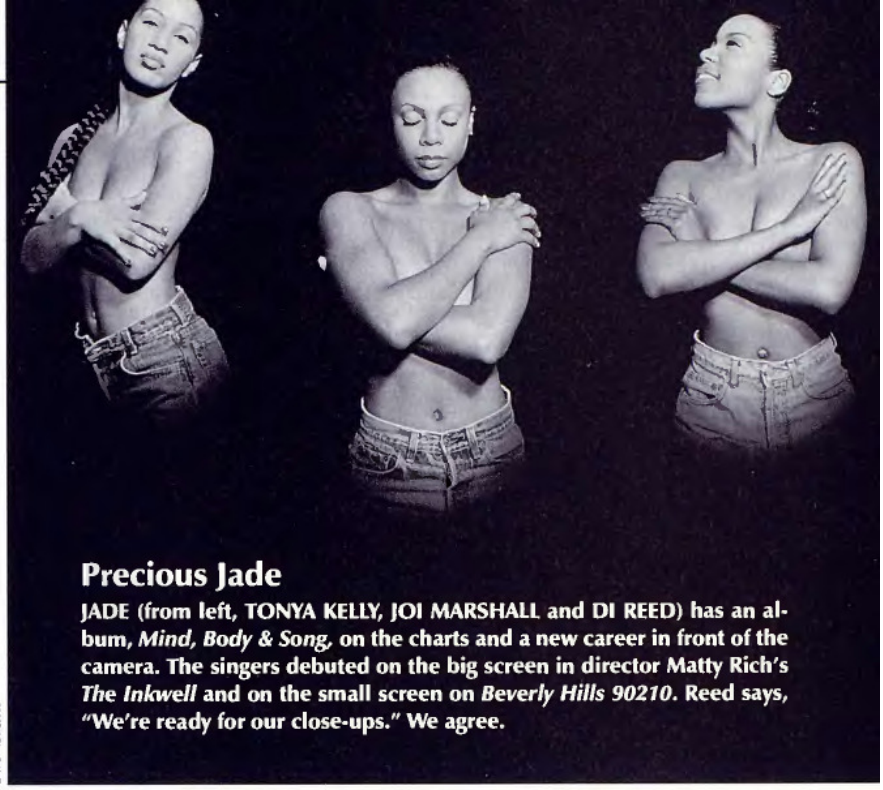

CATHERINE WESSEL

Precious Jade

JADE (from left, TONYA KELLY, JOI MARSHALL and DI REED) has an album, *Mind, Body & Song,* on the charts and a new career in front of the camera. The singers debuted on the big screen in director Matty Rich's *The Inkwell* and on the small screen on *Beverly Hills 90210*. Reed says, "We're ready for our close-ups." We agree.

Post-Cheers Careers

Yes, that's WOODY HARRELSON, former barkeep, current movie star, on guitar. Singing backup (from left) are former barflies KELSEY GRAMMER and GEORGE WENDT. Why are they risking ridicule? To honor Michael Jordan in Chicago at a tribute to retire his Bulls jersey number. We're calling them Men II Boyz.

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She's Right Up Our Alley

It's just a coincidence that we put KIRSTIE ALLEY's photo next to a shot of her old pals from *Cheers*. But it's not a coincidence that she's taking a break from comedy to co-star in John Carpenter's remake of *Village of the Damned*. Four stars for Kirstie's dress.

MAGMA FORCE

Arnold Palmer claims that Green Magma adds ten yards to his drive, and Mr. Universe, David Hawk, "would not, could not, do without it." Green Magma is a powder made of young barley plants, which when mixed with mineral water (as they do at Chicago's Max Tavern, an "urban roadhouse" at 2856 North Racine), or with fruit juice, gives you a chlorophyllous cocktail that ups your energy and fights a hangover. Green Magma is sold at health stores, or call 800-223-1216 to order a jar for $22.

VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

THE GAME OF SEX

"Imagine that my body is a musical instrument. I'd like you to play it as if it were: (a) a flute, (b) a piano, (c) soft bongos, (d) a trumpet (belly button only)." This and 59 other erotic questions printed on Opportunity cards are included in Sexsational, a naughty game for two consenting adults. The first player to collect seven Sensual Point cards wins and then reveals his or her fantasy desire, which the losing player gets to fulfill—if you can call fulfilling someone's sexual fantasy "losing." It sounds like our kind of game for a winter night. The price: about $20, at gift, game and lingerie stores nationwide. Or call the manufacturer, Games Partnership, Ltd., at 800-776-7662 for more information.

THE LONDON HE LOVES

Covering locales as diverse as the back streets of Bayswater and the pastoral landscape of Regent's Park, *London* is John Russell's personal pilgrimage to the "indoor city" where he spent his boyhood. "John Russell is like a kind uncle who is taking London itself out for a treat," said *The New York Times* in describing this 256-page book (with 183 illustrations) that's just been published by Harry N. Abrams. Buy it for $45, settle back with some vintage port and a fine cigar, and enjoy.

GLENN ARVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON GETS THE BLUES

It was just a decade ago that Harley-Davidson was on the road to Chapter 11. Now its motorcycles are selling whole hog. No wonder, then, that Harley has gotten into the jeans business with Biker Blues, a line of ready-to-ride denims that "will take you anywhere you want to go." Basic blue, jet black and vintage jeans are available in traditional and relaxed-fit styles for $30 to $45. They go great with Harley's Billings jacket (pictured here), made of a cowhide that looks and feels as though it's been highway-worn for years. Price: about $340. Call 800-H-D-BLUES for the name of a dealer that stocks Biker Blues.

RUSH TO JUDGMENT

If you're not one of Rush Limbaugh's 22 million fans, you may want to buy the $40 Ditto radio just to pound it into silence. The Ditto is a pocket-size portable that's permanently tuned to pick up Limbaugh and only Limbaugh. Like Rush, the radio is simple. It receives shortwave signals and offers only an on-off-volume dial, a speaker and earphones. Call 800-GO-DITTO to order.

MICHAEL OFFIN

BEST OF BRITISH BRASS

During World War Two, the Allies used this 12"-tall, solid-brass panoramic telescope as a field sighting device for howitzers and other large guns. Today, it makes a terrific coffee-table sculpture. (The telescope has 3.5x image magnification and an 11-degree field of view, plus a magnetic compass in case you want to take some serious sightings.) Price: $1500, from Deutsche Optik at 800-225-9407.

A TOAST TO PORSCHE

Porsche fans have ample reason to celebrate: The 911 Carrera coupe was named Playboy's Car of the Year for 1995 in our February issue, and Champagne Deutz in France is exporting to the States for the first time its exclusive Cuvée Porsche, a nonvintage brut bottled in handsome etched, hand-painted magnums. The price: about $150. Or, if the holidays have left your wallet a bit on the thin side, standard 750-ml bottles of the same champagne are available for about $35. Call 800-549-1839 to order either, but don't procrastinate as both are in limited supply. Cheers!

JOHN SCHMELZER

THE GREAT BOND FRAME-UP

Once discarded as not being worth the paper they were printed on, antique stock and antique bond certificates have become hot collector's items. In fact, according to William Hogan, managing partner of Vintage Securities, P.O. Box 421, Newton, Massachusetts 02164, there are about 25,000 serious "scripophilogists" worldwide. His company sells ornately framed certificates that are priced from about $100 for older American railroad offerings to $10,000 for an 1882 Standard Oil Trust certificate signed by John D. Rockefeller. Vintage Securities' brochure costs $2. A good investment.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

To commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Apollo moon landings, astronaut Charles "Pete" Conrad, the third man to walk on the lunar surface, has created a line of educational comic books devoted to air and space travel. The first, *Moon Shot, the Flight of Apollo XII*, is published by Pepper Pike Graphix in two editions: a version autographed on the cover by Conrad ($45) and an unsigned one ($5). What's coming next? Another 40-page comic, this one devoted to the legendary Blue Angels flying team. Ask about it and what other ideas are in the works when you call 800-395-1359 to order *Moon Shot*.

NEXT MONTH

HAWAIIAN HEAVEN

THE SIXTIES

LONGEVITY

EROTIC EXPERT

GOLF THE NIELSEN WAY—OUR FAVORITE BUNGLER'S GUIDE TO NAVIGATING THE GREEN—GUARANTEED TO BEWILDER THE EXPERT AND PARALYZE THE DUFFER

THE DOCTOR IS IN—NOTED SEX THERAPIST **DR. BARBARA KEESLING,** AUTHOR OF *HOW TO MAKE LOVE ALL NIGHT (AND DRIVE A WOMAN WILD)*, REVEALS LOVE SECRETS—AND MORE—IN A MEMORABLE PICTORIAL

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK: ROCK IN THE SIXTIES—THE BEATLES INVADED AMERICA IN CHEERY YELLOW SUBMARINES BUT THE DECADE TURNED SOUR AT ALTAMONT. YET THE MUSIC STILL PASSES THE ACID TEST. PART SEVEN IN A SERIES BY **DAVID STANDISH**

HAFT FAMILY FEUD—FATHER AGAINST SON, MOTHER AGAINST FATHER, AND EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF. A SAGA OF DYSFUNCTION FROM THE CLAN THAT BROUGHT YOU DART DRUGS AND TRAK AUTO—ARTICLE BY **KARA SWISHER**

PICKPOCKET—A WEIRD LITTLE YARN ABOUT A ONE-LEGGED, DIABETIC EX-CON AND HIS BEST FRIEND, THE SPIDER THAT LIVES IN HIS BASEMENT AND SHARES HIS MEALS. FICTION BY **THOM JONES**

SAMUEL L. JACKSON—THE ACTOR WHO MAKES EVERY ROLE COUNT—FROM *JURASSIC PARK* TO *PULP FICTION*—DECLAIMS ON FAME, WIGS AND THE ART OF A FOOT MASSAGE IN A 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

DAVID MAMET, THE PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING PLAYWRIGHT AND SCREENWRITER, IN A REAL GUY'S INTERVIEW ON WHY WE DON'T TALK WITH ONE ANOTHER AND HOW TO TELL WHEN A WOMAN IS LYING

DEALER'S CHOICE—DARLENE KNOWS THE GUYS THINK POKER IS A MAN'S GAME. SHE ALSO KNOWS A FEW TRICKS THE BOYS FROM ALASKA NEVER HEARD OF. A HIGH-STAKES TALE BY **RICHARD CHIAPPONE**

MEN AND AGING—BETTY FRIEDAN LOOKS AT THE REASONS WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT MEN MIGHT SOON DEFY THE ODDS

THE WOMEN OF HAWAIIAN TROPIC—A TALL, TAN, TERRIFIC PICTORIAL OF BEACH GIRLS ALL GROWN UP

PLUS: STUFF FOR YOUR POCKET, OUR SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST, A DARING PLAYMATE AND THE DEBUT OF PLAYBOY TRAVEL

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Basic

It Tastes Good. It Costs Less.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Your tongue is surprisingly close in color to our new cranberry vodka. Coincidence? Or is this just a calculated attempt on our part to suck up to your tongue?

Finlandia. Cranberry vodka from the top of the world.

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